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WAR LIBRARIES
AND
ALLIED STUDIES

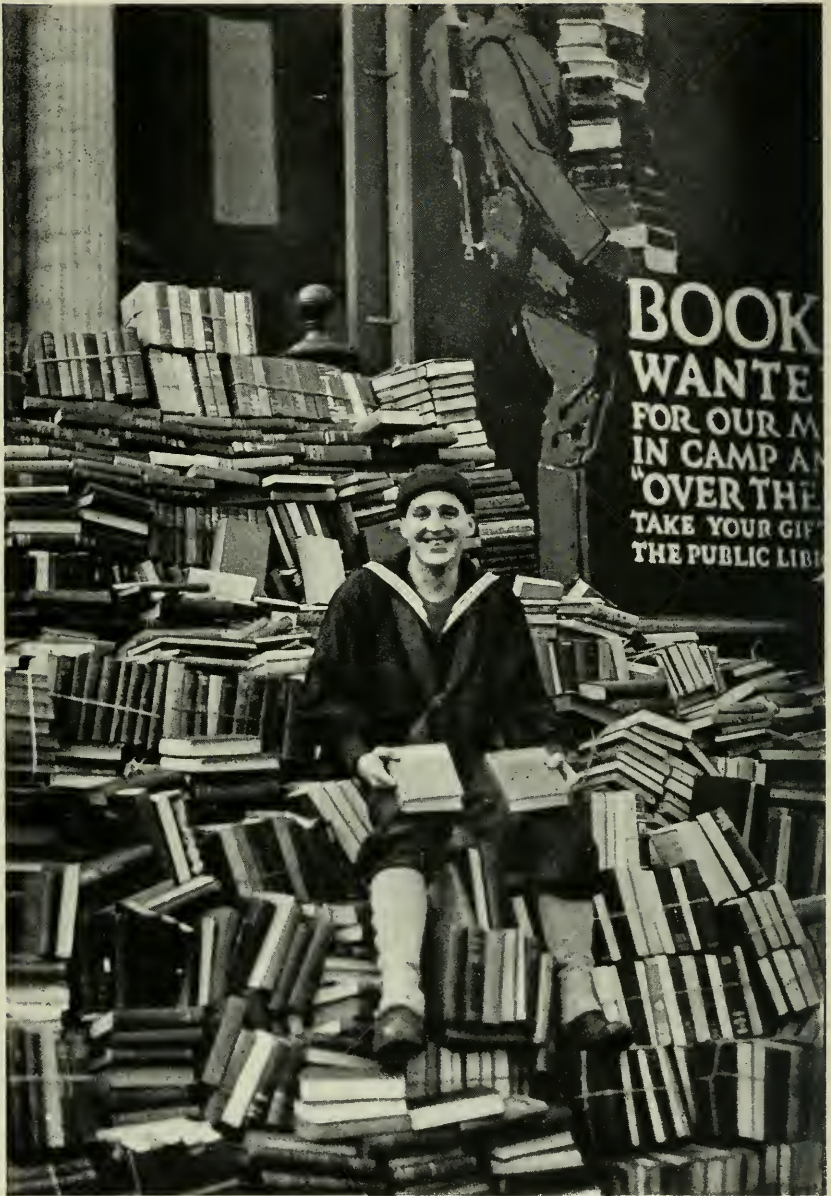
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A BOOK OF CARNEGIE
LIBRARIES

By
THEODORE WESLEY KOCH

NEW YORK, H. W. WILSON CO.

1917. \$3.50



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GIVE HIM BOOKS!

Put a service star on the shelves where your books have rested too long in idleness

WAR LIBRARIES
AND
ALLIED STUDIES

BY
THEODORE WESLEY KOCH

NINETY ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
G. E. STECHERT & CO.

1918

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THEODORE WESLEY KOCH

THE PLIMPTON PRESS
NORWOOD MASS U S A

TO
DR. HERBERT PUTNAM
LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS AND
GENERAL DIRECTOR, A. L. A. WAR SERVICE
BUT FOR WHOM THESE STUDIES WOULD
NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

PREFACE

IN January, 1917, I was sent by the Librarian of Congress on a special mission to England. The winter was a very severe one. The first librarian I met said that it was the worst that they had had in ten years. The next said that they had experienced nothing like it in twenty years. The third assured me that he had not seen its equal in thirty years. I expected shortly to hear it characterized as the worst winter within the memory of living man. I contracted a severe case of influenza and bronchitis and was sent to a private hospital, with the telegraphic address of "Ecstasy!"

As I grew better, I felt the need of something to read. The matron brought me a miscellaneous lot of books, together with a volume of the magazine published by the British prisoners of war interned at Ruhleben. I told her that my cupidity was excited by this item, and I asked her how she had secured it. It seems that she had a brother imprisoned there. What interested me especially were the references to a scheme for supplying books to British prisoners of war.

While convalescing, I occupied myself with writing up the educational library organization which Sir Alfred T. Davies had built up for the benefit of the student captives. When I was able to get out and about, I chanced one day upon Mr. Edgar Wright's Y. M. C. A. trench library poster. I soon got in touch with Mr. Basil Yeaxlee, the Y. M. C. A. Educa-

tional Secretary, and from what he gave me I was able to weave a story about this special library work among the British soldiers.

Then I heard of the wonderful work that Mrs. H. M. Gaskell had been doing for the sick and wounded through the War Library, and of what the Camps Library had done for the fit. By the time I was ready to write up these two organizations, I suffered a relapse and I had to rely upon my sister-in-law secretary, Miss Mary Humphrey, for the necessary interviewing and gathering of data.

In this way was written the paper, "Books in Camp, Trench and Hospital," which I sent to the Louisville Meeting of the American Library Association, and which J. M. Dent & Sons printed in pamphlet form in London.

I gave a typewritten copy to Dr. Henry Van Dyke with the request that he write a preface for it. He took the paper with him to America and sent back this letter:

"I have read with much care and interest your typewritten statement in regard to 'Books in camp, trench and hospital.' It needs no introduction. All the arguments for giving a supply of good reading to soldiers as a part of the spiritual munitions of war are lucidly and strongly put in your paper. One thing this war has certainly taught the world, and that is that victory does not depend solely upon 'big battalions,' but upon large and strong and brave hearts and minds in the battalions. The morale of the army is the hidden force which uses the weapons of war to the best advantage, and nothing is more important in keeping up this morale than a supply of really good reading for the men in their hours of enforced in-

activity, whether they are in campaign preparing for the battle, or in the trench waiting to renew the battle again, or in hospital wounded and trying to regain strength of body and mind to go back to the battle for which they have been enlisted. Human fellowship, good books, and music are three of the best medicines and tonics in the world. I believe these things very thoroughly, and you can use this expression of belief in any way which may seem to you helpful. I should like to do all that I can do for the good cause."

The paper was published in the *Library Journal* for July and August, 1917, and I was encouraged to write a few more chapters on the same theme for the October number.

Then the Library War Service of the American Library Association was actively begun, with headquarters at the Library of Congress, and I was asked to help out in the publicity work. My contribution took the form of a popular, illustrated account of the work.

The present volume contains all the above mentioned studies, revised and some of them much amplified, but it contains also some cognate papers which are here published for the first time.

The paper on "British Censorship and Enemy Publications" was a report made to the Librarian of Congress.

The account of the University of Louvain and its Library was published in a small edition by J. M. Dent & Sons in 1917, and was later reprinted by the British Government. Its inclusion in the present volume has enabled me to make a few additions, though I have not been able to reproduce the illustrations of the English editions, which were chiefly from blocks

loaned by the Belgian Commission of Inquiry, and which could not be exported from England.

Thanks are due to the many friends who have helped with anecdotes and suggestions. I am especially indebted to Miss Mary Merwin Melcher for valuable assistance in reading and revising the proofs as the book went through the press.

T. W. K.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

November 12, 1918

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. WAR SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION	I
1. CAMP LIBRARIES	3
2. EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES	34
3. THE WORK OVERSEAS	51
II. BRITISH ORGANIZATIONS	73
1. THE BRITISH WAR LIBRARY	75
2. THE BRITISH CAMPS LIBRARY	85
3. THE BRITISH Y. M. C. A. LIBRARY	94
4. BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOK SCHEME (EDUCATIONAL)	105
5. THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ENDELL STREET, LONDON	116
III. BOOKS AND BULLETS	125
1. MILITARY HOSPITAL LIBRARIES	127
2. BOOKS FOR PRISONERS OF WAR	148
3. LETTERS FROM THE FRONT	164
4. PICTURES AND POETRY	178
5. THE BIBLE IN THE TRENCHES	191
6. BOOKS FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS	201
7. SINGING SOLDIERS	210

IV. BRITISH CENSORSHIP AND ENEMY PUBLICATIONS	227
V. THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN AND ITS LIBRARY	253
INDEX	281

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

GIVE HIM BOOKS!	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
Put a service star on the shelves where your books have rested too long in idleness.		
1. A TYPICAL A. L. A. CAMP LIBRARY	<i>Facing page</i>	4
The Carnegie Corporation gave \$320,000 to defray the cost of erecting 32 buildings of this type. The library automobile is used in the collecting and delivery of books.		
2. INTERIOR OF A. L. A. LIBRARY, CAMP SHERIDAN		5
Typical view, showing arrangement of the bookcases, alcoves, and charging desk.		
3. A. L. A. CAMP LIBRARY AT THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION, CAMP PERRY, ILLINOIS		8
This building was erected at the expense of a private individual.		
4. LIBRARY ALCOVES, A. L. A. CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP PERRY, GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS		9
Books for "Soldiers of the Sea."		
5. A. L. A. LIBRARY, CAMP LEWIS		12
Delivery desk, showing charging and return-counters. The percentage of non-fiction reading being done in the camp libraries is higher than in the average public library.		
6. MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS ARE POPULAR IN THE CAMP LIBRARIES		13
The men are anxious to get the news and to keep up on general reading. The demand for technical books is constant and insistent.		

7. BRANCH LIBRARY IN A KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS BUILDING 20
 Special collections of books are maintained in branches of this kind.
8. READING ROOM IN Y. W. C. A. HOSTESS HOUSE, CAMP DEVENS 21
 The hostess house is one of the most successful welfare centers in camp.
9. BROWSING IN THE ALCOVES OF THE A. L. A. LIBRARY AT CAMP UPTON 24
 All kinds of books for all kinds of men.
10. LIBRARY IN Y. M. C. A. TENT AT VANCOUVER BARRACKS 25
 Technical books are in great demand among these men, who are working in the lumber mills.
11. WOMEN ARE SERVING AS LIBRARIANS IN SOME OF THE CAMPS 28
 Library in Y. M. C. A. hut, in the cantonment of the Spruce Division of the Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks.
12. BRANCH LIBRARY, VANCOUVER BARRACKS . . . 29
 The A. L. A. coöperates with the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., and Y. M. H. A.
13. STUDENT OFFICERS AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA . . 36
 About 2000 men are being prepared for commissions in the new army at this officers' training camp.
14. CLASS IN ENGLISH, CAMP CUSTER 37
 Of great value in the Americanization of the foreign born and in the education of native illiterates.
15. A CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY 40
 "Jackies" being given a drill in the rudiments of essential studies.

ILLUSTRATIONS

xv

16. BOOKS BEING STUDIED BY THE CREW OF A DREAD-
NOUGHT 41
School in session on board the "Arkansas."
17. STUDYING FRENCH IN THE CAMP AT GETTYSBURG 44
The men are taught the phrases in every-day
use in army life "over there."
18. A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CANA-
DIAN SOLDIERS' COLLEGE, SEAFORD, SUSSEX,
ENGLAND 45
Collateral reading for a great variety of
courses in this khaki university.
19. BOOK CAMPAIGN CONDUCTED FROM THE STEPS OF
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY 52
More than 600,000 gift books have been
taken in at this point.
20. BOOKS BEING PREPARED IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC
LIBRARY FOR LIBRARY WAR SERVICE 53
Similar work is going on in libraries throughout
the country.
21. THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION, AN ARMY
CLUB FOR COLLEGE MEN IN PARIS 56
Established by the joint action of a score of
American colleges and universities.
22. READING ROOM IN THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY
UNION, RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS 57
Aims to meet the needs of American university
and college men who are in Europe for military
or other service in the cause of the Allies.
23. A. L. A. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE DISPATCH OFFICE,
HOBOKEN, N.J. 60
Over 100,000 volumes per month are being sent
overseas from this and the five other dispatch
offices.

24. CASES OF BOOKS READY FOR OVERSEAS SHIPMENT 61
 The books are circulated on the transports and again boxed at the end of the voyage.
25. BRITISH LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, LONDON CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS 64
 In England and France the A. L. A. books reach the American soldiers in hospital through the Red Cross.
26. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE IN FRANCE 65
Upper: Circulating A. L. A. books in a Y. M. C. A. hut. *Lower:* Stockroom, A. L. A. headquarters, Paris.
27. *Upper:* FROM COTTON FIELDS TO KHAKI. COLORED STEVEDORES, FOR WHOM THEIR CHAPLAIN SOLICITED A. L. A. BOOKS 68
Lower: AMERICAN SAILORS IN THE READING ROOM OF ONE OF THEIR CLUBS IN ENGLAND. 68
28. IN AIX-LES-BAINS, THE RECREATION CENTER OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE 69
 U. S. soldiers reading newspapers in front of the Casino.
29. WAR LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS 76
 Surrey House, Marble Arch, London.
30. THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY AND ORDER OF ST. JOHN GETS ITS SUPPLY OF BOOKS AND MAGAZINES THROUGH THE WAR LIBRARY. 77
31. NEWSPAPERS IN THE TRENCHES 84
 British soldiers interested in reading, although the enemy is but a thousand yards away.
32. OWING TO A SCARCITY OF LITERARY MATTER AT THE FRONT, THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WERE SOMETIMES REDUCED TO TELLING STORIES 85

33. CAMPS LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, HORSEFERRY ROAD, LONDON 92
9,000,000 pieces have been sent out to the British soldiers by this organization.
34. THE BOOK LINE AT A BRITISH ARMY POST . . . 93
Books fill a definite need which bread cannot satisfy.
35. SOMETHING TO READ IS APPRECIATED BY THE NURSES AND BY THE MOTHERS WHO VISIT THEIR SONS IN HOSPITAL 96
36. READING ROOM IN THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CLUB, NO. 11, RUE ROYALE, PARIS 97
Here are to be had American publications, for which there is a keen demand.
37. BOOKS IN THE TRENCHES 100
Opening a box sent out by the British Y. M. C. A.
38. Y. M. C. A. HUT IN FRANCE 101
M. Clemenceau says that, in his judgment, this kind of welfare work is essential to victory.
39. READING HIS HOME PAPER 108
The paper which he just glanced at when home is now eagerly devoured.
40. NEWSPAPERS BEING DELIVERED TO THE INHABITANTS OF BAPAUME AND NOYON SHORTLY AFTER THEIR RECAPTURE 109
41. LIBRARY AND READING ROOM OF THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ENDELL STREET, LONDON 116
The hospital is officered entirely by women.
42. TWO "TOMMIES" IN HOSPITAL, DISCUSSING THE NEWS 117
Men who have been through it, are fond of comparing notes and keeping posted.

43. LIBRARY IN HOTEL EARLINGTON, NEW YORK CITY 124
 Maintained by the War Camp Community Service for enlisted men and officers in both branches of the service.
44. CREW IN CREW'S READING ROOM 125
 The recent magazines and newspapers are eagerly devoured by our guardians of the sea.
45. GENERAL VIEW OF FIELD HOSPITAL, —, FRANCE 128
 Books, magazines, and newspapers must be provided for all who wish to read.
46. AMERICAN BASE HOSPITAL No. 6, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE 129
 Books are needed in all our military hospitals.
47. CHEERFUL READING 132
 A convalescent soldier "over there" enjoying the *Stars and Stripes*.
48. READING ROOM ON A HOSPITAL SHIP 133
 Technically known as the "Solarium."
49. A WARD IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP McCLELLAN 140
 Everywhere an interest is manifested in books and current magazines.
50. A. L. A. TRUCK STOPPING AT A WARD OF THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP KEARNY 141
 The very latest magazines and cleanest copies are reserved for this service. A protest goes up if the truck is behind time.
51. READING ROOM IN BASE HOSPITAL, No. 1, GUN HILL ROAD, BRONX, N.Y. 148
 The A. L. A. is now sending out to the military hospitals librarians who are specially fitted to cater to the needs of the patients.

52. AN EVERYDAY SCENE ON THE PORCHES OF THE HOSPITAL WARDS AT VANCOUVER BARRACKS 149
 Each ward is supplied with a case of about forty books. Paper covered books go to the isolation and contagious wards.
53. A HOSPITAL BRANCH OF THE A. L. A. LIBRARY AT CAMP McCLELLAN 156
 Those who cannot leave their beds are served from a book wagon or tray on wheels.
54. LIBRARIAN AND ORDERLY VISITING A WARD IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS 157
 Technical books are frequently asked for by men who wish to keep up in their special line of work.
55. PRISONERS OF WAR READING AFTER LUNCH 160
 The men who read and study "are protected against the infectious poison of their captivity."
56. FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR IN BARRACKS AT DARMSTADT 161
 Improvised sleeping accomodations.
57. BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WRITING FACILITIES IN Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT CAMP DIX 164
 Forces tending to keep up the morale of the men.
58. PERIODICALS FOR THE SOLDIERS GUARDING THE ARSENAL AT WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS 165
59. A BUGLER READING BY FLASHLIGHT IN HIS TENT 168
 A book of travel or romance, a magazine, or even a newspaper, often proves a "magic carpet" by which one is happily carried far from the war.

60. INTERIOR OF A DUGOUT IN FRANCE, SHOWING THE ELEPHANT IRON CONSTRUCTION 169
Here, often by the light of a candle, a map is scanned, a paper read or a book studied.
61. BRANCH LIBRARY, K. OF C. BUILDING, CAMP KEARNY 172
On Sept. 1, 1918, 150 K. of C. buildings had erected and as many more were under way.
62. READING BY THE FIRESIDE 173
A touch of home at Camp Upton.
63. READING AND RESTING IN BARRACKS 180
A scene from everyday life at Camp Meade.
64. STUDENTS IN KHAKI 181
The amount of serious reading done in camp is a source of constant surprise.
65. AMERICAN NAVY OFFICERS READING IN THE WARD ROOM OF A DESTROYER AT SEA 184
Everything movable is lashed up so that it will stay in position.
66. A LIBRARY TABLE IN BARRACKS, CAMP UPTON . . . 185
Many barracks are provided with small collections of books, which are changed from time to time.
67. GUIDING THE READER 188
Many of the men need aid in book selection.
68. HOSPITAL TRAIN 189
It is important that our soldiers be provided with reading matter while on long journeys.
69. PRINTING THE TESTAMENTS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY 192
The American Bible Society has furnished a million testaments to the Y. M. C. A. for our soldiers and sailors

70. PACKING THE KHAKI-COVERED TESTAMENTS FOR THE SOLDIERS 193
The aim is to furnish one for every man in the service.
71. TESTAMENTS BEING DISTRIBUTED BY THE NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY 196
The work is highly commended by General Leonard Wood and Rear-Admiral Usher.
72. USING Y. M. C. A BUILDING AT CAMP KELLY ON SUNDAY MORNING FOR READING AND WRITING AFTER SERVICE. 197
Combination auditorium and club room.
73. CLASS ROOM IN ST. DUNSTAN'S HOSTEL, LONDON 204
Each pupil has an individual instructor.
74. THE MIRACLE OF ST. DUNSTAN'S 205
Blinded soldier being taught the use of a writing machine.
75. LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS 208
Upper: Making an embossed map of the seat of the war. *Lower:* Braille sheet with diagram showing the range of projectiles.
76. PRINTING THE WAR NEWS FOR BLIND SOLDIERS 209
Some of the women operatives are blind.
77. SINGING SOLDIERS AT STUDENT OFFICERS' RESERVE TRAINING CAMP, FORT BENJAMIN HARRISON 212
The leader is Paul Hyde Davies, a grand-opera singer.
78. U. S. MARINES RECEIVING SINGING LESSONS . . 213
A new and successful feature of modern camp activities.

79. SINGING IN A KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS BUILDING,
CAMP HANCOCK 220
Singing is one of the best forces tending to keep
up the morale of the army.
80. AMERICAN SOLDIERS SINGING HYMNS BY A FRENCH
ROADSIDE 221
81. BRITISH POSTAL CENSORSHIP 228
A room in Strand House, Carey Street, Lon-
don, where condemned letters will be held until
the end of the war.
82. THE WORK OF THE POSTAL CENSORSHIP 236
In this room information concerning enemy
firms in all parts of the world is collected and
indexed.
83. BOOKS LOOTED BY THE GERMANS FROM THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY AT MONTDIDIER, FRANCE 260
These books were piled behind the enemy
lines to be taken away, but the French advance
was so rapid that the German plan was thwarted.
84. RUINS OF LOUVAIN 261
"Louvain will remain perhaps the classic
instance of *Schrecklichkeit*." BRAND WHITLOCK.
85. PEN AND INK SKETCH OF THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN 268
Drawn on the spot by Louis Berden.
86. RUINS OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
LOUVAIN 269
Pen and ink sketch drawn on the spot by Louis
Berden.

I

WAR SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

I. WAR SERVICE OF THE A. L. A.

I. CAMP LIBRARIES

THE social side of the Great War presents some new topics which certainly were not prominent in previous conflicts. One of these is the provision of food for the minds of the fighting men. Previous wars had shown us how to equip and administer commissary departments and canteens, but they taught us little of present-day value as to what the men now called to the colors would need in the way of literary or intellectual equipment.

Mr. J. S. Lockwood, a Civil War veteran, says that he can recall no incident of books being available to the soldiers of the '60's with the exception of the few which were sent to hospitals in or near Washington and in a few of the Northern cities. The men relied almost entirely on *Harper's* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly*; but in addition to these magazines they longed for interesting books to read. Major George Haven Putnam in a recent address in New York City recalled the fact that two English grammars were eagerly read and passed along among the men shut up in Libby prison.

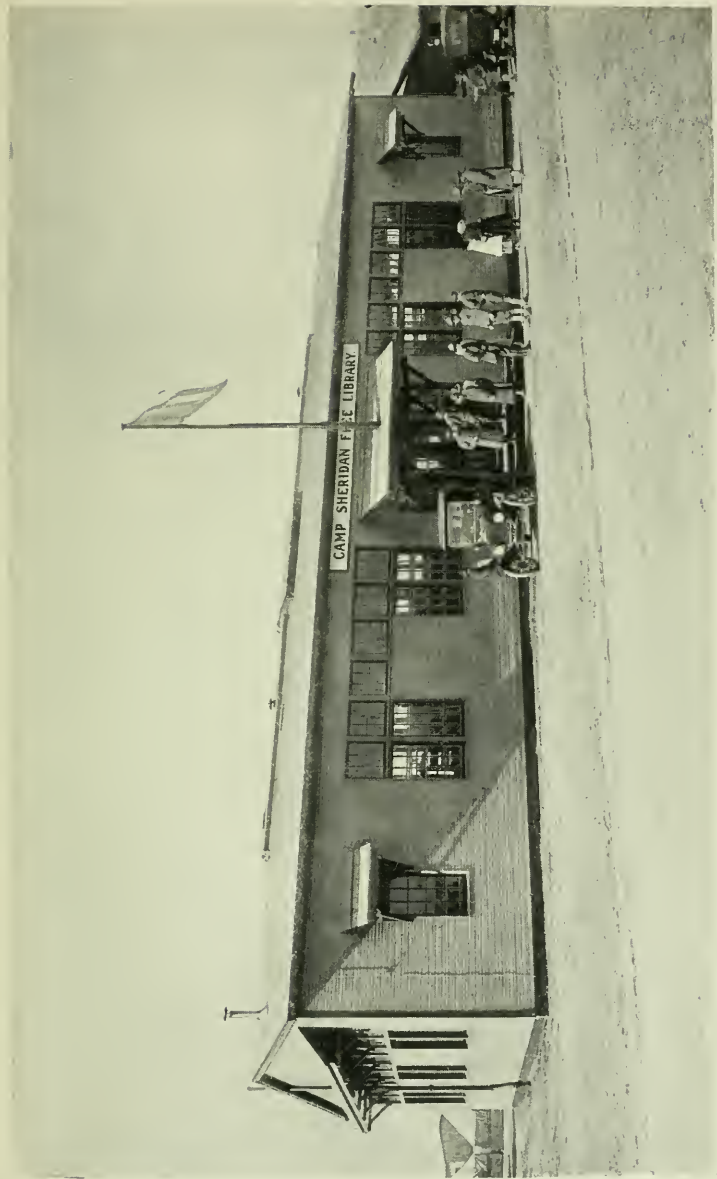
More fortunate were the Connecticut regiments, where libraries were a part of the regimental equipment. These libraries by July, 1862, numbered 1284 volumes and 5450 magazines, shelved and locked in strong portable cases with a written catalogue and proper regimental labels. The books were on a great

variety of subjects and were of good quality. They were in charge of Professor Francis Wayland, who purchased some 250 of the latest books so as to make sure of having up-to-date material in the collection.

"It is the most convenient thing imaginable," wrote Chaplain Hall of the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers. "I have constructed a long writing-desk, on which I place all the papers which you so kindly furnish me; at the end of the desk is my library of books. You will always find from ten to fifty men in the tent, reading and writing. The library is just the thing needed. The books are well assorted, and entertaining."

"The nicely-selected stock was gone in two hours after I had opened the box," wrote Chaplain Morris of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers. "Since that time, the delivery and return of books has occupied several hours a day. Dickens has a great run. The tales of Miss Edgeworth and T. S. Arthur are very popular. The Army and Navy Melodies are hailed with delight, and 'the boys' are singing right merrily almost every night. Day before yesterday, I received a box of pamphlets from the Commission. There were half a dozen men ready to open the box, and twenty more at hand to superintend the process and share the contents. The demand for reading is four times the supply."

The Commission referred to is the United States Christian Commission which prepared and sent out 215 collections of 125 volumes each, and 70 collections of 75 volumes each. These libraries were widely distributed through the army, having been placed in the general hospitals, at the permanent posts and large forts, and on war vessels. Chaplain J. C. Thomas of the 88th Illinois Regiment became general reading



E. L. Tilton, Architect

1. A TYPICAL A. L. A. CAMP LIBRARY

The Carnegie Corporation gave \$200,000 to defray the cost of erecting 32 buildings of this type. The library automobile is used in the collecting and delivery of books.



2. INTERIOR OF A. L. A. LIBRARY, CAMP SHERIDAN

Typical view, showing arrangement of the bookcases, alcoves, and charging desk

agent for the Army of the Cumberland. "The nearer you can bring the home to the army," said he, "the more useful you are." As an illustration of the regard in which the soldiers of the Civil War held such books as they possessed, it is related that when General Hooker started to cross the Potomac, two Pennsylvania cavalymen came into the old church at Fairfax Court House bearing their regimental library of 100 volumes on their shoulders. The books had been with the regiment for a year and a half and, thinking that they would become separated from them, it was proposed to turn the books over to the Christian Commission for the use of some regiment of infantry.

Under the title "How a Soldier may Succeed after the War," Russell H. Conwell has recently published a score of stories of men in the Civil War whose success in after life was traceable, in part at least, to their application to books during their leisure hours while in the army.

During the Spanish-American war a private, discovered with a set of correspondence school books, was told that he would have to get rid of them, and they were only saved by his captain coming to his aid.

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick says that while he was on the Mexican border in the summer of 1916, as the train stopped at the watering tanks soldiers would come through and ask whether the passengers had anything to read, — a book, a magazine, or even a newspaper. The soldiers had little to do and absolutely nothing to read.

The methods of warfare have been revolutionized and more is expected of the soldiers of to-day than ever before. Innumerable technical subjects must be studied; highly specialized branches must be mastered.

Books must be within reach. Not only do the students in khaki call for more than did the old soldiers in blue and gray, but more is demanded of them in return.

“The training camp of to-day is not essentially different from a big university,” Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick tells us. “The fellows work and study a good deal harder in the training camps than they would in a university. This war is a highly specialized affair. It’s a modern science which the men must learn by studious application to the problems of drill and trench. They acquire the habit of study, of application, in the training camp of to-day.”

A camp librarian recently told me a story that bears out the comparison and contrast between a camp and a university. A young reserve officer on returning a book to the camp library remarked that it was the first book he had read in four years. When asked what he had been doing in that period, he replied: “Going to the University of M——.”

Life in the camps and cantonments lacks many of the pleasures or diversions to which the average new-coming soldier has been accustomed. To a great extent the cantonments are isolated, and sometimes far distant from the home states of the troops there assembled. To take away some of the dreariness of this isolation, varied provision has been made for the leisure hours of the boys in khaki. A novel and effective effort along this line has been the establishment of the American Library Association Camp Libraries.

Upon the entrance of the United States into the war, the president of the A. L. A. appointed a War Service Committee which made its first report at

the annual conference of the Library Association at Louisville in June. The committee was at that time further organized and its work formulated. Sub-committees on finance (Dr. Frank P. Hill, Chairman) publicity, and book collecting (among others) were appointed.

On learning of these plans, the Commission on Training Camp Activities by a unanimous vote invited the A. L. A. to assume the responsibility for providing adequate library facilities in the camps and cantonments. It seemed natural to ask the Association to handle this problem for the government because as an organization it could call to its services the necessary trained help.

The Secretary of War having appointed ten nationally known men and women as a Library War Council to aid in an appeal for funds, it was decided to raise by private subscription a million dollars with which to carry on the work. It was felt that this was the least amount for which the needed buildings could be erected, equipped and administered, and the soldiers supplied with reading matter at the front, in the field, in cantonments and training camps, and on board the troop-ships.

The financial campaign was successful in raising the money asked for — and two-thirds as much again. A campaign for books was conducted at the same time as the campaign for funds, resulting in the receipt of over 200,000 volumes for immediate service. These were collected at central points and delivered either at the camps or at designated depots for transportation abroad. It was planned to use the funds largely for books of a serious nature, as it was anticipated that the lighter books would be largely supplied

by gift. The campaign for books was to continue as long as the war lasted, as would also the need for funds if the war were to last as long as some people predicted. The Carnegie Corporation made a grant of \$10,000 for each of the proposed thirty-two camp libraries, and a similar sum was received from another source for a library building at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

In October, 1917, at the request of the War Service Committee of the American Library Association, Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, took over the direction and control of the War Service work. Headquarters were established in the Library of Congress. Here there is competent oversight of the work at the camps and careful administration of the Fund, with a scrutinizing accounting of all expenditures. Prompt attention is paid to the needs and opportunities for service as reported by the librarians in charge at the camps. Considerate attention is paid to the relations with other organizations and branches of the government service. An earnest appeal for material is being sent out and its distribution properly looked after. The headquarters also serve as a clearing-house for information, experiences of camp librarians, and a place for conferences between workers themselves.

An earnest and successful effort has been made to keep administrative expenses down to a minimum. Every dollar saved means another book bought. The headquarters in the Library of Congress are supplied without cost to the Fund. The personnel consists largely of volunteers. Much of the assembling and despatching of material at local points is done by the local librarians, volunteering for this



3. A. L. A. CAMP LIBRARY AT THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION
CAMP PERRY, ILLINOIS

This building was erected at the expense of a private individual



4. LIBRARY ALCOVES, A. L. A. CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP PERRY, GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS
Books for "Soldiers of the Sea"

special war service. Expensive formalities in the way of complicated classification and cataloguing have been avoided. There is ordinarily no catalogue record of fiction. Non-fiction, which represents the expenditure of much money, is being roughly classified, just enough to bring the large groups of kindred books together.

Two months' resident service was asked of the library organizers. For this work men were lent by their library trustees, given leave with pay, their expenses being met by the Association. A number of high-grade men were secured for this form of service.

Some of the camp librarians are volunteers; others are paid a small salary. There is also a paid assistant provided with subsistence. Some provision is likewise made for janitor service and the expenses of the local volunteers.

Although the work has been simplified as far as possible at headquarters, additional men are still needed for this Camp Library service, since the employment of women is permitted only in certain cases. Women are, however, permitted to do volunteer work in connection with library service. Where the camp is adjacent to a town the supervision of the camp library has in some cases been entrusted to the woman who is chief librarian of the local public library. Women librarians desiring to proffer volunteer service of this permitted type are requested to communicate with the camp librarian. At Camp Sherman the technical work of getting the books ready for the library was placed under the direction of the daughter of the Commanding Officer, a graduate of Pratt Institute Library School. Her volunteer assistants were recruited mainly from the wives of officers at the camp,

many of whom welcomed the opportunity to help. This volunteer staff does its work at the Chillicothe Public Library and is capable of preparing about 300 books a day.

Books are sent to the camp librarian from libraries which have been collecting them from citizens. All books must be delivered at storehouses of the Quartermaster's Corps, and must be taken from platforms every day. No assistance can be given in the matter of delivery to the library building either by the Quartermaster or the express companies. It has been found expedient to supply each camp library with a low-priced automobile with delivery box attached.

Requests for additional aid in handling the books, have in some instances resulted in amusing misfits. One camp librarian aid had two Italians who could neither write nor speak English detailed to assist him, — despite the fact that there was a trained Library of Congress assistant among the drafted men in camp. Another discovered that the sturdy enlisted man chosen by the Division Adjutant to be his library assistant could neither read nor write. The librarian at Camp Dodge was more fortunate, for four men previously engaged in library work were found there, and were permitted to help in the Camp Library.

One of the first duties of the camp librarian is to pay an official visit to the Commanding officer, though he does well if he gets beyond the Chief of Staff. The general must know that the A. L. A. is on the grounds and at work. His official sanction is required. One camp librarian says that he has learned from experience the value of the axiom current in his camp: "Go to the highest official possible, and to headquarters for everything."

The library buildings are situated near the residential center of the camps and convenient to the transportation lines. They are plain wooden structures, conforming to the general type adopted for the cantonments, but admirably suited to their special use. They were designed by E. L. Tilton, a well-known library architect, who contributed his services. The libraries are all built after one plan, differing only in length. The original drawings called for a building 120 x 40 feet, but in some cases the length was cut down to 93 feet. The interior is one large room with two bedrooms located at one end. There are open shelves accommodating about 10,000 volumes. In some of the buildings an alcove has been assigned for the use of officers. Tables and chairs for about 200 readers are provided. The aim is to have the buildings equipped for service, health and such comfort as may be justified by the character and purpose of an emergency building for war-time use. The librarian at Camp Sherman succeeded in getting authorization to build a fireplace, eight feet wide, with a four-foot opening. Fireplaces have been built in other camps. Touches of home are at a premium in a soldier's camp.

The end of December saw the library buildings in all the cantonments completed except one, which was delayed by local conditions. The majority were built on a basis of cost plus six per cent. The first to be opened was that at Camp Lewis, on November 28th. Delay in arrival of furniture and equipment postponed the opening of the others; but in the meantime the buildings were used for the storage and preparation of the books for the shelves. They were doing business even without furniture. In some cases makeshift furniture was rented; in others,

crude benches and tables were made out of rough lumber.

At Camp Devens temporary quarters were found in a mess hall formerly used by officers of the Quartermaster's Corps, with tables for about seventy readers. Books were accommodated on makeshift wall shelving under the windows and in six-foot sections of shelving so constructed that they could be used elsewhere if needed. Boxes turned on sides were also used for shelving.

The buildings for the National Guard Camps were deliberately deferred because of the uncertainty as to how long these tent camps would be maintained, and because of the likelihood that the already seasoned occupants would be sent abroad before the buildings could be made available for them. Epidemics were a deterring factor in other cases.

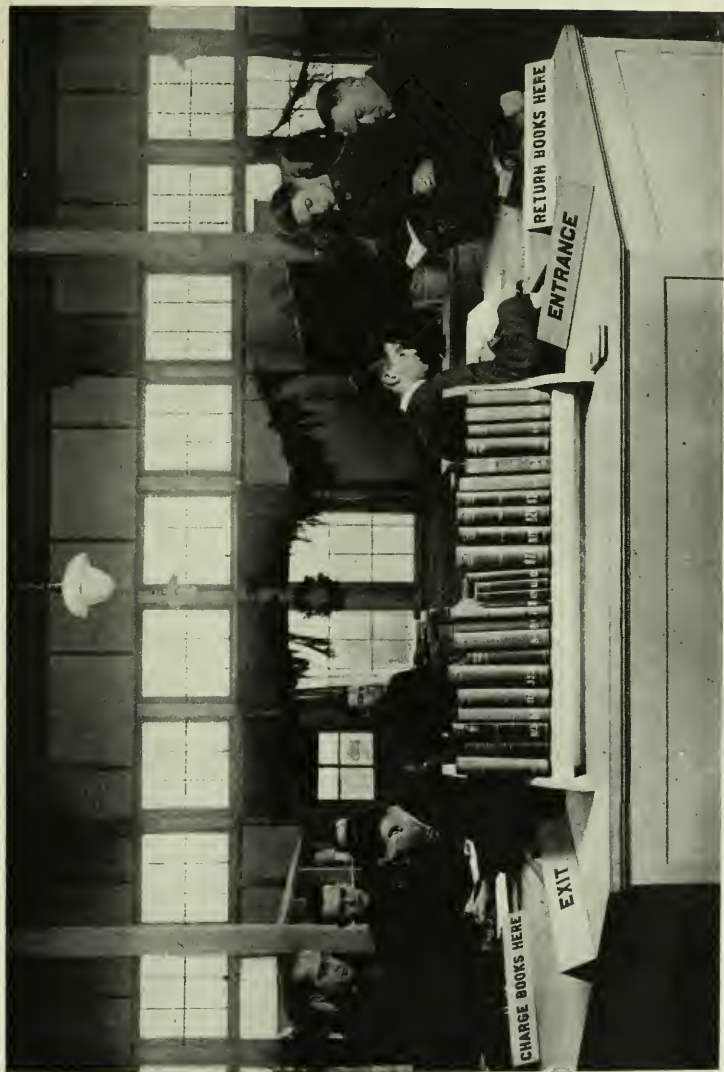
In erecting these buildings, many obstacles were met. Wages and prices for materials had risen, freight was seriously congested, and contractors were leaving the camps with their laborers.

Much of the equipment in these libraries can be used after the war in the establishment of new public libraries.

READING SOLDIERS

Do the men in the camps read? When do they find time for it?

Some people have been raising the first question, and others have been doubtful about the second point. The officers seem agreed that the men in the new American army are very eager to read. Major-general Glenn, the commanding officer at Camp Sherman, wrote to Mr. W. H. Brett, librarian of the



5. A. L. A. LIBRARY, CAMP LEWIS

Delivery desk, showing charging and return-counters. The percentage of non-fiction reading being done in the camp libraries is higher than in the average public library



6. MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS ARE POPULAR IN THE CAMP LIBRARIES

The men are anxious to get the news and to keep up on general reading
The demand for technical books is constant and insistent

Cleveland Public Library, asking him to take steps to correct the erroneous impression that had gone abroad that the men did not have time for reading on account of the demands of military training. He wished to have it known that there is no one thing that will be of greater value to the men in his cantonment in producing contentment with their surroundings than properly selected reading matter.

One officer wrote to headquarters that he needed books for his men so badly that he was quite willing to pay for them himself. Another said that if the A. L. A. would supply his regiment with books, he would see to it that a room and a competent man to take care of the books would be provided. Even before the regular camp libraries were opened a hundred books placed in a Y. M. C. A. building of an evening would usually be borrowed before the building closed for the night.

A Pole at Camp Devens remarked that since they could carry very little with them, he had left his books with his friends, but he was taking with him to the front Plato's "Republic," in Greek, Shakespeare's "Sonnets," in English, and Goethe's "Poems," in German.

That men who have been drilling, marching, and digging trenches all day are likely to be too tired in the evening to wish to walk any great distance for books has been recognized in efforts to bring the books as near to the soldiers' barracks as possible. In some instances traveling libraries have been resorted to with very great success.

In some camps, books are sent to the barracks, where they are placed in the social room under the direction of the "top" sergeant upon the request of

the commanding officer of the company, the captain or the lieutenant. The handling of books so deposited is left to the sergeant, with no instructions except a request that he look after the books as carefully as possible.

Many of the men who are using the camp libraries have never before had the privilege of access to books and know nothing of the liberality of library service. A mountaineer from an isolated district in the south-eastern part of Kentucky said, after having been given a book at Camp Zachary Taylor, "How much do I owe you?"

A question constantly put to the camp librarians is, "How much does it cost to borrow books?" The idea of free library service is new to many.

Regimental libraries are found at the headquarters of the officers of a regiment. These are used by from 75 to 100 officers. A lieutenant is usually detailed to look after the library, which is treated as a branch of the A. L. A. library. The books are exchanged from time to time as needed.

The expectation is that as the men become more hardened and accustomed to their work and hours they will not tire so quickly and consequently will be better able to read and study. As the men will have little but the recreation halls to occupy their leisure, many who are not naturally studious will be glad to turn to the libraries during the stormy days and long evenings.

Into the Detroit Public Library there came recently a young man, dressed in khaki with his arm in a sling. He asked somewhat timidly for a certain book which the assistant helped him to find. The soldier was so evidently pleased at getting hold of the desired book

that it led him to be confidential. He said that he was on furlough from Camp Custer until his broken arm healed; that he had disliked the thought of leaving the camp because he would miss its library, but had been told that there was a similar and much larger library in Detroit for the free use of the public.

An architect graduate of a Middle Western college and of Harvard University was at Camp Devens, homesick. In looking over the camp library shelves he discovered Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and he almost wept with joy as he pointed out to the librarian all the places he knew in his boyhood. He became a constant visitor and his homesickness vanished.

A Texan at Camp Devens who had never been in New England before was invited to Boston for dinner, and in preparation for the event asked at the library for something that would show the special character of Boston and its people.

It became apparent quite early that at least 350,000 new books would have to be purchased immediately for the larger cantonments. While it was recognized that many desirable books would be presented and that similar gifts would continue to come in yet there would be innumerable titles asked for that could only be secured by purchase. It would be obviously impossible to rely upon donations to meet the specific needs of officers in charge of military instruction and ambitious soldiers following definite lines of study. It would be futile to hope, for instance, that the special books on wireless telegraphy most in demand would come in by chance gifts. Ample funds must be in hand so that all needs could be met as they

became known. Textbooks must be supplied in considerable quantities. Expensive up-to-date reference books must be provided generously. The problem of transportation and freight congestion must be faced. All books, whether purchased or donated, must be made ready for use. Volumes must be replaced as they become worn out or lost.

Thanks to the "speeding up" of this work by Dr. Putnam, the General Director, the first of January found 310,000 books in the larger training camps and 34,000 in the smaller posts, with about 220,000 additional volumes on the way. Had it not been for transportation difficulties all these books would have been in place much earlier. By the end of March an additional half million books were shipped. The purchases have been made cautiously, and thus far are almost entirely serious books on technology, the mechanic arts, military science, history and travel.

Credit is due many publishing houses for their generous cooperation. Discounts of from forty-five to fifty per cent from publication prices were by no means uncommon. Some university presses and correspondence schools offered to donate such of their publications as could be used.

The books have not been chosen by librarians closeted in their offices. The list ordered from headquarters is the result of consultation with numerous experts in the different fields of the service. Many titles have been requisitioned by officers, educational secretaries, and men in the camps who have felt the need for a specific book.

"We are having repeated calls for technical handbooks and textbooks," writes a librarian from Camp Meade. "We want all kinds of engineering hand-

books, mechanic's handbooks, books on sanitary engineering, and books on all branches of the service. They cannot be too technical to suit the men. You will be interested to know how quickly the newly purchased books are snapped up. Of the six copies of Thompson's *Electricity*, four are now out and were out within a week after they were ready."

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

A new postal regulation permits the public to send current magazines through the mail to the camps by affixing a one-cent stamp to the outside cover. Neither address nor wrapper is needed. The result has been a vast influx of periodicals of varying degrees of suitability for this purpose. Some well-intentioned people seem to have no idea as to the subjects in which the men are interested. Others fail to distinguish between the literary tastes of men and women.

The librarian at Camp Funston reports that the number of sacks of magazines of all ages and conditions received through the postal authorities has grown from about 20 per week in the beginning of October to five times the number, — more than they can use to advantage. The librarian at Camp Beauregard has had the same experience, adding that he had been receiving mostly such as were undeliverable to the addressees, though some were specifically for the camp. "It is not a choice lot," says he, "and latest numbers are few and far between. Very few are the more expensive monthlies." This camp librarian says he has more than enough of back numbers, excepting the best popular magazines. What he needs is from ten to twenty subscriptions to a dozen different maga-

zines, so that they can be sure to receive the numbers regularly. There seems to have been a deluge of

Socks and sardines
And old magazines

over all our camps, which brings to mind the remark of one of the soldiers in the trenches: "We are up to the knees in mud and mufflers." Magazines might now be added. It is true that some of the smaller posts lack a sufficient supply, but arrangements are being made to meet this need.

Yet the oversupply can be used to advantage at times. When Camp Bowie was quarantined for three weeks before Christmas, there were as many as 1,700 patients in the base hospital at one time. The soldiers were not allowed to use library books during this period and the great store of back magazines which had previously seemed almost a nightmare to the camp librarian, came into an unexpected usefulness. All available copies, except those reserved for reference, were used up, even down to the latest *Saturday Evening Post*.

One camp librarian, deluged with tons of magazines, sent quantities of them, without sorting, to the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. buildings, to barracks, to officers' clubs and base hospitals — hoping to give the men a variety of reading. He endeavored to sort by titles and then group chronologically, but gave it up in despair. The demand is rather for the current month or the weekly issue, or simply for a "bunch of magazines." Neither of these calls is served the better by elaborate sorting. One group of readers will ask for magazines of a general nature — because they are quickly glanced through and thrown aside — while

another will ask for books — frequently definite titles — the reading of which takes considerable time.

One of the most welcome gifts received at Camp Devens was contributed by the Wellesley College Undergraduate Periodical League. It consisted of subscriptions for twelve copies of six monthly magazines and six weeklies. These are distributed between the main library, the Y. M. C. A. huts and the Y. W. C. A. hostess house.

The librarian at Camp Lee reports that some days they get as many as twenty sacks of "Burleson mail," each sack weighing over one hundred pounds. An attempt is made to get it to the men for whom it is intended, but there are altogether too many copies of the popular weeklies to be handled properly. The numbers are also out of date when they reach the camp library, and soldiers in the camp have no more use for a copy of a paper which they have already seen than they would have in civil life. It was found that in one of the barracks, thirty men of the company were subscribers to one of the most widely circulated weeklies; as many more of the same company received this same magazine, directly and quite promptly, from their families. Naturally many of the copies thus received were passed around and probably read by three or four readers. As a result month-old copies of that particular weekly would not be in demand at that particular company house. The magazines are on sale at the post exchanges and most of the men who buy and read them in civil life continue to buy them in camp as current numbers on the news stands.

The United States Post Office Department has recently called attention to this matter through a note in the *Postal Guide* and the papers throughout the

country. It was stated that many unwrapped, undressed magazines mailed by the public at the one-cent postage rate for the soldiers and sailors are useless for the purpose intended, because some are so old that they are of no interest, some are torn and soiled and unfit for further use, while others are of a character wholly unsuited for reading by soldiers and sailors.

The note further stated that magazines mailed under the ruling in question should consist of clean copies of current or at least recent issues of magazines devoted to literature or containing matter of general interest, and that as the magazines are distributed in a very general manner, it is not practicable to place those devoted to special subjects or those which are merely of local interest in the hands of any particular soldier or sailor or groups.

Magazines in French are in constant demand by the men who are studying the language. Subscriptions have been placed for the *Courier des États Unis* to be sent to all camp libraries.

Early last fall the librarian at Camp Sherman wrote to the editor of every paper published in Ohio and western Pennsylvania asking that five complimentary copies of each issue be sent for the use of the men at that camp. There was a hearty response and for over three months three hundred dailies and as many semi-weeklies have been received at the camp. It is impossible to describe what this meant to the men. We all know that what the soldier wants above everything else is news from home. It's the same with books: the boys like best those that recall home scenes. The Indiana men give a hearty welcome to James Whitcomb Riley's poems, and to Booth Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana." The Kentucky boys



7. BRANCH LIBRARY IN A KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS BUILDING

Special collections of books are maintained in branches of this kind



Photo by Paul Thompson

8. READING ROOM IN Y. W. C. A. HOSTESS HOUSE, CAMP DEVENS

The hostess house is one of the most successful welfare centers in camp

ask for John Fox, Jr.'s "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "Christmas Eve on Lonesome."

POPULAR READING

At Camp Beauregard the writers that seem to be the most popular are O. Henry, Harold Bell Wright, G. B. McCutcheon, Jack London, Chambers, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, E. P. Oppenheim, Kipling, Poe, Booth Tarkington, Rider Haggard, Dumas, and H. G. Wells. This is probably a typical list of authors who are favorites in the camps.

At Camp Zachary Taylor a soldier came in to renew Mrs. Barclay's "Rosary," remarking that it was the finest book he had ever read, but that he couldn't get through with it in fourteen days to save his life. The book was renewed and his chums, who also wanted it, had to wait their turn.

Some of the enlisted men, on the other hand, show a remarkable capacity for rapid reading. There are those who come in practically every day for a fresh book. One patron took out and read regularly three books a day, until a soldier in another company began to do the same. The first man then dropped down to two books a day, feeling that the effort to maintain his supremacy among camp book-worms was too great a tax upon his endurance. At Camp Gordon one copy of Ralph Connor's "The Doctor" circulated forty-eight times in one month.

There is an amusing rivalry between the different units as to which is the best educated. Some of the men try to display their erudition in the library. Said a soldier to a camp librarian: "A fellow told me about a book to read by Porter, called 'The Thresher.'"

Gene Stratton Porter's "The Harvester" was given him and found to be what he was in search of.

There is, as might be expected, a loud call for detective stories and tales of adventure. The men want books of that sort which they have read before. They find relaxation in going back over the books of Conan Doyle, Stevenson, and Weyman. Time being at a premium, some don't care to risk new things that they are not sure of, but prefer to go back to the old authors with whom they are familiar.

Books describing the war are naturally in great demand. So, too, are books on vocational training, and technical treatises on military science, telegraphy, gasoline engines, signaling, transportation, and other subjects which are eagerly studied by the ambitious officers.

Surprises are sometimes in store for the librarian who thinks that the men care only for fiction. A librarian starting in at a new post expected that the first call would be for some book by G. B. McCutcheon or Jack London. He was somewhat taken aback when the first patron asked for Shakespeare's "Pericles."

A private asked for a late book on electric motors and was shown what the camp librarian considered his best book on the subject. "Oh, I did the drawings for that book," said he. "I want something better than that!"

TYPES OF SERVICE

Evidences of the appreciation of the efforts of the camp librarian are beginning to come in from many sides. When a machine gun company went into quarantine on account of measles, the major was pleased to have a hundred books and a lot of maga-

zines sent over to him. The camp librarian was aware of the fact that the medical officer might not permit the return of this material, but he was willing to stand the loss.

A soldier detailed to call for a box of books at a public library, said: "Gee, Lady, you mean to *give* us all those books! Say, you people know what to do for a soldier! Some people just talk an' talk about entertainin' soldiers, but say, you just hit the nail right on the head — without sayin' a word, too!"

The librarian at Camp Upton reports that officers have come to the library for help in the technical aspects of their particular branch of the service and have expressed appreciation of the value of good propaganda material in building up the morale of the men.

A man at Camp Devens said that what he wanted was a place where he could sit down in peace and quiet, with a book or two and a chance to read and dream. "Your alcoves are godsend," said he to the librarian. "The barrack's social room in which 75 to 125 men are talking and playing cards, where a piano and phonograph are rivaling one another, and where at any moment a basketball may knock your head sideways, is certainly no decent place to read, let alone trying to do any studying."

The librarian at Camp Logan, Texas, writes that there is immediate need for books of live present-day interest, bearing on all phases; books of travel and histories of France, England, and the United States; mathematics (arithmetic, geometry); French conversation; automobiles; army engineering; manuals of army organization; the poetry of Service, Noyes, Masefield, Whittier, Longfellow, collections of war

poetry; and inspirational books on modern, social, and religious questions. He adds that he would be glad to receive a consignment of books of this character, with titles duplicated from five to fifteen times. He is of the opinion that there should also be eight or ten good war atlases.

From other sources comes the word that maps are studied and handled until they are in shreds. A group of a dozen men is frequently seen around one map. The men not only want maps of their home district, but of the place where they are and the places where they have reason to believe they are going, including the maps of the scene of conflict. Good atlases and wall maps have now been supplied to all the camp libraries. The post route maps of the various States in which the different camps are located, and the topographic survey maps of the immediate vicinity are very helpful and popular with the men.

Another camp librarian writes that French manuals, military manuals not published by the Government, aviation, physical training, sanitation, book-keeping, simple textbooks of English, histories, and books about the stars are much needed, while from another camp comes the request for French magazines and French songs. A special interest is manifested in books of travel and description about France. The men want to know about the customs of the country they expect to visit, the kind of money used and the mode of life.

The first requisition slips for books filled out at Camp Sherman were for books on the valuation of public utilities, two Dutch books wanted by a Hollander, books on the conservation of national resources, and a Roumanian-English dictionary. The librarian was



9. BROWSING IN THE ALCOVES OF THE A. L. A. LIBRARY AT CAMP UPTON

All kinds of books for all kinds of men



Photo by Columbia Commercial Studio

10. LIBRARY IN Y. M. C. A. TENT AT VANCOUVER BARRACKS

Technical books are in great demand among these men, who are working in the lumber mills

able to supply all but the last, and this has now been ordered by headquarters.

A stableman in the Field Hospital Train visited the library at Camp Devens, with some fellow muleteers, and discovered a set of Brady's "Photographs of the Civil War." This became the subject of animated discussion. The men had seen sets at home and were eager to show one another pictures which had previously interested them.

A private in the Engineers' Corps at Camp Devens asked for books which would explain the psychology of camouflage. He was something of an artist and had been successful with color photography. He wanted to know, for example, why the eye fails to recognize a shadow when light patches have been painted where the shadow would naturally fall. Material was found for him and he succeeded in hiding guns so well with paint that he deceived his own captain.

At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station the men are pursuing systematic studies and are in need of special books in mathematics, engineering, history, and the languages. One librarian reports that 90 per cent of his circulation is non-fiction, mostly technical books in French, historical works, and "war stuff."

"When I started this work," writes Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, for some time librarian at Camp Sherman, "I had some very plausible theories about the kinds of books the men would want; but I soon discarded them. We have had requests here for every sort of book, from some books by Gene Stratton Porter to Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' and Bergson's 'Creative Evolution.' We have had requests for Ibsen's plays; for books on sewage disposal; and so many requests for 'A Message to Garcia' that I had a supply mime-

ographed. In one building there were so many requests for books on religion and ethics that we set up a small reference collection. Broadly speaking, of course, most of the men read fiction; exciting, red-blooded fiction, — detective stories, adventure stories, and so on. But there is also a steady demand for Conrad, and Wells, and Hardy, and Meredith. Poetry is also in demand, and good books of travel go well. The only kind of books we don't want is the salacious, risqué sort — for they have no place in our camp libraries. And we don't care for unattractive, cheap editions, with yellow, muddy paper and flimsy binding. We want attractive books — nice, clean copies of good editions — and the more of these we get the better service we can give the men."

GIFTS

One camp librarian reports a steady stream of gifts, which keeps pace fairly well with the demands for new branches and of the replenishing of the shelves of branches already open. The quality continues good, he says, and he has been able to lay aside the nucleus for a reference collection and a section of specially readable books. Nine sets of early editions of a good encyclopedia were donated.

Many authors have presented several hundred copies of their own works, — one example being Dr. Hornaday's "The Man who became a Savage." Mr. Julius Rosenwald of Chicago has given copies of the "Life of Booker T. Washington" by Emmet J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe to the libraries of all the cantonments in the United States where negro soldiers are stationed.

To Camp Upton the Lotus Club presented a choice

selection from their shelves for an officers' library.

"Many clean, second-hand books can be used, but let us not insult our devoted brothers by offering them what no one else can use," wrote Mr. W. E. Henry. "They wear the best of wool clothing, much of which will be blood stained. They wear the best of leather shoes, many of which will be worn out, but they will have done their service. Give the soldier good clean books and late magazines whatever may ultimately be the fate of this material."

In March, 1918, a national campaign for books was conducted and brought in three and a half million volumes, the great majority of which were well suited for Library War Service.

That the gift-horse must be inspected is being demonstrated anew in various centers. From the reading-room of a church in a town that we shall not name came copies of *Snappy Stories*. To the assistant in charge of the sorting station in the New York Public Library it seemed as if at least one copy of every improper book that was ever written was sent in for the soldiers and sailors. At the other end of the long range of rejected offers was that of a shelfful of Elsie books, with scattering volumes of Alger's juvenile stories. An offer of a file of the *Undertaker's Review* was graciously declined at headquarters.

Unusable were some school readers antedating the Civil War, out-of-date textbooks and much soiled editions of the classical authors given by people who wished to clear their shelves and had no idea of what our soldiers are like. A well-meaning but misguided woman beamed with a sense of duty done when she said that her grandfather, who was a minister, had had his sermons published,— "well, not

exactly published, but privately printed. I have several hundred copies left and while I dislike parting with them, I may as well send them to the Camp Libraries. And there are some more books which have been in the house for ages, that I don't know what to do with. I'm going to send those, too."

Among other rejected addresses are: Paley's "Moral Philosophy," with the not much more modern manual on the same subject by Andrew P. Peabody; Sunday-school books of fifty years ago; annual reports of the Bureau of Ethnology; proceedings of the American Breeders' Association; odd volumes of the 1845 edition of the "Encyclopedia Americana"; a broken file of a German periodical devoted to natural history, dating from 1860; the Postal and Telegraphic Code of the Argentine Republic; annual reports of the Episcopal Eye and Ear Hospital, twenty years old; odd volumes of the official Records of the War of the Rebellion; and volume 7 of the collected works of Sir Humphry Davy. Special mention should be made of Ruskin's "Letters to Young Girls," and Miss Leslie's "American Girl's Book, or Occupations for Play Hours" (1866), "The Lady's Friend" (1864), and copies of the *Housewife* and *Home Needlework*. The prize gift, however, was a Diary for 1916, partly filled in by the donor.

Attempts have been made to use the camp libraries for German propagandist publications. "The Vampire of the Continent" and other pro-German works have had to be refused.

APPRECIATIONS

The new men being drafted into the Army will find a very different kind of training camp from that to



Photo by Columbia Commercial Studio

11. WOMEN ARE SERVING AS LIBRARIANS IN SOME OF THE CAMPS

Library in Y. M. C. A. hut, in the cantonment of the Spruce Division of the Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks



12. BRANCH LIBRARY, VANCOUVER BARRACKS
The A. L. A. cooperates with the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., and Y. M. H. A.

which the men went last fall. The Liberty Theaters, the Camp Libraries, the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, and other welfare centers, will strike the newcomers as unexpected touches from home. The libraries are meeting a greater variety of needs and filling even a greater rôle than their promoters had dared hope for them. When it was first proposed to provide the soldiers and sailors with reading in an organized way, there were those who were sure that the wants of the men would be amply met by a fair selection of magazines and fiction.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, was Chairman of the Library War Council. In the summer of 1917, when interviewed as to the class of books to be provided for the camp libraries, he said: "These young men are not starting out on a junket. It is going to be serious business, and when they go out to fight, many of them to lay down their lives for democracy, they should go filled with the spirit of American ideals. The men are all young, many of them in the early twenties. They have arrived at that period of life when the mind is the most impressionable. This condition is further emphasized by the circumstances which throw many of them suddenly into wider association with their fellow-men. The things that are put into their minds now will stick there. It seems to me that now is the time to give the best there is in literature. It is not the time to give them frivolous stuff. I shouldn't give them just anything they want to read. The material should be selected for them with the greatest care. It is doubtless true they will become very hungry for something to read, and for that very reason they should receive only the most wholesome literature."

Former-President Taft, who was the principal speaker at the dedication of the Camp Library at Camp Lee, said that when the campaign was started last fall to raise a million dollars for War Service libraries, he questioned the wisdom of going into the project on so extensive a scale. But after learning what had been accomplished and seeing how welcome the books were to the boys, and having had an opportunity of studying the type of building provided for the camp library, Mr. Taft became fully convinced that the work was very desirable and quite worth while. He was particularly gratified to learn that the books were following the boys to France, for there the appreciation of a good book would be even keener than in an American training camp.

Major-general Glenn, in accepting the library building at Camp Sherman on behalf of the Eighty-third Division, spoke with great warmth of the efficiency of the camp library service and said that its work was of the very first importance. He dwelt on the lesson to be learned from a book he was then reading, Dawson's "Carry On," and showed how the spirit of optimism, the ability to smile and make the best of things, could survive and overcome every trial. Such a spirit could be cultivated best from books, from the great minds of all ages, for the supreme quality of every great mind was to rise superior to circumstances. "This is not a charity," said Major-general Glenn. "Our soldiers give up excellent libraries at home and should, if possible, have them available during their spare hours while serving in the ranks as soldiers. All forms of healthy mental and physical entertainment of enlisted men are desirable, but none more so than fine, suitable reading matter."

“The Civil War was fought with the old-time instruments, by the old-time methods,” said Dr. Putnam, in a recent address. “This war has introduced novel instruments and quite novel methods. It is, in fact, a war of mechanism and of exact science; the mechanism is intricate and the science extends not merely to the ordnance but to every factor of organization, transportation, sanitation, equipment, supply.”

The American Library Association works in close connection with kindred organizations. It was originally proposed that the book service should be largely through the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and other agencies. Until the A. L. A. building became available many books were distributed in mess halls, and among the Y. M. C. A. huts, field hospitals, and clubs of the Commission on Training Camp Activities. These books form part of the collection for which the A. L. A. is responsible and for the supply of which it should have credit. Despite the fact that the book-plates show the source, their service is popularly credited to the Y. M. C. A. — a natural result of the cooperation.

The Y. M. C. A. buildings (of which there are from six to ten in each camp) and Knights of Columbus buildings are now being utilized as branch libraries or distributing stations. A Y. M. C. A. building is provided for each brigade, a unit of six or seven thousand men, and this use of their buildings by the library shortens the distance between the book and the prospective reader. It helps to get hold of many men who are not in the habit of reading.

In each Y. M. C. A. hut there is provision for shelving from 350 to 500 or 600 volumes and also some reading-room space. “Quiet rooms” are provided, and

also two large class rooms that can be converted into four smaller rooms and made available for the use of soldiers for reading and study. To each building are attached four or five secretaries, one of whom has special charge of the educational work, including the supervision of the library, for which men in the camp, familiar with library work, are sometimes found.

When a quarantine was declared at Camp Beau regard and the Camp Library had to cease its activities and the circulation of books was temporarily stopped, the Y. M. C. A. distributed many thousands of camp library magazines among the infected troops.

The camp libraries have been called upon to furnish books for the Knights of Columbus buildings, and to the various army chaplains, one of whom planned to have a reading tent. Other chaplains expect to have shelves in the officers' mess hall.

While the Red Cross distributed some books with the soldiers' kits, it does not maintain libraries or lending collections. Such library service as it does in Great Britain is limited to the men in the military hospitals.

The Chairman of the War and Navy Departments' Commissions on Training Camp Activities expressed in the following letter to the General Director of the A. L. A. War Service the appreciation of what had been accomplished up to midsummer of 1918:

MY DEAR DR. PUTNAM:

Just back from France, I want to express my keen appreciation of what the American Library Association is doing for our troops abroad. I found your books everywhere, from the seaport bases to the front line trenches. I found them in dugouts thirty to forty feet below ground, in cow barns where the shrapnel

had blown parts of the roof away, as well as in the substantial huts and tents far back from the firing line. I found them also in hospitals and dressing stations; in scattered villages in the training area where our men are billeted and even in remote parts of France where our forestry units are carrying on their lonely but essential work.

And they were well worn books that I saw, showing signs of constant usage. Indeed, the books are in continual demand and I am sure that it will be a reading army that we shall welcome home from France when the war is done.

As you know, your organization overseas is working in close cooperation with the Young Men's Christian Association, Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army, and its services are recognized and appreciated by the entire Expeditionary Forces from General Pershing to the lowest private.

Cordially yours,

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK,

Chairman

To help win the war, and to help in the great work of reconstruction after the war, are the two great objects of all these affiliated organizations. The camp libraries contribute their share to both these ends. They help to keep the man more fit physically, mentally and spiritually, and prepare such as shall be spared for greater usefulness after the war. Good reading has helped to keep many a soldier up to his highest level; it has aided in the recovery of many a wounded man. It has helped to keep him cheerful, and to send him back to the firing line with renewed determination to win or die bravely in the attempt.

2. EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

“The war has brought clearly to view the fact that national unity is endangered, not only by illiteracy, which fact has long been recognized, but by diversity of language, with its resulting lack of complete understanding and cooperation,” said Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler recently. “To protect the national unity and security no American community should be permitted to substitute any other language for English as the basis or instrument of common school education.” The National Committee of One Hundred appointed, upon request, by the United States Commissioner of Education, has worked out a program for strengthening the public system of education. Efforts are being made to teach the English language and patriotism to the three million alien males of military age in the United States. Among the means employed are a common use of the language of the United States and the development of a common understanding and appreciation of American standards, ideals, and responsibilities of citizenship. “Our un-Americanized aliens,” said Mr. H. H. Wheaton, chairman of the committee, “are the greatest weakness in our chain, and this weakness has been analyzed in Europe and used against us.”

This touches on an important phase of the work of the libraries and suggests some of the great opportunities opening up to them. Many men who lack all formal education will now come in contact with books for the first time. They will have to be taught how to use them. Others will need directing in the choice of books. All will need the intelligent and sympathetic assistance of trained library workers

interested in the men, in their intellectual progress, and in their every-day problems. Not only the trained assistants but the soldiers themselves help in this work. A man at Camp Devens, a musician, has developed both music and reading among his associates. He knows that he is doing good missionary work even if he does not call it such, for he says: "Anyhow, men stay at the barracks and read evenings, instead of going to Lowell and coming back drunk."

There are in the cantonments many foreign-speaking men who must learn how to understand, read, and give orders in English. At Camp Sevier, to take merely one illustration, there were recently 1,880 classes, with 15,642 men in attendance.

To each camp library there have now gone ten copies of a book on elementary English intended for adults. The Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission has sent to Camp Devens copies of Field's "English for New Americans" and Plass's "Civics for Americans in the Making," to be used as text-books in the Y. M. C. A. classes in English for foreign-speaking men. The English lessons are largely conversational and are planned as far as possible to center around the daily duties of the men.

Non-commissioned officers of one battalion are excused from the non-commissioned night school to take arithmetic and algebra at the Y. M. C. A.

THE UNEDUCATED

The foreign-speaking men are not the only ones who profit by these lessons. As a camp librarian was looking at a "First Reader in English" and trying to decide what to do with it, a Y. M. C. A. man saw the

questioning look and said: "If you want to keep that book for your library, better not put it on the open shelves."

"Why?" asked the librarian.

"Well, there are a good many men here who do not know the rudiments of English but are ashamed of the fact. They would take a book like that off the shelves without leaving any card because they would not want to have it known that they were so ignorant of the common tongue."

A Y. M. C. A. man working on the troop trains that take soldiers from their homes to the training camps says that he handed a magazine to one man who refused it. He urged it upon him and it was declined a second time. The new soldier was told that if he did not care to read it on the train, he might take it with him and read it in camp. He looked up pathetically and replied "I can't read." The Y. M. C. A. man sat down beside him and asked whether he might not write a message home for him. The offer was accepted. The "rookie" was advised to look up the Y. M. C. A. as soon as he reached camp and get into one of the schools where they would teach him to read and write before he returned home.

Among the "squatters" in Florida are many families in which not only are the children unable to read, but the parents do not wish to have them learn. Periodicals that have been sent to these families have been returned to the senders. The parents argued that if their children read these magazines and looked at the alluring illustrations, they would become dissatisfied with their surroundings. Then along came the draft and took the young men out of their satisfied but wretched state, and gave them their first glimpse



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13. STUDENT OFFICERS AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA

About 2000 men are being prepared for commissions in the new army at this officers' training camp



Y. M. C. A. Photo

14. CLASS IN ENGLISH, CAMP CUSTER

Of great value in the Americanization of the foreign born and in the education of native illiterates

of the outside world. To such the libraries and the educational opportunities are a priceless boon.

Some of the Georgia "crackers" when asked on being registered what their names were, would say "Sonny" or "Bobby." In reply to further prodding as to family names they pleaded ignorance of a knowledge of anything but the family nickname. In the cantonments there are many illiterate whites, blacks, Indians and half-breeds who are there taught how to read and write. Big strapping fellows as they are, they must be treated as school children in matters of intelligence.

Think of what the new military life means to such as these! The draft takes them suddenly out of their old surroundings and in place of civil liberty surrounds them with military restraint, but at the same time opens up vast new fields of opportunity for education and development.

The reverse of the picture is equally interesting. There are estimated to be 45,000 students from the 576 colleges of the country in the new American army. In Camp Devens alone there were 695 college men, representing 27 New England higher institutions of learning. From the start these were drafted men and they exerted a marked influence upon their mess-mates, some of whom were former mill operatives from the textile centers of New England. The presence of these academically trained men means a call for specialized classes of books in the camp libraries. Some colleges are giving credits for studying done in the camps and, needless to say, the Library War Service administration is desirous of supplying the books needed.

STUDENTS IN KHAKI

A Committee on Education and Special Training has been created by a General Order of the War Department. It is estimated that by the fall of 1918 from 75,000 to 100,000 men will be given intensive training in schools and colleges. These men will be drawn from the men in training camps or about to be called to the camps and from the registrants under the selective draft act. In the selection of men for this intensive training, it is now proposed to utilize the educational institutions of the country to the utmost and to send a large number of men to the colleges at an early date for intensive training in army service through technical lines. In this work of intensive training, the technical literature which is being accumulated in the camp libraries will be of prime importance.

That the officers and men in the training camps are hard students of military science is shown by the use they are making of the military manuals and other books on the science of war in the camp libraries. On a typical day at Camp Meade it was found that more than a quarter of the books drawn for use in the barracks were on military science. Here the military collection numbers about 1200 volumes, consisting of nearly 300 different titles. One of the librarian's requests was for copies of all the various manuals put out for the use of officers by the War Department, — at least those that are not confidential. Many men wish to learn a particular branch so that they may become non-commissioned officers or even take an examination to become officers.

The librarian at Camp MacArthur reported that

there were 16,000 new Signal Corps men there and that he had in consequence a great call for books on Aeronautics. The Signal Corps section is located three miles from the camp library, and the librarian felt that they ought to distribute many of the needed volumes through the traveling libraries. Ten copies of each title from an approved list were sent to this particular camp.

The announcement of the establishment of a veterinary school at Camp Lee means to A. L. A. headquarters that an urgent call for books on veterinary science may be expected from that particular camp library.

An officer at Camp Lee was anxious to have a few books for the guardhouse, — books which would help inspire respect for military authority on the part of the men who had been guilty of breaches of discipline, — a request which required considerable time for weighing of titles.

It is interesting to note the character of some of the books asked for. One applicant at the Camp Greene Library requested a second Italian reader, after he had been given a copy of De Amicis' "Cuore." He said that he had been to school in Italy, but never to an American school. He rejected Miss O'Brien's "English for Foreigners," but was much pleased with Baldwin's "Second Reader." The librarian at Camp Greene has also had requests for Horace in the original and in translation. Spencer's "Sociology" circulates regularly there, as does also James's "Pragmatism." Several men would like to read Ibsen, either in the original or in translation. Books in Italian and Polish were asked for the use of men in the hospitals at Camp Hancock who were unable to read and who

could hardly speak English. A small collection of books in Arabic was asked for Camp MacArthur where there are over one hundred men who could use such books. They said in their request that they had been able to borrow such books from the Milwaukee Public Library. One of these men suggested the desirability of a Bible and some classics in Arabic. A list of Hebrew and Yiddish books compiled by some of the soldiers at Camp Gordon, was sent by the librarian as a request for purchase. It represented some of the best and most popular authors in this class.

Walter Camp, the Divisional athletic director at Camp Hancock, Georgia, asked through the camp librarian for a few books describing games which could be played by groups of from 100 to 1,000 men at a time.

"Have you any books on cost accounting?" asked a soldier at the Camp Custer library. "That was my line before coming here, and if I come back when we get through with this war, I don't want to start in all over again. I want to keep up with my line while I am working for Uncle Sam."

"I'd like to get a book on hog raising," said another. "I'm reading up on farming. No more indoor work for me when I get through with this thing. After Camp Custer the outdoor life is the life for me."

"Let me see your latest book on the nutritive value of foods," said a third. "I'm from the Cooks' and Bakers' school, and I must keep up-to-date in my lectures on the rationing of men."

"I'd like to have this book renewed for two weeks," was the request of a man returning a borrowed book. "Reading about the chemistry of modern high ex-



Photo by U. S. Navy Dept.

15. A CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY
"Jackies" being given a drill in the rudiments of essential studies



16. BOOKS BEING STUDIED BY THE CREW OF A DREADNOUGHT
School in session on board the "Arkansas"

plosives does not go very fast after a hard day's work in the field — and, besides, this is a big book.”

There was almost nothing procurable in the line of books on the use of pigeons in modern warfare, and the men were quick to comment on it. “Your books on pigeons are not what we need,” said a man on this work at Camp Custer. “We want something practical on the care and training of homing pigeons. Most of the books are for fanciers and they are no good in the school of the pigeon loft, where we are training pigeons for military service and being trained to train and care for them.”

A sixteen year old Jackie approached a camp librarian with Spencer's “First Principles” in his hand. “Say,” said he, “could a fellow learn to know poetry if he should read this? My brother writes poetry and I want to learn to know it.” Many of the requests show a pathetic craving for knowledge.

At one camp nearly all of the 4000 colored troops have been enrolled in the different classes. Elementary English classes have been popular and educational lectures have been well attended. The officers of the colored companies have insisted that their men learn to read and write; the men themselves have become interested to take up the study of mathematics and French. In a number of cantonments a large number of colored officers have been enrolled.

The educational director at Camp MacArthur reports that French books and magazines, “particularly if they contain illustrations, will be of service in our twenty-three French classes, as will French coins and phonograph records.”

The camp libraries are a great help to the educational work of the Y. M. C. A. They are valuable

auxiliaries to the courses of study in regard to the background of the war, history, civics, literature, social conditions, geography, and practical science which are being given in the various cantonments, with a view to the cultivation of reading and study habits. The plan is a combination of the preceptorial system and the university extension idea. Lecturers live in camps for a week at a time, and move from building to building. Thus they give their inspirational message to the entire camp, and special study classes under local volunteer preceptors are formed. Upon request carefully selected libraries, covering definite topics of study, are supplied by the A. L. A. Reading clubs are being organized to guide the men's reading, and a certificate is given to the soldier who has completed one of the courses outlined. "It's a school!" said one soldier about his camp.

SERIOUS READING

"The American Library Association cooperates in this educational work by suggesting correlative reading and supplying the books required," says Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick in *Scribner's Magazine*. "The well-equipped library in each camp thus widens its sphere of usefulness beyond merely purveying reading matter for entertainment, legitimate though that sphere may be. The requirements for books in the camp libraries are more specialized than in ordinary city libraries. The standard as a whole is even higher. Men are being called to unaccustomed tasks; so they are doing a vast amount of 'reading up.' The growth of the reading habit among the soldiers has brought to light an interesting contradiction to the generally accepted theory that among a group of individuals

the leveling process is a leveling downward. The men in the camps who are readers stimulate by their example the interest of those who are not. 'Have you read this story?' asks Private X of Private Y. 'Naw,' replies Private Y; 'I never read a book through in me life.' 'Well, y'oughta read this one. It's better'n any movie show y'vever saw. It's a bear!' Thus does Private Y get an incentive to taste the joys of literature. There is a tendency toward a leveling upward."

A young man about to embark for unknown parts asked the Camp Librarian whether he might not have one of Shakespeare's plays to take with him. "A fellow has to have something good to read on the ship," he said. When given several plays he was indeed delighted.

"I've heard of William Shakespeare all my life and now I want to read something he has written," said a corporal recently. A copy of "Julius Cæsar" was at hand, and he was started on his course with this. He is now returning regularly to complete his reading of the other plays. Many men who seldom frequented a library in civil life have become regular readers of books of poetry, history, and travel. Others have said that they are using the camp library and their present opportunities for catching up on general reading.

A private in a Texas camp asked for books on intensive agriculture. When asked why he was interested in this special subject, he replied: "I'm a farmer. My dad has a truck-farm just outside of Houston, and he sent me to agricultural school to learn the up-to-date methods. I've simply got to read these things and keep up-to-date so that when

I get through soldiering I'll know how to handle a cultivator. And say — have you got David Grayson's 'Adventures in Contentment?'"

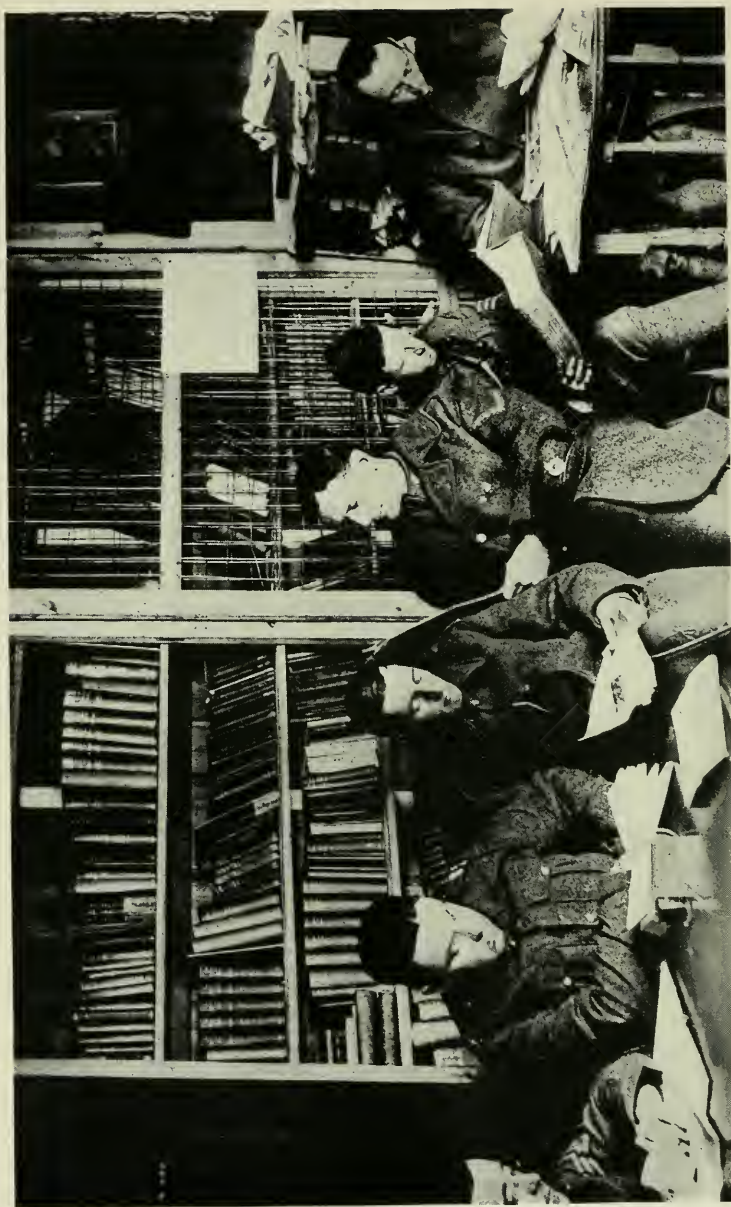
Another private, at Camp Greene, said that he valued the camp library as he did his pay check. The latter kept him in tobacco while the former kept him in touch with his trade so that after the war he would be able to go back with an up-to-date knowledge of automobile repairing and garage work. He also said that he had been able to find in the books many interesting things which he had tried but never before been able to locate.

The librarian at Camp Pike writes: "You and your friends cannot do too much for these soldiers. The drafted men are, in many cases, suffering a rude shock in the strange conditions that now surround them. Many of them were men of importance in their communities and not a few show gentle breeding, but they are herded together here, all sorts and conditions together in one barrack building, standing in line, 220 of them with their tin cans at meal-time, sleeping on cots not three feet apart and doing all the rough work of the camp. The work is necessary, of course, and the men do little complaining, but many of them have the blues. I must not leave the impression that I think this experience a bad thing for these fellows. I do not. In the end they will be better men than they ever were — harder physically, more alert, more forceful, and in every way more mature. The army is making efficient out of inefficient, strong men out of weaklings, and those who come back from this war will be far more effective citizens than they would otherwise have been."



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17. STUDYING FRENCH IN THE CAMP AT GETTYSBURG
The men are taught the phrases in every-day use in army life "over there"



18. A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS' COLLEGE, SEAFORD,
SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Collateral reading for a great variety of courses in this khaki university

CANADIAN KHAKI COLLEGE

At Witley Camp occupied by some of the Canadian forces in England, the library hut of the Y. M. C. A. with the three adjacent huts have been handed over by the authorities for educational purposes. They constitute the pioneer college of the "Canadian Khaki University." Two thirds of the length of the library hut are filled with tables and chairs, while well-filled bookcases extend across the end of the hut. An alcove is reserved for officers and the college staff, and a small room is set aside for the living and sleeping quarters of the officer in charge.

The classes were originally held in the library hut, but as that came to be filled to overflowing by the growing classes, a second and then a third hut was added. Courses are given in English, French, the Classics, mathematics, and agriculture, and "credits" are given for work properly done. Hitherto the teaching has been volunteer work, but it is probable that it will be made a part of the military duties of those engaged in it.

The "Canadian Khaki College," it is stated in the prospectus, "has been organized to enable all Canadian troops, in England or France, to utilize their spare time in improving their education and in fitting themselves to occupy upon return to Canada more important and lucrative positions in civil life."

"I think that I shall go back to school" is the answer made by many a Canadian soldier when asked the usual question as to his after-the-war plans. Many of the lads are going back to school while still in the ranks, for there is another Canadian Soldiers' College at Seaford in Sussex, near Brighton, where there are

classes in engineering, in agriculture, and the humanities. There is a class in modern Italian, and a larger one in Spanish, for Canadians are keenly interested in the development of Mexico and South America. Provision is made for all classes of men, from those with the mere rudiments of an education to university undergraduates and those preparing for matriculation. Examinations are held and certificates given, and men are helped to complete an interrupted academic course and prepare themselves for a satisfactory position after the war. Grown men, learned in some craft or other but deficient in the three R's, have here mastered the intricacies of reading so as to make out the orders on the bulletin boards, write their own letters, and look after their accounts. At the other end of the scale are the enthusiastic soldier students who have covered three months of university work in six weeks. For all this, books are needed and the college library is drawn upon daily by the students in khaki.

The National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. plans a novel kind of "university" in France for the American Expeditionary Force, with class rooms in the 500 huts scattered along the French front. It will be known as the "Department of Education" and will be a component part of the United States army. General Pershing has offered the services of all such soldiers who are competent instructors and who can be spared from strictly military duty. Mr. E. C. Carter, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in France, has charge of the work of organization and Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale University, has accepted the invitation to become temporary director. Not only will elementary subjects be taught but pro-

vision will be made for more advanced students whose college studies have been interrupted by the war. A group of French educators have offered their services to this unique "university." The problem of providing books will have to be met and the A. L. A. holds itself in readiness to cooperate.

STUDYING FRENCH

There are to-day over 100,000 soldiers in the United States studying French. To aid them in the intensive work which these men must do in order to fit them for service in France, the A. L. A. has bought thousands of manuals, texts, and dictionaries, including 2,000 copies of each of three beginner's books which were considered best suited for the needs of the men. Many helpful language aids have been presented by interested friends. Some of the numerous books on the study of French bear the imprint of such authoritative bodies as the National Security League, the U. S. Marine Corps Publicity Bureau, and the U. S. War Department.

The man who studied French in college will find that his knowledge of the language is "flat, stale, and unprofitable" unless he familiarizes himself with the intricacies of its idioms and carries also a well-stocked vocabulary of the trench French in common use.

We are told that some of the British officers who are conscious of their shortcomings as linguists, leave speaking French to "Tommy," who is less diffident about displaying his accomplishments. His distortion of the language makes up for its lack of elegance by a certain aptness. The priest he styles "*Le corbeau*," his black cassock giving him the appearance of the somber bird; hospital beds he calls "*les pageots*,"

and with equal lack of feeling dubs the surgical table "*le billiard*." "*Les boyaux*" he uses for trenches of communication; "*le bronze*" for artillery regiments. The German soldiers he names "*taupes*" (moles). A bayonet he christens "*un cure-dents*" (a toothpick) or "*un tire-boche*," with a play on "*tire-bouchon*" (a corkscrew), or "*un tourne-bouche*," punning with "*tournebroche*" (a kitchen utensil). The *mitrailleuse* is called the "coffee grinder." A man of short stature is said to be *loin du ciel*, "far from heaven." "*Toots-sweet*" is Tommy's French for "hurry up," "look smart." *Wipers* is his name for Ypres; sometimes he calls it *Yeeps*, — a place up the line which Tommy likes to duck, says Sergeant Empey. *Panam* is his affectionate name for Paris; but he also calls it *Pantruche*, and a Parisian a *Pantruchard*. *Armentières* is called *Armenteurs*; *Balleul* becomes *Ballyall*; *Hazebrouck* is pronounced *Hazybrook*, and *Ploegsteert* is anglicized into *Plug Street*. "*Napoo*" is said when he has an elegant sufficiency and pushes his plate away. It is also *argot* for "there is no more," "it's all gone," "to put an end to," and "to stop." The word is probably a corruption of "*il n'y a plus*." Ian Hay says that it also means "not likely" or "nothing doing" and that by a further development it has come to mean "done for," "finished," and in extreme cases "dead." "Poor Bill got na-pooed by a rifle grenade yesterday," a mourning friend will say. "*Napoo fini*" expresses gone, through with, finished, disappeared. "*Sanifairyann*" is an anglicization of *Cela ne fait rien* and means (to Tommy) the same as "na-poo." "Jake" expresses satisfaction. If a girl is pretty she is "jake"; if a stew tastes good, it is "jake." It is presumably an anglicization of "chic." It is

the opposite of "napoo." Tommy has also found a new phrase to take the place of the cheerful but outworn expression "I should worry." It is "*C'est la guerre*," or as an American would put it, "That's war." Every discomfort or peril of the soldier's life can be set at naught by this philosophical remark. Is a dug-out bombed or a parapet blown away? *C'est la guerre*. Is the mud thigh deep? *C'est la guerre*.

Après la guerre is Tommy's definition of Heaven. "*Compray*" is trench for "Do you understand?" and is universally used in the trenches. "*Du pan*" is Tommy's word for bread. "*Der uffs*" he says when he wants two eggs. *Poilu*, which is the French term for their private soldier, Tommy uses but pronounces each time differently, so that no one knows what he is talking about. This little word in such popular use was once the affectionate name given to the bearded warriors of early days whose hirsute adornments seldom suffered the barber's blighting hand.

"They say that French is the easiest language in the world," a loyal Lancastrian remarked. "Rot! Give me Lancashire every day; anybody can understand that!" Tommy says that his objection to French is based on the fact that you spell it one way and speak it another. Tommy is sometimes very fluent, but it takes an expert to understand his French.

The picturesqueness of Tommy's slang is only equaled by that of the "poilu" with his genius for expression. Coffee, his all-important beverage, he has christened "*jus*" (juice), and the English "bully," or canned beef, is styled "*singe*" (monkey), while the soup (often bad) is "*lavasse*" (dishwater). The bullets he fires are "*marrons*" (chestnuts) or "*pruneaux*" (plums).

And so on — to the endless discomfort of the lexicographers "*après la guerre.*" Surely in linguistic complications the "Tower of Babel" episode fades into insignificance beside the "confusion of tongues" in the trenches of France. But in the vernacular of Tommy "*C'est la guerre!*"

3. THE WORK OVERSEAS

Shortly after our entrance into the war Lord Northcliffe, in a message to Americans, had some helpful things to say as to what the American soldiers would need in the way of food and equipment when sent to France or Belgium. "But your boy wants more than these things," said he. "Has it ever occurred to you that he must be amused? He must have moving pictures, talking machines, books, magazines, home newspapers, each of them occupying valuable tonnage and ships."

"If your soldier is more of a reader than a card-player," wrote Lord Northcliffe on another occasion, "send him books, only be sure they are small books, 'infinite riches in a little room.' A tiny selection of poems by a favorite poet, or a miniature edition of some story, some essays, some work of research or imagination, an edition that will go into the pocket without taking up too much space. That is a gift which will bring to many a soldier the finest pleasure of all pleasures, absorption in the visions or the thoughts of one of the world's great minds. Remember that soldiers at the front have a great deal of time on their hands. They need occupation. Their recreation is limited to smoking, chatting and reading. How the men in the line hunger for 'something to read,' how they go through the magazines, daily and weekly papers, even through scraps of old paper, how they enjoy anything fresh which will 'take them out of themselves' for a little while—I could describe from personal experience and illustrate by many a pathetic anecdote."

Clive Holland writes that British soldiers returning

home have said that but for the solace of reading they would indeed have been badly off for recreation and amusement in the gloomy dugouts, in the trenches, and the huts which afforded them some sort of shelter. There, often by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, or upon a piece of wood with a nail driven through it, the war is happily driven from the mind by the "magic carpet" of some book of travel or romance.

The day after a great advance, one soldier wrote: "On such a day as this, one wishes to read well-expressed words which deal with eternal things."

A British soldier was displaying one of Anthony Trollope's novels with a hole the size of a lead pencil four-fifths of the way through it. "This saved my life," he said fondly. "That hole is a German Mauser bullet-hole. When I received the book and commenced reading it, I wrote home: 'Thanks for the novel by Trollope. It's a bit hard reading and plenty of it.' Luckily for me there was."

Some British soldiers stationed in Flanders became interested in gardening. Some one mentioned that there was a book called "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and one of the enthusiastic soldiers was asked to write home for it. "It must have something about other things than cabbage in it," said one of the company, who had visions of a book with timely hints for timely crops. When the book came it was a disappointment in one way, but all the men enjoyed reading it and the mere title became a standing joke.

"Private No. 940," in his book "On the Remainder of our Front," describes the rain, mud and filth of the trenches. "I have finished 'The Inviolable Sanctuary and I can't get out another book, as my haversack is so beastly slimy. . . . Everything was too filthy for



19. BOOK CAMPAIGN CONDUCTED FROM THE STEPS OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

More than 600,000 gift books have been taken in at this point



20. BOOKS BEING PREPARED IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR LIBRARY WAR SERVICE

Similar work is going on in libraries throughout the country

writing. In the afternoon I endeavored to forget my surroundings by plunging into the intricacies of Browning, and between the showers I got through two thousand lines of "The Ring and the Book."

The men of the American Expeditionary Force need and appreciate books just as much as do the British soldiers. Alan Seeger wrote on the fly leaves of a copy of Rousseau's "Confessions": "We put in a very pleasant week here — nine hours of guard at night in our outposts upon the hillside; in the daytime sleep, or foraging in the ruined villages, loafing in the pretty garden of the chateau or reading in the library. We have cleaned this up now, and it is an altogether curious sensation to recline here in an easy chair, reading some fine old book, and just taking the precaution not to stay in front of the glassless windows through which the sharpshooters can snipe at you from their posts in the thickets on the slopes of the plateau, not six hundred metres away." A Massachusetts boy who had been gassed wrote from an overseas hospital to a friend engaged in Library War Service: "Really it's a great work," said he. "The men in the trenches, in the rest billets, in the field hospitals, in the evacuation hospitals, in the base hospitals even, depend on smokes and reading to help kill time. It is essential that men have something good to keep their minds on after the trench routine and in the hospitals. I know, because I've spent three weeks in a field hospital and three weeks in a French hospital. I've read from cover to cover papers four to five months old, from Waco and San Antonio; spent hours on the *Methodist Monthly*, and enthused over an *Outlook* of last October. It is a good work — keep it up."

NEWS FROM HOME WANTED

"I'm out here in the R. F. A. with krumps bursting on my cocconut and am going to see it through," wrote an American soldier to Frederick Palmer. "If you've got any American newspapers or magazines lying around loose please send them to me, as I am far from California."

Necessarily, magazines and newspapers must come from the United States. Foreign magazines cannot take the place of those the men have been accustomed to read and foreign newspapers fail to satisfy the craving for news from home. American periodicals are received as gifts from individuals and institutions in the States or are purchased in London through the Dorlands News Agency which, through the efforts of Governor Edge of New Jersey, obtains special discounts for the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.

The Councils of Defense of the various states have been asked to supply their local newspapers, with the result that city and town papers have been received from all states. Arrangements will eventually have to be made whereby magazines and newspapers will be shipped by the American Red Cross and the American Library Association to a central overseas station for distribution. As far as possible weekly bundles have been sent to the British base hospitals having American staffs, to the hospitals in England where American soldiers are received, and to those centers through which American troops pass on their way to France. The Care Committee for Soldiers and Sailors — a branch of the London Chapter — looks after the individual Americans scattered in small numbers among the various English hospitals, supplying home

papers and magazines which help them to pass many a tedious hour.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has recently urged the American public to send newspapers to our soldiers in France. His appeal was the result of a letter which he received from an American woman in France. She described the American Red Cross hospital at Neuilly "where the wards are already full and the halls are lined with men on stretchers waiting to have their wounds dressed," and she added: "The men are splendid, and not complaining. They are pathetically eager for home news, and there is nothing they wish for more than home papers. I wish that you would suggest that more papers be sent them. They do not want old papers that have been read and thrown away, but daily papers mailed regularly to them." "I very earnestly make an appeal not only for New York and Boston papers, but that all American papers be sent to the boys," said Colonel Roosevelt in giving out the letter. "Funds should be provided to send papers regularly to the hospitals where the boys from their districts are likely to go."

A few brief extracts from letters sent to the Care Committee of the American Red Cross, London Chapter, will show how much the men in the service appreciate the papers and magazines that have been sent them. One American who had gone to Canada to enlist and had been in France for a year says that the reading made the long hours seem short. Another writes from a Canadian Military Hospital in Kent, sending a contribution of one dollar to the Red Cross and asking to be remembered when possible with a "Buckeye" newspaper or a personal letter: "It was surely fine to get those New York papers," writes a

member of an aero squadron, recuperating in a military hospital in Wiltshire. "The *Popular Mechanics* was a godsend. The *Saturday Evening Post* is worth its weight in gold to me. When at Yale, I can remember how books and studies lost their values every Thursday when the mail brought the *Post*." A fourth man says that the letter received from the Care Committee found him in bed, thinking that he was one of the forgotten ones. "You have no idea what comfort I derived from those home papers! I even read the department store advertisements."

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

The American Red Cross has provided recreation huts for the personnel of numerous base hospitals. These have been placed under the control and direction of the Y. M. C. A. Whether similar huts are to be established at other hospitals on similar terms has not yet been announced but the A. L. A. contribution in such cases will be through the Y. M. C. A.

The Red Cross Library service in France is reaching eighteen base hospitals, twenty camp hospitals, and nine other stations of one sort or another. The Paris representative of the Red Cross has been receiving from London about two thousand volumes a month and has spent from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred francs a month on subscriptions to periodicals; in addition he has received about two thousand volumes from one chapter in New England and similar amounts from other donors.

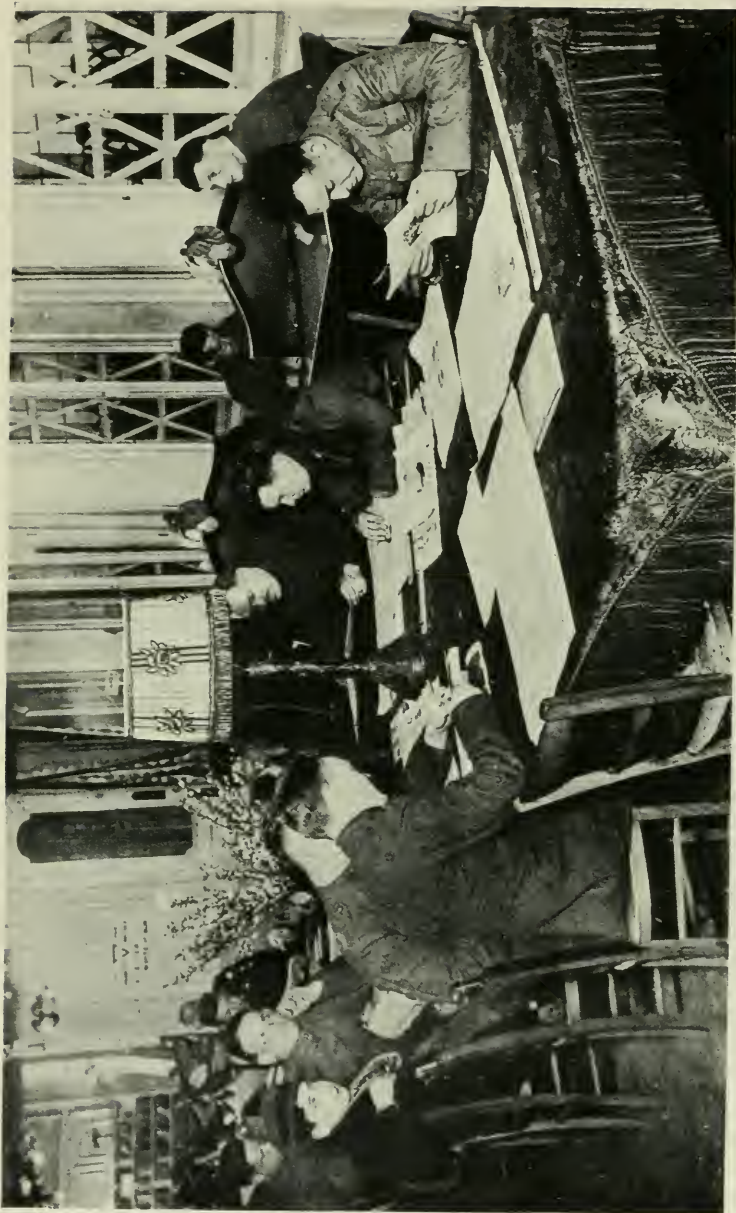
In order to clear up some inevitable confusion at the distributing centers, special American Red Cross representatives now act as receiving agents. The hospital organization is expanding rapidly and the



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21. THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION, AN ARMY CLUB
FOR COLLEGE MEN IN PARIS

Established by the joint action of a score of American colleges and
universities



22. READING ROOM IN THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION, RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS
Aims to meet the needs of American university and college men who are in Europe for military or other service
in the cause of the Allies

© International Film Service

camp hospitals are increasing at the rate of six a month so that a large stock of books must be quickly shipped and distributed.

The Library Committee of the London Chapter of the American Red Cross aims to supply:

(a) The American Red Cross in France with books needed for their own hospitals as well as those of the American Expeditionary Force.

(b) The British Base hospitals in France, where the doctors, nurses, and orderlies are American, with books and American magazines and newspapers.

(c) The American sick and wounded in England, either in American or English hospitals, with books, magazines and newspapers.

(d) Hospitals at certain American naval bases and some out-of-the-way naval stations, with all forms of literature.

Owing to the uncertainty of the postal connections between London and France, it was found to be impossible to supply some of the A. R. C. hospitals in France with newspapers and magazines.

The books used are either gifts—the number of which is very small—or they are purchased in the London market. They are restricted almost entirely to popular editions, either in paper or cloth bindings, costing from sixpence to a shilling. As the life of these books is exceedingly short they must soon be replaced. No attempt has been made to import books from America; at the present time tonnage is needed for more essential things and it was anticipated that the A. L. A. would sooner or later be able to make shipments on a large scale. The Library Committee was eagerly awaiting the time when such shipments could be made from the United States as the demand

for books "over there" far exceeded the supply and the purchases for the American forces are an additional drain which tends to increase the prices in the book market. Books which last year cost one shilling now cost 1s. 6d. and the cost of corrugated paper used in wrapping has advanced from five shillings per roll to thirty-eight shillings. Not only are wooden crates most difficult to procure, but the price is prohibitive.

"As the American forces in Europe grow," writes Mr. Lawrence L. Tweedy, Chairman of the Library Committee, "and as the war progresses, with the consequent larger number of sick and wounded the literature we will need will increase enormously, and it will be impossible to obtain here anything like the amount required. . . . The choice of the books we distribute depends on the use to which they are to be put. If they are meant for immediate distribution in the wards, where many must be destroyed almost immediately because of infection, and where the men want only to be amused, we restrict ourselves almost entirely to fiction, and light fiction at that. Where we are supplying more or less permanent libraries for hospital staffs or for some of the naval stations, we try to give them a little of all kinds of books, such as the classics, essays, poetry and biography, but still for the greater part, fiction."

EARLY ARRIVALS "OVER THERE"

An American soldier who reached France in July, 1915, sent to the *Nation* a letter dated November 25, 1917, in which he gave a list of the 32 books that he had been able to read since his arrival over there. "What I read, wherewithal I while my hours of leisure, that is one of my largest little problems," he wrote.

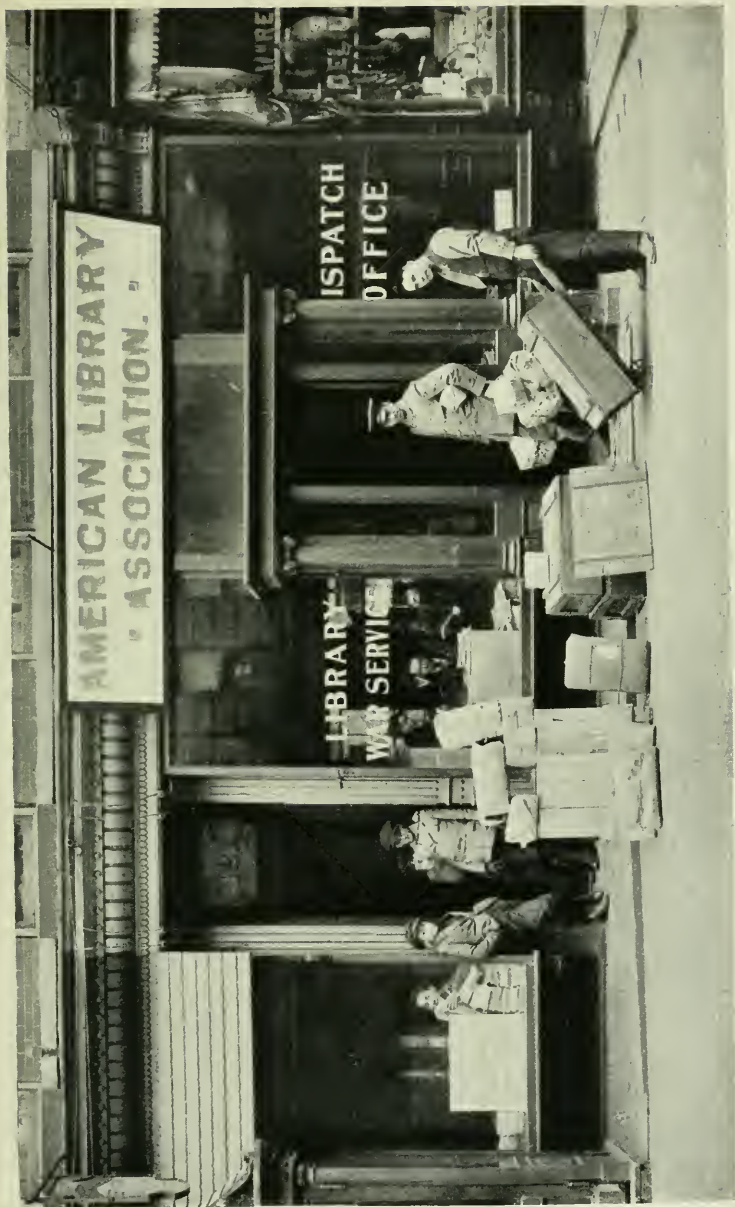
"I set myself a certain vague standard, and only very seldom, when none of my genuine 'elegibles' are obtainable, am I compelled to resort to books of no particular reputation." His reading included Scott's "Woodstock"; Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," "Hard Times," "Pictures from Italy"; Reade, "The Cloister and the Hearth"; George Eliot's "Adam Bede"; Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility"; Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw"; Mrs. Oliphant's "Owd Bob"; Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"; Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"; Henry Kingsley's "Ravenshoe"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea"; Borrow's "Bible in Spain"; Irving's "Sketch Book"; Stevenson's "Vailima Letters"; Henry James' "The American"; Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe"; Anthony Hope's "The King's Mirror"; Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," "Seats of the Mighty," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" and "Donovan Pasha." In lighter vein are Lucas Mallet's "Adrian Savage"; Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Incomparable Bellairs" and "If Youth but Knew"; Hall Caine's "Son of Hagar"; and Denby's "Let the Roof Fall In." In French he read twelve of Corneille's plays; George Sand's "Jeanne" and Tolstoi's "Le Père Serge."

"And of more or better, what need has any man? Some of these books I found in hospitals; some I bought almost in the trenches where civilians still clung to the wreckage; some I borrowed from Y. M. C. A. libraries; some I raked out of the jaws of 'death by incinerator'; some I swapped with comrades; and others I simply 'acquired' (whereof the less said the better). The best and largest Y. M. C. A. library

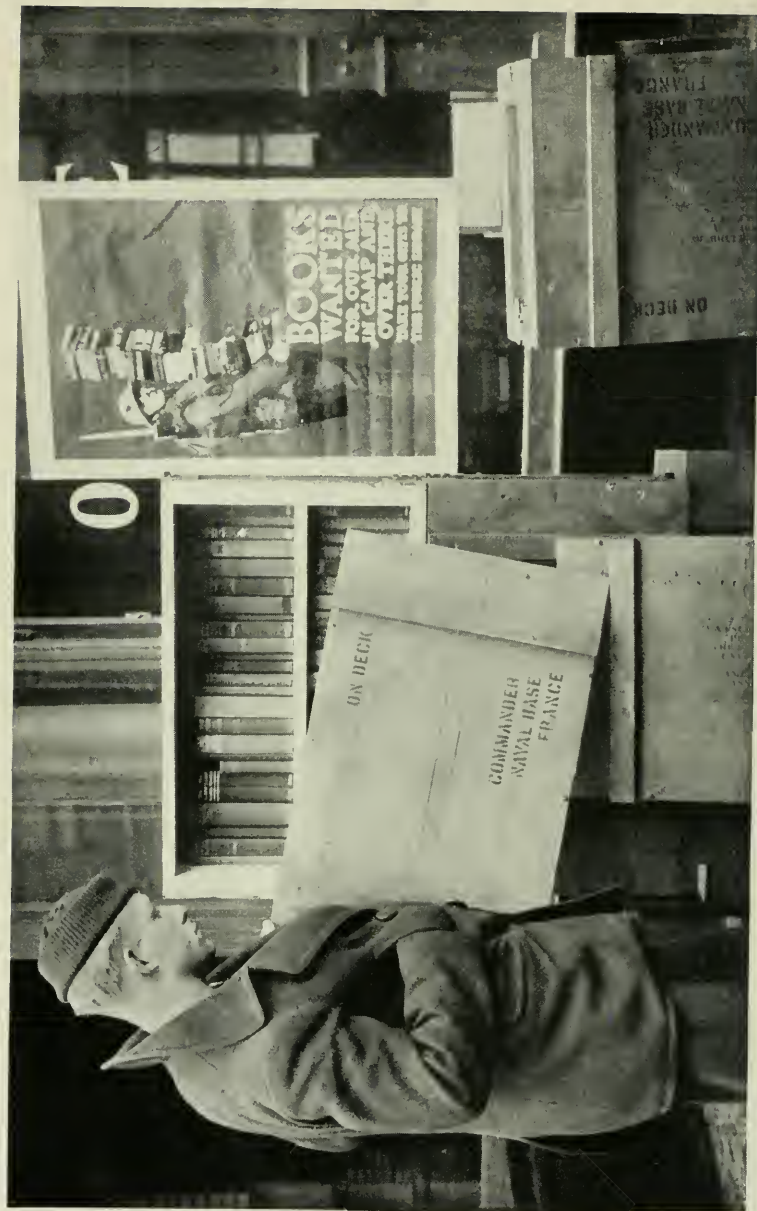
I have ever seen in France is at 31, Avenue Montaigne, in Paris, and American soldiers of literary bent should consider themselves fortunate in the way their needs have there been met. During my ten days' leave to Paris, the American Y. M. C. A. was the chief center of interest."

Miss Eveline W. Brainerd published in the *Independent* of January 19, 1918, an account of the work in the book department at the Paris headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. On the boat going over one man had assured her that "soldiers don't want books; they won't read." A Major qualified this by a positive statement that what the men wanted was "light stuff," — "something exciting; they won't read anything else." While "light stuff" and "something exciting" led in popularity at first, later there came requests for such things as a life of Gordon, Tennyson's poems, a work on elementary law, and one on electrical engineering. A secretary asked for "at least twenty histories of France," and wanted to know how many more could be supplied later. The book-shops of Paris were scoured for dictionaries, atlases, travel books, Kipling, Seeger, Service and Wells, for everything on the battle of the Marne and on international relations.

An unavoidable ignorance of what books would be most wanted, how quickly and in what quantity, and difficulties of transportation from England and America were responsible for the extreme shortage of books at the beginning. Last fall there was frequently not enough to go around. One man from a camp popped his head in at the book department and said with a smile: "Just wanted to remind you, — twenty-four books, twenty thousand men!" Another man with a sense of humor reported that he was in charge of two



23. A. L. A. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE DISPATCH OFFICE, HOBOKEN, N.J.
Over 100,000 volumes per month are being sent overseas from this and the five other dispatch offices



24. CASES OF BOOKS READY FOR OVERSEAS SHIPMENT

The books are circulated on the transports and again boxed at the end of the voyage

huts with "very few books and those about to perish of old age." A visitor went back to his fifteen hundred soldiers with a single armful of volumes — all that headquarters could spare him.

Maps are the most popular wall decorations in the American huts in France. Groups are seen gathered around them as long as there is light enough to make out the lines, and the region in which the camp is located is worn white by constant tracing, and the spot that represents Paris is worn through the paper. On the other hand, the French readers are anxious to see pictures of the United States.

"Scant as the libraries at the front have been and still are," says Miss Brainerd in conclusion, "little as they hold of recent publications, they are yet circulating thousands of books and do fine service all of the daytime. But the night falls early and lights are not plenty, and then comes the need for something lively, and new to all. It is half-past five of a cloudy afternoon such as come often in this damp land. Some four hundred men are packed close as they can crowd within a hut. Here and there a candle held by some willing hand picks out the darkness and before this eager audience stands the secretary, reading Empey's 'Over the Top.' Two soldiers hold pocket electric lamps to light the page, and comrades relieve each other now and then. The book is borrowed, the only copy probably in all the line of huts that, scattered miles apart, serve thousands of men. It must be sent on as soon as may be to the next secretary, and so along the line, until in every hut has been repeated this scene of the intent men sitting and standing in the shadows, the only brightness in the room being that falling on the reader's hands."

THE A. L. A. IN FRANCE

Now that 700,000 books have been sent overseas by the American Library Association and representatives of the Association have been sent to France to arrange for the supplying of books to the American Expeditionary Forces through the Y. M. C. A. or the Red Cross, the book service has taken on a different complexion. In the fall of 1917, the Y. M. C. A. established library sections under its educational department and the Red Cross under its recreation department. There are now some thirty Y. M. C. A. districts and over two hundred and fifty huts. The American Library Association will serve the "fit" through the Y. M. C. A. and the "unfit" through the Red Cross. This scheme was characterized by General Pershing as commendable and the service as welcome, and he expressed the desire "that there should not be any competition in supplying this matter to the troops, but that the work should be centralized in the American Library Association."

At the request of General Pershing the Government granted the A. L. A. space for fifty tons of books per month on the transports. This means more than a million volumes a year. General Pershing also granted franking privileges on all A. L. A. mail parcels in France, — a special recognition of the value placed on Library War Service.

The Navy carries its quota of books on its supply ships to certain bases for distribution to the vessels and stations. The American Red Cross allows a part of its tonnage for books consigned to hospitals, and the Y. M. C. A. secretaries traveling on troop ships take over quite a number of books which are used *en*

route and then assembled as the boats reach port. The books are packed in strongly made unit boxes, with screwed lids and a central shelf. These boxes hold about sixty volumes each and when stacked they serve as a sectional book-case. On or above the cases is a placard headed:

WAR SERVICE LIBRARY
PROVIDED BY THE
PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES
THROUGH THE
AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Then follows a statement regarding the free service and a few simple rules, concluding with this sentiment:

These books come to us overseas from home.

To read them is a privilege.

To restore them promptly unabused a duty.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING

Vice Admiral Sims assures the Secretary of the Navy that full recognition is given the great value of the Association's services "in increasing the contentment of our forces" and that its "efforts in this respect will be appreciated by many thousands of men over here."

The Director of the American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club characterized the Library War Service as "one of the finest things which this war has called forth from our own country and the books which you have sent to the American Soldiers' and Sailors' club both in Paris and at Tours have been eagerly and profitably read by hundreds of our men. They have been a real contribution to our libraries."

Dr. M. Llewellyn Raney, Director of the A. L. A. Overseas Service, went out to sea in the flagship of a convoying fleet in its work down the French coast, and had an opportunity of mingling with the men. In the crowded quarters under deck he saw a dozen of them lying in their bunks reading. Many of them had fastened soap boxes on the side of the hull, opposite their narrow beds, to serve as book racks. "The opportunity was there and the desire was not lacking," says Dr. Raney. "The body was constrained but the mind was eager to wander." They wanted travel, adventures of the sea, stirring western fiction and good war stories. They called for Empey, Jack London, Zane Grey, Ralph Connor, Stanley Weyman, Joseph Conrad, Kipling, Stevenson, and some French textbooks. They knew what they wanted and what they did not want,—specifying religious books, though they confessed that there was one chap who did a lot of such reading and who had distinguished himself by keeping clear of their pet vices.

In the zone of advance the unit of library service is the Division, no matter over how wide an area it may be spread, nor through how many villages it may extend. While the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., or the Salvation Army aims to get a hut in at least the chief villages, the A. L. A. plans to send its books to the divisional center from which they can be properly distributed. When the division moves, the books can be returned to the central warehouse of the organization through which the books are being circulated, unless the area is being abandoned. "Wastage, of course, there must be," says Dr. Raney, "but the loss is not absolute, as long as a worthy volume remains in somebody's possession."



Photo by Elliott & Fry

25. LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, LONDON CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS

In England and France the A. L. A. books reach the American soldiers in hospital through the Red Cross



26. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE IN FRANCE

Upper: Circulating A. L. A. books in a Y. M. C. A. hut

Lower: Stockroom, A. L. A. headquarters, Paris

At Aix-les-Bains, the recreation center for the army, where there is boating, base-ball and athletic "meets," Lieutenant Europe's famous band and a theater, the A. L. A. will have a well-rounded collection of books in the Y. M. C. A.'s casino, with a trained librarian in charge.

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, European representative of the American Library Association, wrote from Paris in July, 1918, that the work there was developing in a most interesting way. The half million of books that had been sent to France were being distributed in the Y. M. C. A. huts, in the hospitals and among the various detached units where they were most needed. At the time he wrote they were outfitting each of the fighting divisions. In addition to the books being sent over on the A. L. A. allotment of tonnage, they were also going on the transports in care of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries and on the Red Cross tonnage. The Army put up a warehouse for the A. L. A. at one of the inland receiving stations where the books sent over on the Association's own tonnage can be properly taken care of. The Fourth of July was fittingly celebrated by delivering a unit of seventy-five books to be placed on each of the American hospital trains in France, and as rapidly as possible selected collections are being placed in each of the base and camp hospitals for the use of the boys who have been sent down from the front lines. Requests for books of all kinds have come in from the soldiers. The aim is to furnish any books that the men may want, whether standard reference books, the latest technical publications of interest to the various branches of the service, or standard fiction. If not to be had in France or England, the books will be ordered from the United States.

Dr. Raney found the promise of American books greeted everywhere with enthusiasm. "The men," said he, "did not like the English substitutes which the Y. M. C. A. had felt compelled to use. Besides, the London market was going dry and prices were advancing. Editions were not being reprinted, owing to shortness of paper and labor. Furthermore, the great British organizations, which were feeding the British armed forces on a huge scale, looked with anxiety on American competition, so that a moral issue was raised. The Red Cross was so desirous of escaping from this dilemma that it offered to share its present tonnage with us to bring over American reading material for our hospitals in Europe. Indeed, under this arrangement, we have made an initial shipment of 25,000 volumes to France, and instructions have been issued for similar dispatch of 5000 volumes to England, with regular monthly service to follow in each case.

"The Y. M. C. A. had no tonnage to spare, but it could help in another way. Men needed books *en voyage*. The military authorities consented to have us put boxes on transports for deck usage. The Y. M. C. A. secretaries and the chaplains agreed to look out for the books en route, to re-box and deliver them in port. Here going into their warehouses, they would be subject to our further orders for distribution. While there has been an enormous amount of loss in this service, and we are consequently in negotiation with Washington for a change of method, it has been immensely popular, and thus far our chief source of supply overseas.

"As to magazines, we have proceeded with caution. Displacing, as we have so largely, the library work of

our associates otherwise, we have hesitated to take over also the magazine service, which they are maintaining with regularity and at great expense. However, we have made a beginning by inducing a certain number of publishers to turn over unsold remainders to us, and if the Burleson sacks are to resume Overseas dispatch and get effective use, we shall have to receive, sift and forward them. These magazines of ours are all for trench usage, non-returnable.

“Thus the cycle is complete from training camps in the United States to troop trains (as we contemplate) and transports, from port to the front and back to rest station, hospital or captivity; with the naval units, whether ashore or at sea, from the British Isles to the Mediterranean, we follow the flag.

“Complete, did I say? Not till the boys get home again. The war is going to end one of these days, but repatriation will take a year or two. To combat the perils of reaction and to prepare for civilian life, the army is to be put to school during that period. We have our eyes already on that wonderful opportunity.

“And then, France, glorious France, blood-redeemed, has heard of the American public library, which, finding literal translation inadequate, it dignifies with the sobriquet, *Maison de Tous*, The People’s House. A great organization headed by the President of the Republic, planning for the social reconstruction of France after the war, has decided to transplant this unique institution and make it the center of the plan. Our aid is asked. Who can foresee the result?”

BOOKS AND MORALS

A year ago in London, a man originally from New York state came up and spoke to me as a fellow

American. He wore the garb of a Canadian officer. After I had answered his query as to what I was doing in England, he said: "My work is rather different. I am looking after the social evil and venereal diseases in the Canadian Army."

"Then you are a medical man?"

"No," said he, "I tried to get my English medical friends to take hold of the work, but they said that they had their reputations to look after. I have no reputation to lose. I am simply a Unitarian clergyman."

What followed is not germane to our subject, but in discussing the soldiers' reading he said that he was constantly surprised at the high class of the books which the boys bought when they came up to London.

On another occasion, I was discussing with the wife of an American physician long resident in London, the remarkable vogue enjoyed by Brieux's plays, — "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" and "Damaged Goods" had been running for months. "Yes," she said, "they kept out his 'Damaged Goods' as long as they could, but now both that and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' are being given to crowded houses. The censor used to be 'nasty nice and dirty particular' about certain things, as my maid once said of her former employer."

That phrase describes fitly though inelegantly the attitude of only too many people towards a subject which refuses to be kept in the background — especially in war time. The camp libraries are doing their bit in educating the men in morals and sex hygiene by providing carefully selected books on these subjects. Lectures by men attached to various organizations also touch on these topics.

While reading Dr. Exner's little pamphlet, "Friend or Enemy," of which a million and a half copies have



Upper: © *Committee on Public Information*

Lower: © *International Film Service*

27. *Upper: From cotton fields to khaki. Colored stevedores, for whom their Chaplain solicited A. L. A. books*

Lower: American Sailors in the reading room of one of their clubs in England



28. IN AIX-LES-BAINS, THE RECREATION CENTER OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY
FORCE IN FRANCE

U. S. soldiers reading newspapers in front of the Casino

been circulated, an 18-year-old Michigan boy was jeered at by his corporal, who with a sneer said, "Oh, you'll be going along with the bunch before long." Quietly the lad replied, "That's all right, corporal, but I've a mother, four sisters and a sweetheart back home, and I'm proud of it. Believe me, I'm going back to them just as clean as I came out."

An officer wrote in to the American Library Association Headquarters recently on behalf of 1,359 negro soldiers, comprising a stevedore regiment of the National Army, stationed at a certain overseas port. In making a request for from 750 to 1,000 books, he was speaking for the other officers of the regiment, all of whom are white:

"Astounding as the statement may sound to you, a whole lot of reading matter is needed in this outfit to cut down venereal diseases. I do not refer to treatises on these diseases, because we do not want books of this sort. We want books that will keep the minds of men employed in other ways. Two months of very careful study along this line has convinced me that this matter of books is one of the best ways to combat a very distressing social condition that exists all over France.

"A word of explanation. We have at this base — and they are here for the duration of the War — nearly 3000 colored men, about one-third of whom cannot read or write. We want the books, first of all, for these men who can read them. These men are only a few months, at most, from cotton fields to khaki. They are among a strange people, who speak a language unintelligible to them and the only reading matter they can find in large amounts is that found in publications typical of the life of the half-world . . .

“As regimental censor, reading their letters home, and thrown into close contact with them, I have come to the conclusion that books will keep them in camp. Not at any time in my life have I been so made to realize the meaning of the expression ‘thirsting for knowledge.’ These colored men from the rural South do. By begging, borrowing and buying, I have corralled all the English books in this vicinity that are worth while and I have 113 books that I think should be placed in the hands of these 1900 men. These books are all in use, seven days in the week. But we need hundreds more.

“Two-thirds of the organization are literates. But they, too, are subject to the seductions of wine, women and certain kinds of song, all of which are affording them new and very injurious experiences. But when they get hold of a book they remain in camp at night, and during their other leisure hours, of which they have many, owing to the exigencies of the military service, they read these books, and what is of more importance, talk about them and discuss the things they have learned. *A man who can get hold of a book stays at home and reads it, soon improves in the matters of dress and military conduct and shows improvement in morals and self-respect.* These are elemental things, almost trite expressions with us at home, but they are very real to us at this permanent base in the line of communications. I trust you see the need I am trying, in a feeble and halting way, to make plain.

“Now I do not expect that your institution shall mulct itself of the number of volumes I ask for. But I hope that you can furnish some volumes and gather others from other libraries and from individuals, acting as the collecting and selecting center and forwarding

them to us when the collection is made. We want books for the average mind. They must be neither too mature nor too elementary; stories of liaisons, blood and thunder adventures and theological controversies should be avoided. Attractively written histories and patriotic romances are needed; stories showing love of country, God and virtue would be most welcome."

II

BRITISH ORGANIZATIONS

II. BRITISH ORGANIZATIONS

I. THE BRITISH WAR LIBRARY

THE night after war had been declared, Mrs. H. M. Gaskell, C. B. E., lay awake wondering how she could best help in the coming struggle. Recalling how much a certain book she had read during a recent illness had meant to her, she realized the value of providing literature for the sick and wounded. A few days later she dined with some friends and talked over this opportunity for service, with the result that Lady Battersea decided to lend Surrey House, Marble Arch, for the work. Lord Haldane, who was War Minister at the time, approved the plan officially, and Sir Alfred Sloggett, then head of the Royal Army Medical Corps, gave his official sanction. The work was no sooner under way than the Admiralty asked whether the new organization would be willing to supply the Navy, the sound men as well as the sick. Mrs. Gaskell's brother, Mr. Beresford Melville, entered into the work with enthusiasm and gave it financial support.

The call for books was the first appeal of the war, and newspapers were glad to give their space and support free to the letters asking for reading matter for both the sick and wounded. To the surprise of the organizers not only parcels and boxes, but vanloads of books were delivered to Surrey House. Hastily improvised bookcases rose quickly to the ceilings of

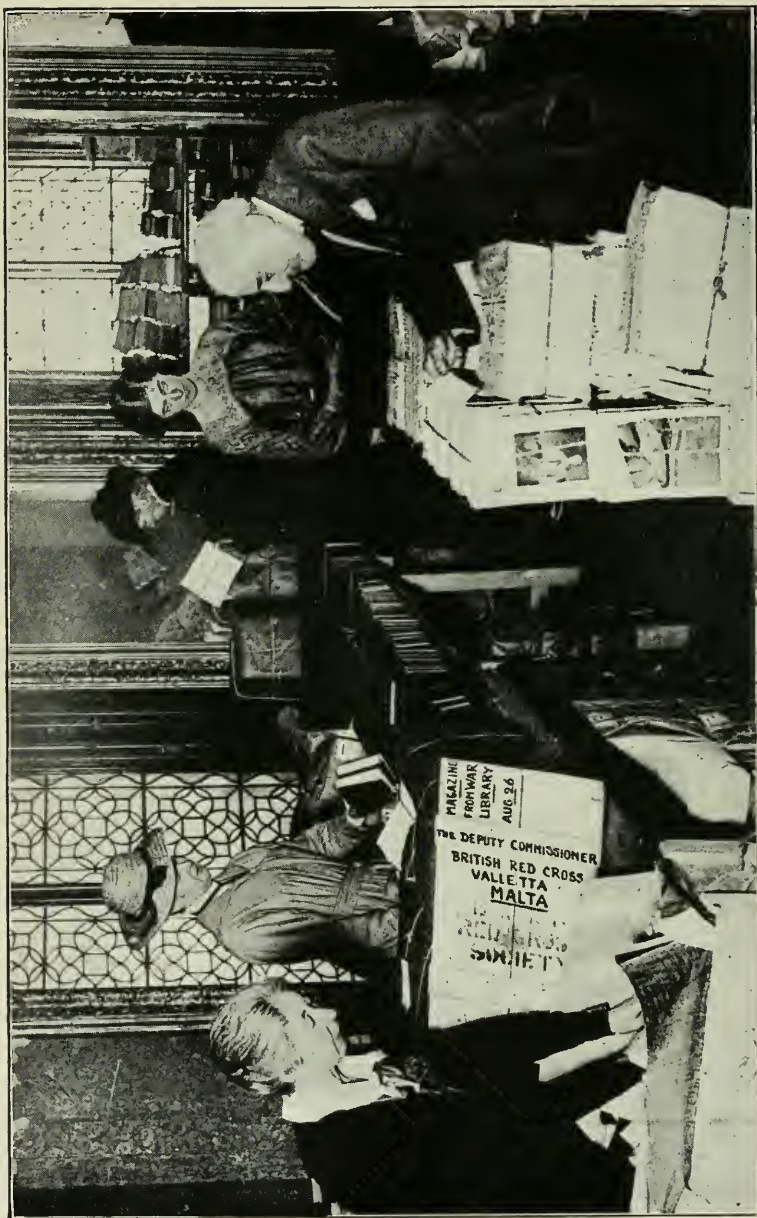
the rooms on the ground floor, then up the wide stairway, filling three immense rooms and crowding the corridors. It was impossible for the overworked volunteers to keep up with this unexpected volume of gifts. Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright of the London Library was appealed to and when he came to Surrey House and saw the multitude of books, he decided to call upon his assistants. With five of his staff he set to work. It was necessary to hire empty wagons to stand at the door for the refuse, of which there was a huge quantity, for many people had seized this as an opportunity to clean out their rubbish piles and credit themselves with doing a charitable turn at the same time. Old parish magazines were sent in by tens of thousands, only to be passed on to the waiting wagons. To offset these, however, there were over a million well-selected books, including rare editions of standard authors. The latter were put to one side for sale and the money thus received was invested in the kind of books most needed. While one set of helpers was unpacking, another was sending off carefully selected boxes of books to small permanent libraries in the military and naval hospitals from lists furnished by the Admiralty and War Office.

The permanent hospitals were supplied with a library before the wounded arrived, and as the war area expanded the War Library followed with literature. Advertisements were inserted in American and Canadian newspapers with the result that many publishers sent most acceptable gifts from across the water. Later, large consignments of literature came from South Africa, Australia, Madeira, the Canary Islands, and New Zealand. English publishers were more than generous. One publisher sent 600 beautifully



29. BRITISH WAR LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS
Surrey House, Marble Arch, London

Topical Press Agency, London



Topical Press Agency, London

30. THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY AND ORDER OF ST. JOHN GETS ITS SUPPLY OF BOOKS AND MAGAZINES THROUGH THE WAR LIBRARY

printed copies of six of the best novels in the English language, bound in dark blue and red washable buckram. The English and Foreign Bible Society gave eighty thousand copies of little khaki-covered Gospels, printed on thin paper with the Red Cross or the Union Jack decorating the cover.

In November, 1914, the Admiralty asked the War Library organization to supply the sailors in the North Sea Fleet at the rate of a book a man. Not only was this done, but boxes of books were sent to all the guards around the coasts of the British Isles, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and the West Coast of Ireland. When the Camps Library was organized by Sir Edward Ward and the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther, for the strong and healthy soldiers in camps and trenches, the originators of the War Library met with the promoters of the new scheme and discussed a division of labor. The field of work was increasing to such an extent that it was agreed that the War Library should look after the "unfit" in the Army and Navy, while the new organization would take care of the "fit." This plan has worked very well, but alas! as Mrs. Gaskell reports, "as the wide-flung battle-field extended, the supply of books dwindled. We were in despair. The papers, filled with other appeals, could only insert ours by payment, and money, too, had become very scarce. Meanwhile, hospitals in France doubled. Sick in Lemnos, Malta, Gallipoli, Egypt, grew in numbers to an alarming extent; books were asked for, cabled for, demanded, implored. Our hearts were indeed heavy-laden." Relief came through the action of Mr. Herbert Samuel, then Postmaster General, who, after paying a visit to the camps and seeing life in the trenches, decided that the Post

Office should help in the work of forwarding reading material for the men.

Then the Red Cross and Order of St. John was asked to affiliate the War Library scheme with its organization. In October, 1915, it not only agreed to do this but became financially responsible for the undertaking, the promoters of the latter promising in return to supply the literature that they and their hospitals require — which means considerably over 200,000 books and magazines a year.

When the beds at Gallipoli were being rapidly filled with the sick and wounded, a cable would come to Surrey House: "Send 25,000 books at once, light and good print." Perhaps the day before Malta had cabled for 10,000 similar books. The demand seemed to grow by leaps and bounds. No hospital at home or abroad asks without receiving the full quota requested. The library is now supplying East Africa, Bombay, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Salonika, and Malta monthly with thousands of books and magazines. Fortnightly parcels go to the hospitals in France and to the Cross Channel Hospital Service. To-day the organization is supplying approximately 1810 hospitals in Great Britain, 262 in France, 58 naval hospitals, and 70 hospital ships. The transport hospital ships are replenished every voyage.

Those whom typhoid and dysentery had weakened were not able to hold books at all, and needed pictures instead. Mr. Rudyard Kipling had foreseen this need and asked those in charge to supply strong brown paper scrapbooks filled but not crowded with pictures. His suggestion was immediately adopted. These scrapbooks are made from sheets 43×27 inches, folded three times, forming a book of sixteen pages, about

14 × 11 inches, tied together at the back with a bow of bright ribbon. On the outside an attractive colored picture is pasted. The inside pages are filled with entertaining pictures, both in black and white and in color, interspersed with little jokes, anecdotes, and very short stories from such weeklies as *Punch*, *London Opinion*, and *Answers*. Short poems are found to be acceptable space-fillers. Comic postcards are used, but no Christmas cards. Pictures are always placed straight before the eye so that the invalid may not have to turn the scrapbook around in order to see them, for many a patient is too weak even to lift his hand, and must await the coming of a nurse in order to know what the next page has in store for him. Volunteer makers of these aids to cheer are urged to remember that they are for grown men, not for children. They have been furnished in large numbers by a generous public, and have been found invaluable. Fresh scrapbooks are supplied to the hospital ships each voyage. A young soldier, just recovering from typhoid, came to the War Library on his return from Egypt and was asked to look about and tell what he would have liked best during his convalescence. "I was too tired to read," said he, "but I would have given a lot for one of those picture-books." This type of convalescent can use games to advantage and so the War Library has started a Games Department. There is a never-ceasing demand for playing cards, dominoes, draughts; and good jigsaw puzzles — even with a few pieces missing. Anything that can be packed flat is acceptable.

As to the kind of books the soldiers ask for, let us have Mrs. Gaskell's experience in her own words:

"Perhaps your eyes will be opened, as mine were, to new worlds of literature," said she when interviewed on the subject. "I confess I was quite ignorant of these books before the war. They are exciting, absorbing, sensational. Detective stories are shouted for; so is the 'Bull-dog Breed,' 'The Red Seal' and 'The Adventure' series; and all sorts of penny novelettes. Of course, all sevenpenny, sixpenny, and shilling editions are invaluable from their handy size and good print. And now for the favorite authors. They are nearly all in the sixpenny and sevenpenny series, and come in grand procession of favor, Nat Gould, Jack London, Rudyard Kipling, William LeQueux, Ridgwell Cullum, Charles Garvice, Guy Boothby, A. Conan Doyle, W. W. Jacobs, Florence Barclay, Ian Hay, Cutcliffe Hyne, 'Q,' John Oxenham, H. A. Vachell, Edgar Wallace, Rider Haggard, Dumas, and Robert Louis Stevenson. All these, multiplied ten thousand times by the printing press, go out to cheer the men-folk in their suffering and convalescence. They are a party of perpetual entertainers who make laughter and romance to spring up from the battle dust. They are balm and gladness.

"All detective stories — good detective stories — are hailed with joy. Sherlock Holmes is a physician — remember that. But lest you feel that this ephemeral class of books is all that is asked for, I must say that poetry is in demand, and, as you will see later, the immortals are wooed down from their Olympian heights to make cheer among mortals. The first and second sixpenny series of the 'Hundred Best Poems' go out in generous instalments; so do the 'Hundred Best Love Poems.' Shakespeare, greatest of patriots, visits the hospitals — he is ever young,

though three hundred years old—but we prefer him in single plays; a complete volume is too bulky, perhaps too formidable. A book must not be too formidable or sombre to look at; it's like a cyclist with a long hill in front of him—the sight makes him tired.

“There's a demand among the men for handbooks on trade-handicraft subjects; and maps, such as the Strand War Map, are most acceptable. I know a gentleman whose leisure moments are filled by turning over the leaves of Bradshaw. He enjoys it thoroughly; it's like counting the beads on a rosary; station after station will remind him of journeyings to and fro in the land and bring back adventures which made them memorable to him. Well, I suppose it is in that manner that the wounded soldiers enjoy maps—and naturally they like to follow the war from their resting beds.

“As for the officers, they ask for new six shilling novels and all kinds of lighter biographies, what Robert Louis Stevenson calls ‘heroic gossip.’ Here are particular books which I may name: ‘Garibaldi and the Thousand’ (Trevelyan), ‘Beatrice d’Este’ (Miss Cartwright), and ‘Portraits and Sketches’ (Edmund Gosse). Travel books of all sorts are acclaimed; so, too, are the light-to-hold editions of Thackeray, Dickens, E. A. Poe, Kipling and Meredith. The reviews are appreciated, especially *Blackwood's*, *The English Review* and the *Cornhill*. These are priceless for the sick.”¹

¹ Ian Hay pictures the mess after dinner, the day that a heavy and long over-due mail had been found waiting at St. Gregoire. “Letters had been devoured long ago. Now, each member of the mess leaned back in his chair, straightened his weary legs under the table, and settled down, cigar in mouth, to the perusal of the *Spectator* or the *Tatler*, according to rank and literary taste.”

Mrs. Gaskell says that the workers are encouraged to renewed effort by the countless letters they receive from all over the war area. "I don't know how we should live without your books," writes one wounded soldier. "I am just waiting until my pal has finished to get hold of his book," writes another. "We have no books," is the appeal of an isolated group of wounded in Egypt. "All we have had to read here was a scrap of the advertisement page of a newspaper picked up on the desert, and on it we saw that you send books to sick and wounded. Please hurry up and send some. The flies are awful."

An officer in charge of a Casualty Clearing Hospital writes of the great joy in camp when he distributed the contents of a parcel among the patients. Every man in the hospital had something to read and for many hours the monotony of hospital life was greatly relieved. A popular paper-bound novel by Nat Gould lasts less than a week. The men hide it for fear of its being taken away. They pass it surreptitiously to a comrade in the next bed, or carry it in their pockets like a treasure trove. It is literally read to pieces and in a week there is sure to be a request for another Nat Gould — a writer probably unknown to American librarians, but of whose books, we are told by the publisher, over twelve million copies have been sold. According to the *Athenæum*, he is the most popular of living writers, and among the great of the past, Dumas alone surpasses him in popularity. His publisher, Mr. John Long, says that no sooner did the first of the American troops take up their post in France than some Tommy whispered surreptitiously, "Hey! 'ave you got a Nat Gould?" "We don't smoke them in America," the Yankee whispered back, apolo-

getically. "I can let you have a Fatima!" "Aw, go on! Nat Gould ain't a cigarette, he's the *greatest living British author!*"

In January, 1917, a New Books Department was opened in connection with the War Library. To provide the necessary accommodations the servants' quarters and stables of Surrey House were utilized. Each room is filled with a particular class of reading matter — as novels, books of travel, religious books, magazines. A recent report shows that in one month 77,000 new books and 14,000 magazines were purchased. This important and difficult phase of the work is in charge of an American woman — Miss Knobloch, sister of Edward Knobloch, the playwright.

Owing to the shortage of paper in England, the publishers cannot supply all the orders sent in by the War Library and Mrs. Gaskell is now organizing a house-to-house visitation in the various English towns.

"I received the book you have so kindly sent me on practical gas fitting and thank you very much for same," writes one who had put in a special request. "It deals with everything you could wish to know on the subject. I am sure it will be a great help to me when the time comes for my discharge from the Army."

When the secretaries hear of a new hospital, a card is sent asking whether books are desired. At the same time an index card is made on which the date of inquiry is entered. An inquiry card is also sent to a hospital that has not used books for six months.

The organization must be well thought out or else a Tommy Atkins hospital in Mesopotamia will get the parcel intended for an officers' hospital on the Riviera. "The selectors must have intellectual sym-

pathies," says Mrs. Gaskell, "and human sympathies. They must send a parcel to a general hospital that contains Masefield's 'Prose Selections' and a large sprinkling of the 'Bull-dog Breed' series. Sometimes as I touch the books and send them speeding on their way, I think of the strange company traveling to a still stranger fate. Boswell and Pepys, Nick Carter detective stories, the Bible, Nat Gould, Wordsworth's Prelude, Famous Boxers, the Koran, Miss Austen, Mark Twain, Marie Corelli, Macaulay, *London Opinion*, the *Round Table*, go side by side to be read — by whom? All we know is that those brave souls find their comfort and consolation in reading, for they tell us so and ask for more. Suffering, weariness, loneliness, depression, weakness, fear of death — most of us have known one or the other. But these brave hearts know one and all; still worse, the fear sometimes of inaction for life. Only books can make them forget for a few minutes, an hour perhaps. I cannot ask for books with thoughts in my heart like these; they ask, and surely *they* will not ask in vain."



British Official Photograph

31. NEWSPAPERS IN THE TRENCHES

British soldiers interested in reading, although the enemy is but a thousand yards away



From Punch (by permission)

32. OWING TO A SCARCITY OF LITERARY MATTER AT
THE FRONT, THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WERE SOME-
TIMES REDUCED TO TELLING STORIES

Private Jones: "And she says, 'Oh! wot blinkin' great eyes you 'ave, Grandmother!' And the wolf, 'e says, 'All the better ter see yer wiv, my dear'"

2. THE BRITISH CAMPS LIBRARY

The Camps Library owes its origin to the desire of the English to prepare in every way for the arrival of their oversea brethren who were coming to join the Imperial Army. The various contingents were to be encamped on Salisbury Plain — a place admirably adapted for military concentration and training but without any opportunities for recreation. Colonel Sir Edward Ward was asked by Lord Kitchener to undertake the general care of the contingents from the colonies. Sir Edward suggested that, among other things needed for the troops, libraries be established for their use. The War Office approved, and the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther undertook the organization of the work. An appeal to the public was made through the press for books and magazines to lighten the monotony of the long autumn and winter evenings of the soldiers encamped on Salisbury Plain. The 30,000 books asked for were quickly secured. The Association of Publishers sent a large contribution of suitable literature. The books and magazines as received were sorted and labeled as the property of the Overseas Library.

When it became known that the Australian and New Zealand contingents would not land in England, but would disembark in Egypt, it became necessary to divide the books for the Canadians from those for the Australians and New Zealanders. Special tents fitted with rough shelving and tables were provided in the camps of the Canadian soldiers. On the arrival of the contingent, the chaplains undertook the care and distribution of the books. The

desire of those who had given them was that every facility should be afforded the men in obtaining them, and that no stringent restrictions should be imposed on the loans. The charging system was a simple one: a manuscript book in which each man wrote the name of the book borrowed, the date on which borrowed and his signature, the entry being erased on its return. "We found that our labors had the reward for which we worked and hoped," wrote Sir Edward. "The oversea soldier is an omnivorous reader, and we had the gratification of learning that our efforts to lighten the dreary evening hours were very deeply appreciated." Mrs. Gaskell also comments on the curiously different appetite for books shown by the overseas contingent, remarking that the Canadians have an insatiable desire for books of reference, as evidenced by three requests from Colonial Hospitals asking for the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in forty volumes — all of which were duly granted.

Large quantities of books and magazines were forwarded to the Australians and New Zealanders in Egypt. Then a much larger enterprise was launched: the provision of libraries for the camps of the Territorial and New Armies all over the United Kingdom. Troops were quartered in camps and at detached stations far from towns and healthful amusements. These men were as much in need of good reading matter as the soldiers on Salisbury Plain. A large empty warehouse was lent through the kindness of the representative of the Belgian Army in London. This was equipped with shelves and tables and a further appeal was made to the public through the press, by letters to Lord-lieutenants and other leaders in the vari-

ous countries, to Lord Mayors and Mayors and again to the publishers. Circulars were sent to all General Officers commanding and the Officers' Commanding Units, informing them of the new undertaking, and that preparations had been made to give them books and magazines in the proportion of one to every six men of their strength at a small charge sufficient to pay for the cost of packing and the labor of the working staff which it was found necessary to employ, as warehousemen and the like.

The supply of books was ample at first, but with success came increased demands from troops in every part of the United Kingdom, and it became necessary to search out fresh fields from which new supplies might be gathered. Then came the realization that there was a need of books and magazines by men in the trenches and in the convalescent and rest camps at the front which was even more urgent than that of the troops at home. "When it is recognized," says Sir Edward, "that in the trenches only one-fourth of the men are actively on duty watching the enemy, while the remaining three-fourths are concealed at the bottom of the trenches with their field of vision limited to a few yards of earth, it may well at once be realized how important to them are any methods of enlivening the long, weary hours of waiting." Consequently a system was organized by which, once a month, boxes were sent to every unit in the Expeditionary Force, the number of books being proportioned to the number of men, 200 books to a battalion. Bales were also made up for the use of men on trains and transports.

Then the post offices throughout the country became collecting depots for the Camps Library. Those wishing to send books or maps to the soldiers and

sailors need only hand them unaddressed, unwrapped and unstamped, over the counter of any post office, and they are forwarded free of charge to headquarters for sorting, labeling and shipping to the troops. Some magazines print prominently on their outside cover a reminder of the fact that the reader, when he has finished with the number, can send it to the troops by leaving it without any formality or expense at the nearest post office. On account of the shortage of staff and because this work is not strictly post office business, receipts are not given for books and magazines received in this manner, but the post office staff are keenly interested in the scheme and make the proper disposal of literature handed in a matter of personal pride and honor.

The literature sent in is distributed according to an agreed proportion of bags to the London Chamber of Commerce and the British and Foreign Sailors' Association for the use of the Navy; to the British Red Cross and Order of St. John War Library for the use of hospitals and hospital ships; the bulk goes to the Camps Library, which since the beginning of the war has dealt with over ten million publications. The Camps Library alone requires 75,000 pieces weekly to meet the ordinary minimum needs from the various seats of war, and it is ready and eager to deal with as many more as the public will give. Especially in winter the demand for "something to read" in training and rest camps, as well as from those at the front, far exceeds the supply.

"I understand most fully," wrote Sir Douglas Haig, "the value of readable books to men who are out of the line, with time on their hands, and little opportunity of getting anything of the sort for them-

selves. I need say nothing to support the claim of those who are wounded or convalescent. The Camps Library exists for the purpose of receiving books and magazines for distribution to our sailors and soldiers. The demand that has now to be met is very great and increases constantly with the growth of our forces overseas. I am, therefore, writing this letter to urge all those at home who have been accustomed to buy books and magazines in the past, to continue to do so freely, if possible in increasing numbers, and, having read and enjoyed them, to pass them on as freely to the Camps Library for circulation among the troops."

The following is the Camps Library system of distribution: Any commanding officer of any camp at home or abroad, wishing to form a lending library for the use of his men, can call upon the Camps Library for bound books. These are labeled and sent out in lots of one hundred in the proportion of one book to every six men. A supply is sent to regimental recreation rooms on request. Automatically, once a month, no application being necessary, boxes or bales of books and magazines are sent to all units, in proportion to their strength, serving with the British, Mediterranean and Indian expeditionary forces. Monthly supplies of magazines are sent to the bases for the use of the men entraining for the front. Chaplains of every denomination in every theater of war receive on application a box once a fortnight, or a bale once a month, for distribution. All requests for light literature from the prisoners of war are dealt with, and large libraries have been formed at most of the prisoners' camps in Germany.

Great as has been the weekly supply resulting

from the sympathy and generosity of the public, those in charge feel that if the demands are adequately to be met the present supply must be greatly increased, and those responsible for the distribution of the literature hope that the public who have so generously supported the organization in the past will not only, if possible, add to their own gifts, but induce others to support the scheme, and will make the taking of surplus books and magazines to the local post office a war habit. The public is assured that within a very few days after the books are handed across the counter of any post office they are in possession of fighting men at home and abroad, on sea and land, in camp and hospital.

Miss Marie Corelli has given several hundred of her books, and Renée Kelly has presented a special edition of "Daddy Longlegs," in the dramatic presentation of which she has been so successful. It has been suggested that authors might follow these examples by presenting copies of their novels for the use of the troops.

Of course, some things come in that cannot be sent out, like stray numbers of *Punch* of the year 1846, "Hints to Mothers," "How to Cut a Blouse," "Meditations among the Tombs," and an old telephone directory! The authorities found it rather difficult to deal with a herring-barrel full of sermons, and were at a loss to know what to do with passionate love letters included by mistake. Those desirous of helping are asked not to send "Talks about Dress-making" or "Guides to English Watering-places."

If anyone has a doubt as to whether these books and magazines are appreciated by the men for whom they are intended a glance through the hundreds of letters

kept at headquarters will dispel it. "Cramped in a crumbling dug-out, time passes slowly, and the monotony is greatly relieved by a few 'mags' from the old folks at home," writes one officer from the front. "The men all ask for pre-war magazines. It is nice to get away from *it* for a time." A letter from France brought this message: "The last parcel of your books came just as we had been relieved after the gas attack, and there is nothing like a book for taking one's mind off what one has seen and gone through."

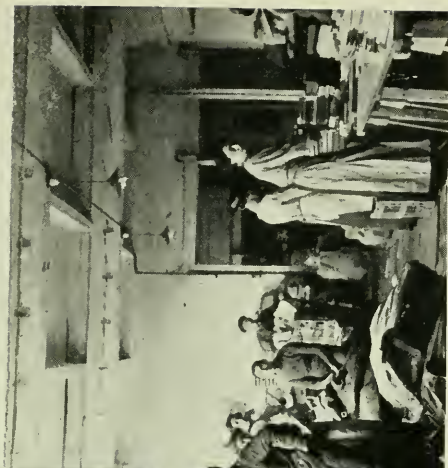
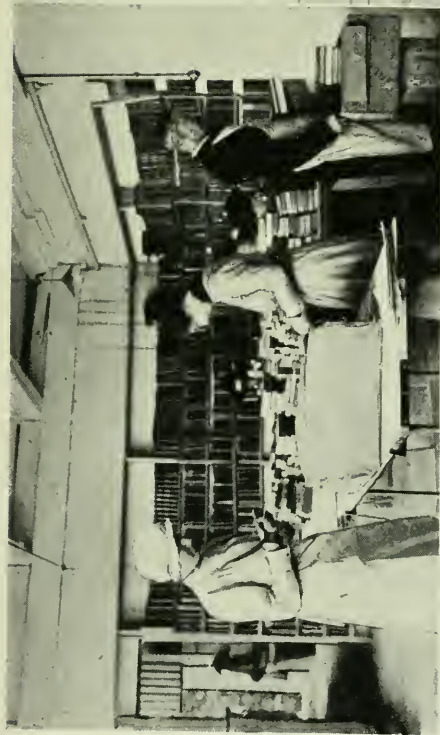
"A hut will probably be allotted to us as a recreation room, and it will contain bookcases made by our own pioneers from bacon boxes to hold your gifts," reports another officer. Supply wagons known to contain parcels of books are eagerly watched for by the troops in the Land of Somewhere. "The lads were never so pleased in their lives as when I told them I had some books for them," is the way one lance-corporal puts it. An extract from another officer's letter tells the same story: "Most of the men were lying or sitting about with nothing to do. When I said I had a box of books to lend, they were around me in a moment like a lot of hounds at a worry, and in less than no time each had a book — at least as far as they would go. Those who hadn't been quick enough were trying to get the lucky ones to read aloud. It would have done you good to see how the men enjoyed getting the books. . . . May we have more, as many more as you can spare?"

The Camps Library service has been extended to the women of the V. A. D.

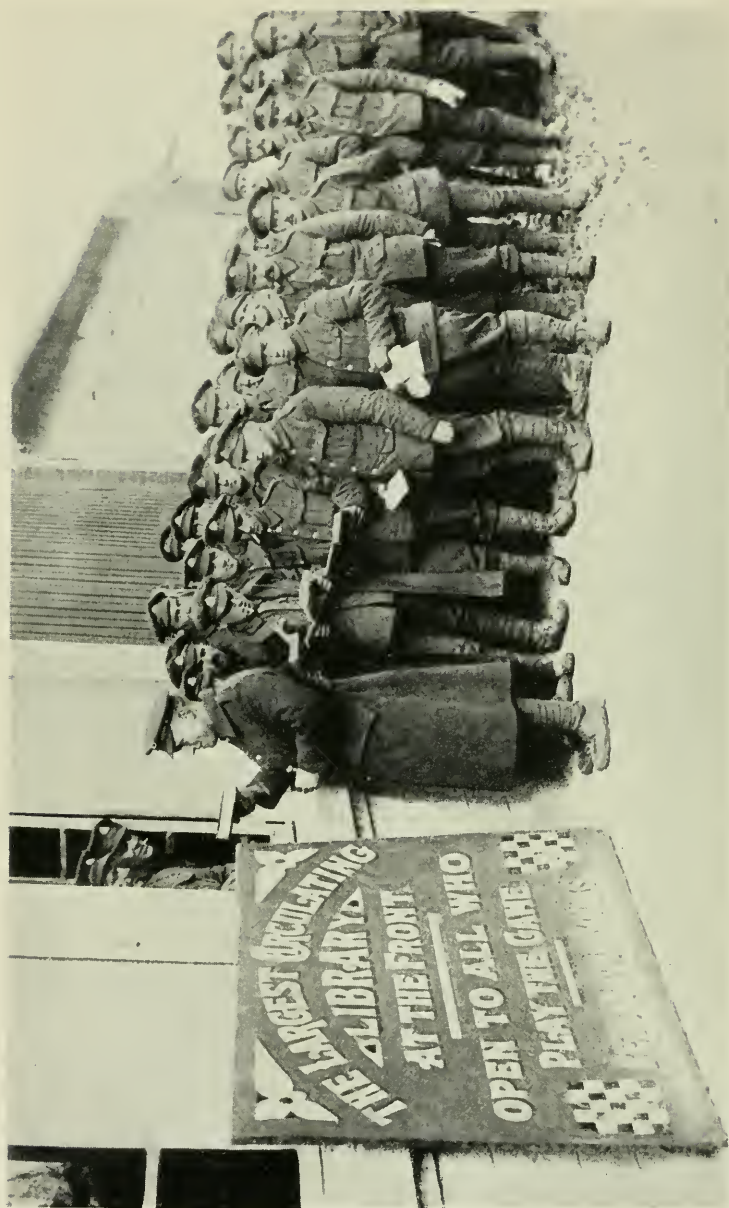
Appreciative letters have poured in from all parts of the world. A regimental officer writes from Gallipoli that he considers it most important "to give the men

some occupation in this monotonous and dull trench warfare." "The long hours of waiting that frequently fall to the lot of a unit in the trenches are not nearly so trying if the men have a good supply of books," is the testimony of another officer. "All the books sent seem very welcome, for soldiers' tastes vary," says one writer from "Somewhere in France." Men in Salonika have requested a copy of a Greek history, their interest in the subject being awakened by the treasures of antiquity which they excavated while digging trenches. "It would give us great joy to get a few books on Syria and Palestine," is the statement of an Army chaplain. "I myself can get but few books, — none about the Crusaders. Only Dr. Stewart's about the Holy Land. And my men are hungry for information. I have sent for books and they have not come. I would gladly pay for any book on either subject mentioned. The difficulties of transport have got in my way. When I was in Cairo I could not get a guide to Syria or a book on the Crusaders, either in English or French. Yet life out in the desert, or rather, wilderness, is conducive to mental receptivity and thought of higher things."

Another phase of the work undertaken by the Camps Library was the establishment of lending libraries for the use of British prisoners of war in Germany, Austria, Holland, Switzerland, Bulgaria and Turkey. The packages include much modern fiction as well as novels by some of the old standard authors. Biography, travel, history and poetry, magazines, music and playing cards are also provided. Everything is barred that deals with modern international politics or that would be likely to give offense or information to the enemy. Fresh consignments are sent from time to



33. CAMPS LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, HORSEFERRY ROAD, LONDON
10,000,000 pieces have been sent out to the British soldiers by this organization



British Official Photograph, Kadel & Herbert, New York

34. THE BOOK LINE AT A BRITISH ARMY POST

Books fill a definite need which bread cannot satisfy

time, both to make up for any depreciation and to increase the size and scope of the library. Where a large camp has a number of working camps attached to it, arrangements have been made by which the librarian at the central camp receives special consignments for distribution among the latter. Whenever possible individual requests are supplied, and parcels are forwarded to any prisoner who applies for specific books. As a rule the German authorities have always given every facility for the receipt and distribution of books among the men. At first there was great difficulty in getting in touch with the prisoners in Turkey and Bulgaria, but communication is improving and acknowledgments of packets received are reaching the Camps Library headquarters regularly.

The most pathetic note connected with the whole work is one penciled on a sheet of paper fastened with red sealing wax to an inside page of a copy of *The Story Teller*:

With Best Wishes

I am only a little boy of 10 years. And I Hope who ever gets this Book will like it. My father is missing. Since the 25 and 26 Sept. 1915. The Battle of Loos. I wonder if it will fall in the hands of anyone who was in that Battle and could give us any Information concerning Him.

Underneath is written the name of the lad's father, the number of the battalion, the name of his regiment, and the home address. Inquiries were set on foot, but, alas, they were of no avail. The little boy's father was one of the great army who had died a hero's death for his country's sake.

3. BRITISH Y. M. C. A. LIBRARIES

"Until the beginning of the war," writes F. A. McKenzie in the London *Daily Mail*, "the average citizen regarded the Y. M. C. A. as a somewhat milk-and-waterish organization, run by elderly men, to preach to youth. This view was exceedingly unfair, but it is true that the Y. M. C. A. never had its full chance here until the war came. Then it seized its opportunity. It does not do much preaching nowadays. It is too busy serving." The organization has emerged from a position of comparative obscurity into one of national prominence. Lord Derby has spoken of the Y. M. C. A. as "invaluable in peace time and indispensable in war time."

"Since the war, the Association has shown its youth, its manhood, and its Christianity by rising to a great opportunity, and there are literally millions of young soldiers who will be eternally grateful to it, not negatively for what it is not, but positively for what it is and for what it has done for them," says Geoffrey Gordon in "Papers from Picardy, by Two Chaplains."

Ever since the war broke out the Association has sent a constant stream of books and magazines to its huts in Great Britain and overseas. Hundreds of thousands have gone. For nearly two years the Y. M. C. A. made its appeal through the Camps Library; but the demand for reading matter increased so enormously that no single organization could cope with it, and the Y. M. C. A. agreed to enter upon a book campaign of its own. The ground floor of "Triangle House," the new Y. M. C. A. trading

and transport headquarters, was devoted to the purpose and a strong staff of voluntary women workers, recruited by Mrs. Douglas Gordon, the honorary librarian, undertook the task of sorting, packing and despatching books. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rhys energetically organized local "book-days" in London. Two days in Hampstead alone yielded thousands of volumes. Appeals were sent out from the National Headquarters, emphasizing the need of thousands of books and magazines every week for the soldiers in camp and "up-the-line," and urging that a never-ceasing supply from all quarters should be sent prepaid to Triangle House, Tottenham Court Road, or to any of the Y. M. C. A. Bureaus in London.

The public helped well at first, but then the supply dropped off sadly. In consequence notices were sent out in February, 1917, calling special attention to the need for small pocket editions of novels — the sevenpenny and shilling size; good novels by standard authors; books of history, biography and travel; manuals of science; religious books; illustrated magazines; really good literature of all kinds, but not large or heavy books, and no old out-of-date ones. People were urged to give something that they themselves really cared for, and were notified by circular that the Y. M. C. A. book collector would call shortly. "We trust that you will spare half a dozen or more of your favorite authors," said the president of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee. "You will never regret this small sacrifice for our men serving their country."

Placards were distributed reading: "Mobilize your books. Leave your favorite books, novels, war-books, current magazines, at the nearest Y. M. C. A. depot, or send them to the Book Bureau, 144, Tottenham

Court Road. They are urgently needed for our soldiers abroad, at the base, and in the trenches."

Book-teas or book-receptions, to which each visitor brings one or more volumes, prove fruitful. Special appeals made to great commercial bodies, banks and large insurance companies, have been very successful. Nearly 20,000 books came in from the canvassing of the various banking institutions. The work of soliciting in the great insurance offices is in progress and promises a large yield. In certain parts of the country, Y. M. C. A. book-days have been held, when by the aid of Boy Scouts, or a collection taken on the tramways, thousands of volumes have been secured for local huts. It was suggested that this kind of thing might be undertaken in dozens of towns for the larger purpose of sending books overseas, not only to France, but to Egypt, Mesopotamia, British East Africa, Salonika and Malta. The Y. M. C. A. is now organizing a collection of books and magazines in different districts throughout Great Britain and is instituting Red Triangle Magazine and Book Clubs which will collect and forward a weekly or fortnightly supply to the Library Department in London. Although the supply of books and magazines upon which the library depends for its stock is derived chiefly from gift sources, money sent by friends can be spent by the authorities to the best advantage, as special arrangements have been made with the publishers and with the great firms that run railway bookstalls and circulating libraries. One of these firms supplies second-hand copies of the standard novels in good editions, at the rate of six shillings per dozen.

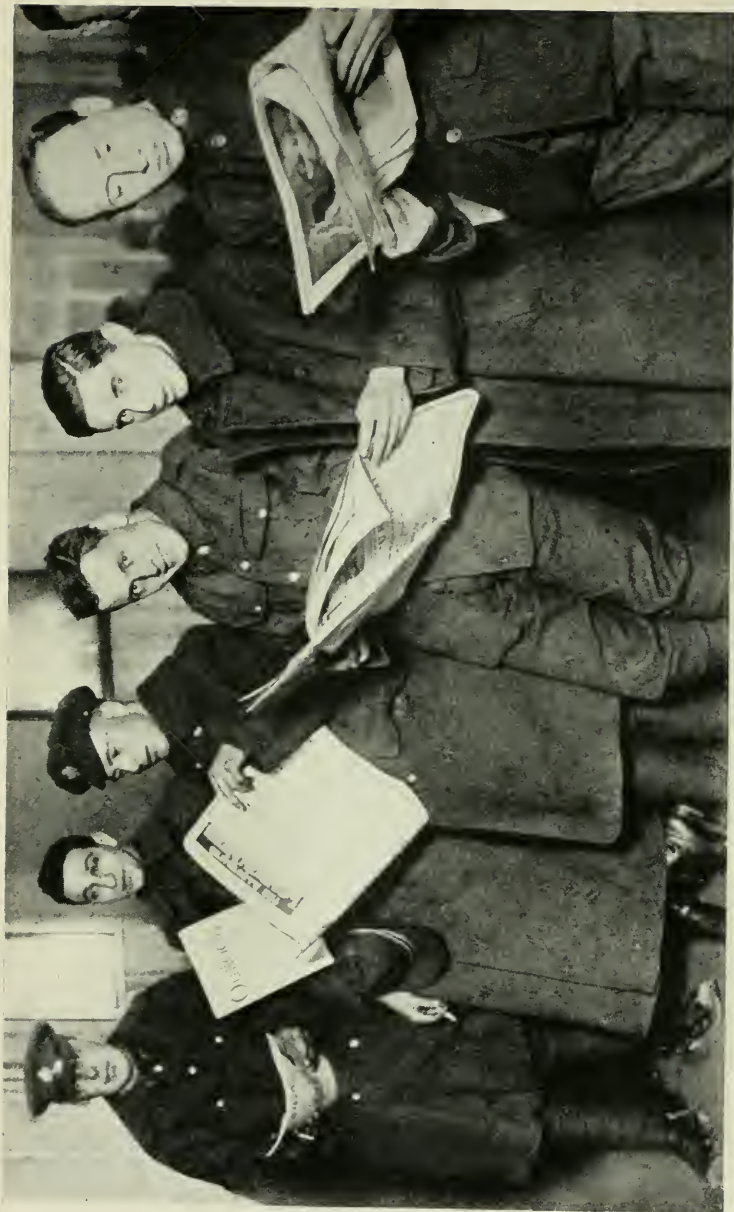
Books are sent to the huts, of course, but that they are valued even more in the dug-outs along the



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Lower: British Official Photograph, Alfieri Picture Service, London

35. SOMETHING TO READ IS APPRECIATED BY THE
NURSES AND BY THE MOTHERS WHO VISIT
THEIR SONS IN HOSPITAL.



36. READING ROOM IN THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CLUB, No. 11, RUE ROYALE, PARIS

Here are to be had American publications, for which there is a keen demand

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actual trenches, or when given to men just starting on a tedious thirty-hour railway journey from the base to the front is proved by numerous letters received at Headquarters.

A soldier wrote from the trenches: "We sit in our dug-outs and just think! I wonder if you could send some books and magazines over here."

A man in Egypt, begging for magazines, said that he didn't wonder that the children of Israel grumbled when they went that way!

"We never can secure enough reading matter to while away the hours in the long French train journeys," writes a Y. M. C. A. worker in France.

A "sevenpenny" book given to a soldier by a Y. M. C. A. worker as he went by train to the front line was read by every man in the platoon. The man was wounded and took the book to the hospital where it was read by every man in the ward. Now that he has regained possession of it, he intends to keep it for the rest of his life.

The magazines which the Y. M. C. A. has been able to supply the troops have frequently been cut into sections so as to make them go around. Even the printed wrapping paper in which parcels are sent is smoothed out and read as literature. If the Y. M. C. A. workers could get the thousands of magazines and "sevenpennies" left lying about in clubs, railway carriages, and private houses, it would enable battalions of men to forget for a few moments the hardships, the risks, and the monotony of active service.

The general libraries are intended to contain the best stories, poetry, travel, biography and essays, both classical and modern. Educational books are

needed in every hut where lectures and classes are being carried on. A good devotional library is wanted for every Quiet Room — the writings of men like Augustine, à Kempis, Bunyan, Robertson, or Spurgeon, and the outstanding books of the last ten years on religion. It has been suggested that various church organizations make up libraries of this kind of literature and thus perform a practical service to the men of the Army.

In the field of educational books, the Y. M. C. A. has taken over the work hitherto carried on by the Fighting Forces Book Council, which was constituted for the special task of providing literature of a more solid and educational value for men of the forces. The authorities feel that they need large numbers, not so much of school books or textbooks, as of brightly written, reliable modern monographs like those in the "Home University Library" and Jack's series of "People's Books," so that the men can follow up the lectures that they have heard. Volumes of the "Everyman's Library," or of Nelson's reprints have been found well suited to the needs. The lectures given in the huts have greatly stimulated the book hunger in the men, and their interest in the history of "Old Blighty."

An officer commanding a military school of instruction in France recently wrote in to Headquarters, begging for a library. He sent a list of the kind of books which he was desirous of putting at the disposal of the cadets during the first stage of their education at his school. "I hope from all this," said he, "you may be able to gather the type of book we should like — authoritative, but not too long or too heavy for minds dulled to study by trench life."

The Red Triangle Library, which began its corporate

existence in February, 1917, has grown into a vigorous and useful organization. Its headquarters are now in convenient rooms on the ground floor of Wimborne House, Arlington Street, St. James', S. W. 1, London.

In eleven months it sent away 197,380 books and magazines:

To Home Camps.....	56,550
To France	111,755
To Overseas Bases	29,075

The Overseas Bases include Mesopotamia, British East Africa, Egypt, Salonica, Nairobi, Malta, Calcutta, Mudros, Taranto and Cimio.

Huts in Home Camps are supplied with books upon the application of the hut leader. Parcels are also sent to munition centers and canteens, to girls' hostels, and to Red Triangle clubs for boys.

A regular weekly consignment of about 40 bales, totaling nearly a ton, is sent to France. Twice as much could be used, especially in view of the recent loss of many hut libraries in France. Each district receives in regular rotation as many bales as there are huts in that district. The round has now been made twice since the Library opened on February 12th, 1917. There is also a Library Reserve at Abbeville for the supply of particular or individual requests from hut leaders.

Mr. Oliver McCowen writes from the Y. M. C. A. Headquarters in France: "It is a real pleasure now to go round our huts and find quite respectable libraries in process of formation. All our leaders speak enthusiastically of the service you are rendering."

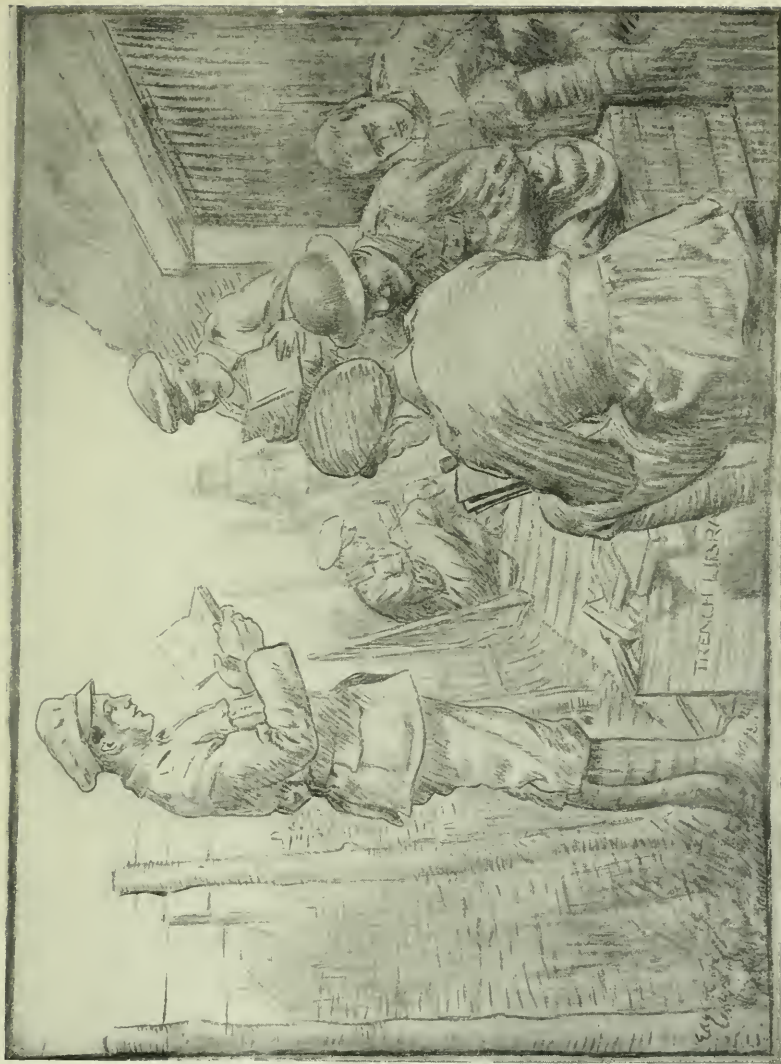
A hut leader, also from France, reports that the magazines and books are read in the hut and taken

to the men's quarters, and afterwards passed all round the camp. In isolation camps the books are described as a godsend.

Another letter of acknowledgment says "the men hailed with delighted gratitude this proof of the Y. M. C. A.'s interest and sympathy — as soon as I undid the string I had a crowd of men round me to see what books I had got. I am most grateful for so much up-to-date material."

Mr. A. St. John Adcock has described a visit he made to the Y. M. C. A. huts in France and in Flanders. "Wherever the troops go," said he, "the huts of the Y. M. C. A. spring up in the midst of them¹ or if you notice no huts it is because you are in the danger zone, and the Y. M. C. A. is carrying on its beneficent business as usual in dim cellars under shattered houses or in convenient dug-outs among the trenches. . . . There is always a library in the Y. M. C. A. huts when their arrangements are completed. Sometimes it is in a small separate room; usually it is in on half a dozen or more shelves in a corner, and, perhaps because books happen to be my own principal form of enjoyment, I always think it adds just the last touch of homeliness to the hut. And you may depend that thousands of the soldiers think so, too. For one has to remember that our armies to-day are like no armies that ever went out to battle for us before. Most of our soldiers in the Napoleonic wars, even in the Crimean War, did not require books, because they couldn't read; but the British, Canadian, Aus-

¹ "I believe I'll find you Y. M. C. A. men anywhere except in hell," said a man at a detention camp in the neighborhood of Camp Travis. In the British Army the Red Triangle is as well known as the Red Cross.



Drawn by Edger Wright

37. BOOKS IN THE TRENCHES
Opening a box sent out by the British Y. M. C. A.



38. Y. M. C. A. HUT IN FRANCE

M. Clemenceau says that, in his judgment, this kind of welfare work is essential to victory

tralasian and South African troops on service the world 'over are largely made up of men who were part of what we call the reading public at home, and if books were their friends in peace time they are even greater friends to them now, especially when they have to make long waits in Base camps, far behind the trenches, and have more than plenty of leisure on their hands." Or, as Mr. Charles T. Bateman put it: "The private of to-day is not an ignorant yokel who has taken the shilling to escape some trouble."

Mr. Adcock says that before he made this visit to the front, he had, and he knew others who had, letters from several soldiers asking for books of recitations suitable for camp concerts. Some wrote for certain poets and essayists, while two inquired definitely for text-books in chemistry and biology. In the camps, Mr. Adcock naturally found that the chief demand was for fiction, but there were many men who had preferences for biography, essays, poetry, and for all manner of histories. One man who was reading Macaulay's History regretted that there was only an odd first volume in the library, as he was anxious to get hold of the second. A sergeant ran off a score of titles of novels and memoirs he had recently read, and he was now tackling Boswell. He was anxious to know if Mr. Adcock could send him half a dozen copies of Omar Khayyám, which he would like to give to some of his men as Christmas presents. There were several Dickens enthusiasts in the camp. One who knew nothing of him before he went out, except the "Tale of Two Cities," had, since he had been in France, borrowed and read "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations," and was now deep in "Our Mutual Friend." "He

spoke of these stories," says Mr. Adcock, "as delightedly as a man might talk of the wonders of a newly-discovered world, and it made me sorry that those who had given these books for his use could never quite know how much they had given."

Sometimes the men just take the books to read in the reading room, but often they prefer to take them to their barracks, in which case they leave a small deposit until the book is returned. They feel that if they had twice as many books as at present they would not have enough. More books of the better kind are especially wanted. They could use any amount of fiction by Kipling, Wells, Bennett, Ian Hay, Barrie, Doyle, Hall Caine, Stevenson, Jacobs — there's a public for them all, while Dickens, Scott and the older novelists are wonderfully popular. Properly prepared scrap-books have proved invaluable. There is also a surprising number of more serious readers who ask for Carlyle, Emerson, Greene, Lamb, Ruskin, Shakespeare, Tennyson — books which frequently cannot be supplied.

"I overtook a smart young soldier one afternoon on the fringe of one of the base camps," writes Mr. Adcock. "He limped slightly, and as we walked together I noticed a copy of Browning sticking out of his breast pocket, and remarked upon it. It seemed he had been for three weeks in the convalescent part of the camp with a badly sprained ankle, and had profited by that leisure to read for the first time the whole of Keats and Wordsworth, and was just beginning Browning. He came from Manchester and was, in civil life, a musician. 'But,' he laughed, 'you can't bring a 'cello with you on active service, so I have fallen back more on reading. I was always fond

of it, but I've read more in the ten months I have been here than in any ten months at home.' He drew the Browning from his pocket, and I noticed the Y. M. C. A. stamp on it. 'Yes,' he said, 'they've got some fine little libraries in the huts. They are a godsend to the chaps here. But I haven't been able to come across a Shelley or a Francis Thompson yet. I would like to read Thompson.'"

Of the elderly volunteer workers who had given not only their time but also their automobiles to the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Adcock saw three who had sons up in the trenches, and two who had sons lying in the soldiers' cemeteries behind the lines. "It is not possible for all of us to do as much as that," said he. "Most of us have neither time nor cars to give; but it is possible for all of us to do something to lighten the lives of our fighting men, and since I have seen what pleasure and solace they get from them, I know that even if we give nothing but books we have given infinitely more than our money could buy."

"The problem of dealing with conditions, at such a time, and under existing circumstances, at the rest camps, has always been a most difficult one," wrote General French from Headquarters, "but the erection of huts by the Young Men's Christian Association has made this far easier. The extra comfort thereby afforded to the men, and the opportunities for reading and writing, have been of incalculable service." The providing of free stationery in all its buildings, at an outlay averaging £1000 per week, has been a beneficent and highly salutary phase of the Y. M. C. A. work. The expense is justified, as the letters he writes mean everything to the soldier and his friends. They not only help to keep him

straight, but also preserve the happy relationship between the sender and the receiver. Millions of letters have been written on this Y. M. C. A. paper, and the recipients have felt reassured because they realized that there was someone looking after their boys. Roman Catholics and Jews have written grateful letters to Headquarters because their friends had received a welcome at the writing tables without any question of creed being raised. In view of all that this organization is doing at the front, it is no wonder that the grateful soldiers interpret the ever-welcome Y. M. C. A. sign as meaning "You Make Christianity Attractive."

4. BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOK SCHEME (EDUCATIONAL)

Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, three Englishmen, held captive in the makeshift camp formed out of the buildings attached to the race-course at Ruhleben, in the neighborhood at Berlin, sent identical letters to three friends in Great Britain, asking that serious books be sent them for purposes of study.

One of the recipients was Mr., now Sir Alfred T. Davies, permanent secretary of the Welsh Department of the Board of Education. So impressed was he by the request that he was led to organize a system of book supply for British prisoners of war interned in Germany. The appeal which he sent out met with a liberal response, but as the station in life of the men interned varied from that of a university professor to that of a jockey, it required some work to find books suited to the different tastes and capacities. The Camp Education Department was organized, and an appeal to the public for offers of new or second-hand books was sanctioned by the President of the Board of Education. Immediately there was a generous response. Within the first year about 9000 educational books were forwarded to Ruhleben. The 200 lecturers and their pupils, gathered from the 4000 civilians interned there, now have an excellent library to draw from.

The Foreign Office then approved steps taken to extend to prisoners in other camps the advantages which had proved so helpful in Ruhleben, and inquiries

conducted through the British Legations at The Hague, Copenhagen and Berne, and through the United States Embassies at Berlin, Vienna, Sofia and Constantinople, resulted in applications being received from various camps in Holland, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria and Switzerland. These requests have all been met from supplies gathered at the headquarters of the Board of Education. The wants of prisoners can be supplied nearly always if their relatives will communicate with Sir Alfred Davies at the Board of Education Offices, South Kensington.

Among the subjects on which books have been specially requested are agriculture; art (including oil and watercolor painting, pastel, drawing and perspective, printing and design, lettering, etc.); architecture; atlases; aviation; biography; Celtic (Gaelic and Welsh); ceramics; commerce, finance and banking; dictionaries and grammars (English and foreign, especially Italian, Spanish and Russian); encyclopedias; engineering in its numerous branches; forestry; handicrafts; Hindustani; iron and steel; law; lighthouses; Mohammedanism; music of various kinds; natural history; navigation; pragmatism; pumps; Russian literature; telegraphy and telephony; trades; travel.

The objects of the work are to save British Prisoners of War interned in enemy and neutral countries from mental deterioration, and to assist them in redeeming the time spent in captivity (1) by providing them with books for study purposes; (2) by securing recognition from university and other examining bodies for their studies during internment; (3) by helping them the better to fight the battle of life at the close of the war by enabling them now to employ usefully their enforced leisure and to improve their qualifications.

There are said to be 6,700 war charities, 160 prisoners of war charities, but only one prisoners of war charity providing books for purposes of study. This book scheme does not overlap the work of any other war organization.

“It will be a matter of surprise to many,” says Sir Alfred Davies, “to learn that, for over a year and a half, some 200 lecturers and teachers and 1500 students, organized in nine different departments of study (the arts, languages, sciences, navigation, engineering, music, etc.) have been busily at work in the camp, and that there is perhaps as much solid work going on among these civilian victims of the Great War as can be claimed to-day by any University in the British Empire.”

The educational work of the Ruhleben Camp is suited to meet the requirements of three classes of men: 1. Those whose internment has interrupted their preparations for such examinations as the London matriculation, the various university degrees, or the Board of Trade nautical examinations; 2. Those who already had entered upon a commercial or professional career; 3. Those who are pursuing some form of learning for learning's sake.

An interesting development has been formulated by which interned men who attend classes may secure under certain conditions a recognition of their work when they return home. The Board of Trade, which has welcomed the idea with enthusiasm, is prepared, in calculating the period of qualifying service required before a certificate of competency can be obtained, to take into account the evidence of study during internment submitted to them on a special form. This record form has been drawn up for use in the camps,

after consultation with various examining and professional bodies, for the purpose of obtaining and preserving authenticated details of the courses of study pursued by any student in a camp. It is hoped that this record may be of material benefit to the men when the time comes for them to resume their interrupted careers. Thus a man who wants to become a master, mate, first or second engineer in the mercantile marine, skipper or second hand of a fishing vessel, and is willing to devote a few hours a day to regular study in a camp where there is systematic instruction in navigation and seamanship, can have this work counted towards his certificate.

The Ruhleben Camp started a library of its own on Nov. 14, 1914, with 83 books, received from the American Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, and Mr. Trinks. According to Mr. Israel Cohen,¹ "Books, brochures and maps were procurable through the Camp Bookseller (Mr. F. L. Musset); and on the walls of many a horse-box or in the passage of the stables were pasted large maps of the various theaters of war, upon which the course of operations was followed from day to day. Many men also cut out of their papers the small maps illustrating particular campaigns and preserved them for future reference. As these various publications had to be ordered through the Camp Bookseller and passed through the hands of the military authorities, the latter were able to prevent the entry of any printed matter that was considered dangerous." Books were also received from the Seamen's Mission at Hamburg and from Mudie's Library. By July, 1915, there were 2000 English and American magazines, 300 German

¹ "The Ruhleben prison camp: a record of nineteen months' internment." London, Methuen, 1917, p. 212.



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39. READING HIS HOME PAPER

The paper which he just glanced at when home is now eagerly devoured



French Pictorial Service

40. NEWSPAPERS BEING DELIVERED TO THE INHABITANTS
OF BAPAUME AND NOYON SHORTLY AFTER
THEIR RECAPTURE

books and 130 French books. On the average 250 books a day were taken out. As they had a printer in camp, they decided to print a catalogue. The demands that come in now at the enlarged library are varied and curious, but nearly all can be supplied from the shelves. Books in forty-two languages have been asked for and supplied. Dictionaries and books on electricity and engineering are constantly in demand. One man asks for a book on tropical agriculture; another wants a manual on cotton spinning, while a third man needs Schlumberger's "Siège de Constantinople." Another writes for, and receives through the generosity of the publisher, a beautiful work on the "Sculptured tombs of Rome," a subject on which he is planning to make a personal contribution after his release.

The circulating library at Ruhleben now numbers eight thousand volumes and there is a reference collection of two thousand volumes. Mr. J. H. Platford is the librarian. He is a partner in a London firm of accountants and is said to have an income running into five figures. When it was suggested that he give up the librarianship he said that he had had charge of the library from the time it consisted of ten paperback novels and now that it was a real library he would like to see the man who was big enough to do him out of his job!

Some R. N. V. R. men at Doeberitz sent in a comprehensive request for "The Agricultural Holding Act, a Motor Manual, Practical Navigation, Bee-keeping and Furniture (periods and styles)." "We are working in stone-quarries with some Frenchmen," writes a private, "and should like to be able to talk to them more." "I can speak Russian pretty fair, but not in

their grammar," writes a Jack Tar. A certified teacher confesses: "No one knows better than I myself how I am deteriorating," and he asks for and receives books on educational psychology, so as to catch up again with the trend of thought in his profession. The aim of the organization is to provide every prisoner with exactly the book or books he may desire or need, on any subject or in any language.

"'No dumping allowed,' is a rule which is applied alike to donors and recipients," says Sir Alfred Davies. "'Feed us with books,' is the appeal, but send us first a list of books with their titles and their dates of publication so that we may mark those that are likely to be of use. If we did not protect ourselves in this way we would have people who wanted to clear out their libraries and rid themselves of old novels and old school books by dumping them on us. As it is we get, and we hope to get, until our prisoners are free, a constant supply of useful, historical, technical, geographical and other books, all of them in good condition and many quite new. In each of them we put a book-plate saying that the book is supplied by X (giving the donor's name) through the agency of the Board of Education."

"There is no doubt that when you are engrossed in a good book there is a chance of your forgetting your condition and imagining yourself a free man," wrote a British prisoner of war to a friend in London. *Captivorum animis dent libri libertatem.*

One prisoner, desperate with his weary months of captivity, wrote: "I shall go mad unless I get something to read," and his case is typical of many others. In support of Sir Alfred Davies' call for either money or books, a correspondent wrote to the London *Times*

an appeal on behalf of the British prisoners of war. "You have fed, you are feeding their bodies," said he. "To the prisoners in Germany you are sending bread, which they badly need, as well as sardines and hams and jams and toothpowder and monthly magazines and other luxuries of life which they keenly appreciate. But prisoners cannot live by bread alone, and not even a pot of marmalade or a thrilling story by X or Y can fill the void. They want food for the mind as well as for the stomach and the imagination, and, unless their minds are to decay, they must have it. . . . The months or years of internment need not be wasted time. The calamity may even be turned to good account (as other calamities incident to warfare are being every day) thanks to the scheme which enables enforced leisure to be filled with profitable study. . . . It is not only a question of providing the excellent cure for boredom known as 'getting your teeth' into a course of study. It is more even than enabling the younger prisoners to continue their education and keep up in the race with their more fortunate coevals. The iron has entered into the soul of many, or most, of these men. To provide them with the means of hard work for the mind may be to do more than enable them to win some profit out of calamity. It may be to affect their whole attitude toward life, the future tone and temper of their minds and spirits. It may be to bring them back to us full of vitality and gladness, not embittered and despairing; to save for cheerfulness and happy, hopeful work in the world what else might have been irremediably lost. Of all the existing schemes for the relief of prisoners, military and civil, this is surely the most beneficent."

"It is not a mere provision of recreation," writes

Professor Gilbert Murray. "Recreation is important, no doubt, but it is supplied without much difficulty wherever a number of young Britons are gathered together. The Scheme is a plan for providing interesting and purposeful occupation to men for whom such occupation is a matter of vital necessity. There are thousands of our captive fellow-countrymen who can face death and endure suffering with almost incredible fortitude, but may be unable to resist the slow demoralization of prison life with no steady purpose to look forward to and no distraction to make them forget their food-buckets and their jailers."

A letter of appreciation signed by some eighty men of letters was presented Feb. 27, 1917, to the President of the Board of Education, the Right Honorable H. A. L. Fisher, M.P. "That some tens of thousands of books," it said, "among them the latest and best works in a variety of languages and on a great number of subjects — the arts and sciences, technology, navigation, commerce, and various industries — should have been collected or purchased and distributed gratis to the recipients and without any charge to the Public Exchequer is a work so meritorious that we feel it should not be allowed to pass without some acknowledgment on our part. The fact that it forms no part of the ordinary activities of a Government department but is noncombatant service of an original character in connection with the war which has been voluntarily initiated and successfully carried through, in addition to their ordinary duties and in the face of serious difficulties, by civil servants and other voluntary helpers, only serves, in our view, to enhance its value as well as to increase our sense of indebtedness, which extends both to the officers and helpers

referred to as well as to the Board of Education, which, by providing the requisite accommodation, has made the enterprise possible."

There is abundant testimony of the appreciation of the work from the camps, from the relatives of prisoners, and from both the army and navy. The Camp Librarian at Doeberitz writes that since early in 1915 they had a splendid general library, but that they had lacked educational books until application had been made to the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme. He adds that since then there has been no case where an expressed want has not been supplied, immaterial of what branch of trade or study was concerned. "I can assure you there will be many a man who will leave captivity better educated than he entered it, thanks to your scheme of sending out books," is the word from Cassel.

Up to September, 1917, two hundred camps had been supplied with books, for which 6500 requests had been received from prisoners. The number of parcels sent out in response to such requests approximated 7500, containing 43,700 volumes. The stock on the shelves at South Kensington contains at least 12,000 volumes. The cost was about £250, five-sixths of which is represented by purchases of books.

The best idea of the intellectual side of life at Ruhleben Camp can be had from reading the volume edited by Douglas Sladen: "In Ruhleben; Letters from a Prisoner to his Mother" (London, Hurst & Blackett, 1917). Bishop Bury, who visited the camp officially, said that there was so much studying going on that he called it the University of Ruhleben. The writer of the letters is an anonymous young university undergraduate of the type responsible for the class-spirit of

Ruhleben. On the second day in camp he was introduced into a little group which read Bergson's "Le Rire" under the most extraordinary conditions. He taught an intermediate French class, the pupils ranging from a sailor to a graduate of Aberdeen University. He read Schiller's plays with a few comrades, and he himself worked through the *Theætetus* of Plato. He also helped a couple of men with some elementary Latin and was planning to take one of them in Greek.

Some of the London newspapers occasionally find their way into the camp. How they get there no one knows officially, but their much bethumbed and ragged appearance after they have made the round of the camp shows how welcome is current news of the outside world. Mr. Israel Cohen says that up to April, 1915, the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* was the sole official channel of information as to current events. When newspapers were used as wrappings of parcels sent to prisoners they were rigorously removed by the guards at the parcels office before the parcels were given to the addressees. But in the summer of 1915 the authorities relaxed and permitted the sale of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* and the *Woche*.

The interned men publish a magazine, *In Ruhleben Camp*, in which are reflected the various currents of thought among the prisoners. One Philistine sneered about every one wanting to learn several languages at once. "I do not suppose," said he, "there is a single man in the camp who cannot ask you how you feel, how you felt yesterday, in half a dozen different languages, but I doubt if there are more than ten who can say what is wrong with them in three." The Debating Society discussed such subjects as "Resolved,

that concentration camps are an essentially retrogressive feature of warfare"; "That bachelors be taxed" (the meeting deciding wholeheartedly that bachelorhood was enough of a tax itself, since they had lived in an enforced state of bachelorhood from the opening of the camp); "That the metric system be introduced into Great Britain," which fell through because no speaker could be found to oppose it. Whitaker's Almanac gives 125 denominations and multiples of anything from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 112 which one is supposed to know something about if he wishes to keep in touch with the commerce of the world. The only man reputed to have mastered the English system lived to a great age and died just as he completed his knowledge.

The committee in charge of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme is considering a plan whereby released prisoners in poor circumstances, and especially those living in rural districts and remote parts of the British Isles, will be able to obtain the loan, for purposes of study, of books which they cannot afford to buy, and which they cannot borrow from a near-by public library. It is hoped that as an outcome of the committee's efforts a large lending library will be established for the benefit of the released British prisoners and victims of the war, operated possibly in connection with some already existing library as a center.

5. THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ENDELL STREET, LONDON

The Military Hospital in Endell street, London, is the only one of its kind in England officered entirely by women. The staff includes fourteen doctors, thirty-six nursing sisters and ninety orderlies. In the spring of 1915 when preparations were being made for the reception of the wounded sent back from the front, two well-known literary women, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Beatrice Harraden, were invited to act as honorary librarians. They were asked to collect suitable books and magazines, and by personal intercourse with the soldiers to encourage them to read. Their task was to help the men through their long hours of illness by providing reading matter that would interest and amuse them. In a recent article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Miss Harraden says that from the outset it seemed an interesting project, but nothing like so stimulating and gratifying as it has proved to be. It has shown the truth of the maxim that reading is to the mind what medicine is to the body.

They began by writing to their publisher friends, who generously sent large consignments of fiction, travel and biography, and hundreds of magazines. Authors also willingly came to their aid. A lady presented a dignified and imposing bookcase, which was placed in the recreation room, giving an outward and visible sign of the official existence of a library. Other bookcases were given and were soon filled. The librarians were "still engaged in the heavy task



Topical Press Agency, London

41. LIBRARY AND READING ROOM OF THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ENDELL STREET, LONDON

The hospital is officered entirely by women



42. TWO "TOMMIES" IN HOSPITAL, DISCUSSING THE NEWS
Men who have been through it, are fond of comparing notes and keeping posted

of sorting and rejecting literally shoals of all sorts and conditions of books, when suddenly the hospital was opened and the men arrived from the front. It was remarkable what private people did send — and do still send. It was as if they had said to themselves: ‘*Here is a grand opportunity of getting rid of all of our old, dirty, heavy book encumbrances!*’” Miss Harraden says that she does not recall ever having been so dirty or so indignant. It was necessary to keep constantly on hand a number of sacks in which all surplus matter was despatched to one of the war libraries or to the Salvation Army, which disposed of useless books and papers for pulp making. But to offset this there were the people who with generosity and understanding sent new books or money with which to buy needed volumes.

It was early decided to have no red tape. The bookcases were left unlocked at all times so as to enable the men who used the room to go to the shelves and pick out what they liked. The librarians took books into the wards to the men who were confined to their beds. After various experiments, Miss Harraden and Miss Robins divided the wards between them and made the rounds with note-book in hand, finding out whether the soldier cared to read and if so what kind of thing he was likely to want. This mental probing had to be done without worrying the patient, for in some cases the thought of a book was apparently more terrifying than the idea of a bomb. In such cases, a smoke served as a substitute for reading, to which generally speaking it was a natural concomitant.

There were some patients who had never learned to read. With one exception these men were miners.

Men who were not naturally readers acquired the reading habit while in the hospital. Many of the men when they were well enough to become out-patients asked permission for continued use of the library. It was a source of much pleasure to the librarians to see old patients stroll into the recreation room and pick out for themselves a book by an author with whom they had become acquainted in their early days at the hospital.

A glance through the order books will show the type of popular reading chosen by the patients. Taking the order books at random, but the entries consecutively, we get a list like the following which will give some idea of the result of the pilgrimages from one bedside to another, and from one ward to the next:

- One of Nat Gould's novels.
- Regiments at the Front.
- Burns's poems.
- A book on bird life.
- The Last Days of Pompeii.
- Strand Magazine.*
- Strand Magazine.*
- Wide World Magazine.*
- The Spectator.*
- A scientific book.
- Reviews of Reviews.*
- By the Wish of a Woman (Marchmont).
- One of Rider Haggard's.
- Marie Corelli.
- Nat Gould.
- Rider Haggard.
- Nat Gould.
- Nat Gould.
- Nat Gould.
- Nat Gould.
- Good detective story.
- Something to make you laugh.
- Strand Magazine.*
- Adventure story.
- Tale of Two Cities.

Gil Blas.
 Browning's poems.
 Tolstoi's Resurrection.
 Sexton Blake.
 Handy Andy (Lover).
 Kidnapped.
 Treasure Island.
 Book about rose growing.
 Montezuma's Daughter (Haggard).
 Prisoner of Zenda.
 Macaulay's Essays.
 The Magnetic North (Robins).
 Nat Gould.
 Sexton Blake.
 Modern high explosives.
 Dawn (Haggard).
 Wild animals.
 Book on horse-breaking.
 Radiography.

Some of the men showed an anxiety to have a book waiting for them after an operation, so that they might begin to read it and forget some of their pains if possible. In some cases the patient would choose the author or the subject before going through his ordeal.

The popular periodicals play a great part in this work with the soldiers. Those most in demand are *The Strand*, *The Windsor*, *The Red*, *Pearson's*, *The Wide World*, and of course *John Bull*, which the average soldier looks upon as a sort of gospel. New arrivals from the trenches are cheered up at once by the very sight of the well-known cover, says Miss Harraden. Even if too ill to read it, they like to have it near them, ready for the moment when returning strength gives them the incentive to take a glance at some of its pages.

Some of the soldiers have decided predilections for particular magazines and will not look at any but

their pet ones. Miss Harraden tells of one man who confined himself entirely to *Blackwood's* and preferred a back number of that to the current number of any other upstart rival. Another was interested only in the *Review of Reviews*, and a third remained loyal to the *Nineteenth Century*. "Others have asked only for wretched little rags which one would wish to see perish off the face of the earth. But as time has gone on, these have been less and less asked for and their place has been gradually taken by the *Sphere*, the *Graphic*, the *Tatler*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Sketch*, — another instance of a better class of literature being welcomed and accepted if put within easy reach. In our case this has been made continuously possible by friends who have given subscriptions for both monthly and weekly numbers, and by others who send in their back numbers in batches, and by the publishers, who never fail us."

The experience in the matter of book selection at the Military Hospital bears out that of the secretaries of the War Library. It was found necessary to invest in a large number of detective stories, and of books by Charles Garvice, Oppenheim and Nat Gould. A certain type of man would be satisfied with nothing but Nat Gould. No matter how badly off he was, the suggestion of a book by his favorite author would bring a smile to his face. Miss Harraden says that she has often heard the whispered words: "A Nat Gould — ready for when I'm better."

But if one man were reading Nat Gould's "Jockey Jack" — a great favorite — the man in the next bed might just as likely as not be reading Shakespeare, or "The Pilgrim's Progress," or Shelley, or Meredith, or Conrad, or a volume of the Everyman's Encyclo-

pædia which was contributed by Mr. Dent on request. A subscription to Mudie's helped out a great deal.

Curiosity prompted an inquiry as to why a certain reader who seemed most unpromising should ask for "The Last Days of Pompeii." It turned out that he had seen the story in a picture theatre. He became literally riveted to the book until he had finished it and then he passed it on to his neighbor as a real find. Another soldier who had been introduced through film-land to "Much Ado About Nothing" asked for the book, which was the first of several volumes of Shakespeare to go to his bedside.

The New Zealanders and Australians are always keen on books about England. They ask also for their own poets and for Bushranger stories.

Although the librarians never attempted to force good books on the soldiers, they took pains to have them within reach. They found that when the men once began on a better class of literature they did not ordinarily return to the old stuff, which had formerly constituted their whole range of reading. Miss Harra-den believes that the average soldier reads rubbish because he has had no one to tell him what to read. Robert Louis Stevenson has lifted many of the patients in this hospital to a higher plane of reading, from which they have looked down with something like scorn on their former favorites. In more ways than one, "Treasure Island" has been a discovery for the soldiers, and an unspeakable boon to the librarians.

The men who will read nothing but good literature are by no means a negligible quantity. Shakespeare has his ardent devotees in this hospital. Current books which have aroused public interest were generously provided by the publishers. An endeavor was

made to supply not only standard works, but books of the moment bearing on the war. Books on aeroplanes, submarines and wireless telegraphy were much in demand even before special attention was paid to technical subjects. Books dealing with wild animals and their habits are always great favorites.

One day the librarians were asked for a particular book on high explosives. They hesitated about spending eighteen shillings to meet a single request, but on referring the matter to the doctor in charge they were told to go ahead and buy not only that but any other special books that seemed to be wanted. This suggested the idea of finding out just what special subjects the men were interested in, what their occupations had been before the war, what their plans for the future were. Thenceforth the work of the librarians became tenfold more interesting. To a certain extent it became constructive inasmuch as it was helping to equip the men for their return to active life when they should be taking up some particular art or craft as a means of livelihood.

In came requests for books on aeroplanes; architecture; cabinet making and old furniture; chemistry, organic and inorganic; coal mining; drawing and painting; electricity; engineering in its various branches; fish curing; gardening and forestry; languages; meteorology; music; paper making; printing; submarines; veterinary medicine; violin making, and so on. The soldier who asked for the book on fish curing was from Nova Scotia, and fish curing was his father's business. The son wanted to learn the English method and gain all the information he could about the subject while in England, before he was sent back home. A book on Sheffield plate was lent to the hospi-

tal library by an antiquary and proved to be a veritable godsend to a crippled soldier who had been a second-hand dealer before the war and who considered it a rare chance that had thrown that book in his way. He made copious notes from it which he said would be invaluable to him afterwards.

“Our experiences,” concludes Miss Harraden, “have tended to show that a library department organized and run by people who have some knowledge of books might prove to be a useful asset in any hospital, both military and civil, and be the means of affording not only amusement and distraction, but even definite education, induced of course, not insisted on. To obtain satisfactory results it would seem, however, that even a good and carefully chosen collection of books of all kinds does not suffice. In addition, an official librarian is needed who will supply the initiative, which in the circumstances is of necessity lacking, and whose duty it is to visit the wards, study the temperaments, inclinations, and possibilities of the patients and thus find out by direct personal intercourse what will arouse, help, stimulate, lift — and heal.”



Photo by Paul Thompson

43. LIBRARY IN HOTEL EARLINGTON, NEW YORK CITY
Maintained by the War Camp Community Service for enlisted men and
officers in both branches of the service



Photo by U. S. Navy Dept.

44. CREW IN CREW'S READING ROOM

The recent magazines and newspapers are eagerly devoured by our guardians of the sea

III

BOOKS AND BULLETS

III. BOOKS AND BULLETS

I. MILITARY HOSPITAL LIBRARIES

IN the shell-shock ward of a huge military hospital outside of London, I came across a young fellow doing a bit of wood carving. There was a look in his face which invited a chat. Pausing beside him I asked, "How long have you been here?"

"Oh-h, a-about a-ay-year," he stuttered. "W-when I c-came, I c-couldn't t-talk at all. N-now I c-can t-talk p-pretty w-well."

"Indeed you can," said I with cheerful mendacity. "Tell me, are you married?"

"N-no," said he. "I w-was g-going b-back to Da-akota t-to m-marry a g-girl t-there, b-but a N-norwegian c-cut m-me out."

"That was too bad," I sympathized, "but you must remember that every cloud has its silver lining."

"O-hh," he replied with the utmost serenity, "I d-don't mind. I t-think h-he d-did m-me a *jolly good t-turn!*"

My attention was arrested a few minutes later by a young man, the very personification of gloom, who held his head in both hands and stared at the floor. After a little hesitation I went up to him and offered him a smoke. There was a slight flicker of animation as he accepted it. "How long have you been here," I inquired.

"I don't know," he replied listlessly.

With the hope of penetrating his apathy I ventured further, "What is the last thing you remember before

you came here?" His face lighted up instantly and he gave me an interesting and graphic account of the advance in which he was knocked out.

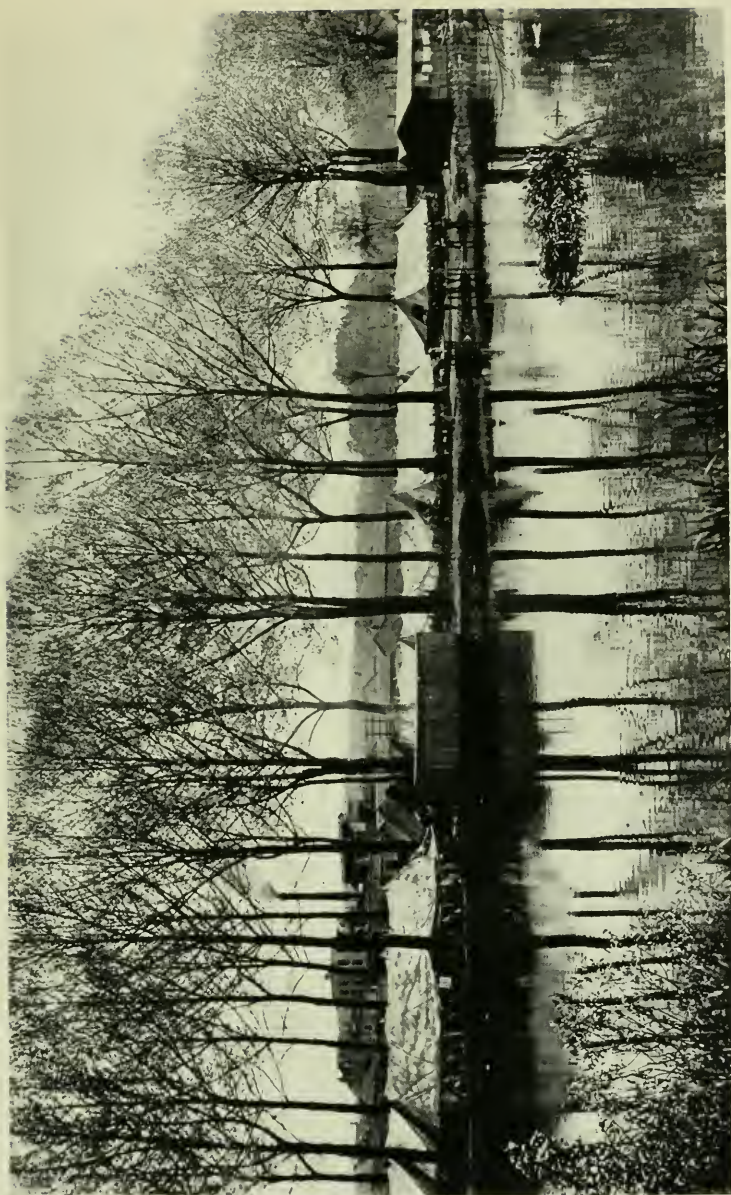
As I listened I wondered if his were not the kind of case which would respond to the cheering influence of good illustrated magazines. Books that take the mind off the war are frequently prescribed by the physicians, and selected reading of a crisp bright variety should prove helpful.

To these poor broken lads some author may be able to say:

You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean;
But I will be health to you nevertheless
And filter and fiber your blood.

After a man is carried off the field, his mind keeps reverting to the horrors he has experienced. Better than anything else is the power to make him forget what is behind him, — and, what is probably before him. One of the worst phases of hospital life, after the agony of pain has been relieved, is the boredom of being confined to one's bed. A shattered arm or an infected leg can keep a man in bed for months without any actual pain and his main problem is how to get through the day. Life's enthusiasms are at a low ebb and despondency waits upon him. That is the time when a game, a scrap-book, or something to read, will be of the greatest use in helping him to live up to the sentiment of his favorite song, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile." A good story may divert his thoughts and save him from "hospitalitis."

Stories are sometimes better than doctors. During the Civil War, a visitor at a military hospital in Washington, heard an occupant of one of the beds laughing



45. GENERAL VIEW OF FIELD HOSPITAL, . . . , FRANCE

Books, magazines, and newspapers must be provided for all who wish to read



© Committee on Public Information

46. AMERICAN BASE HOSPITAL NO. 6, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Books are needed in all our military hospitals

and talking about President Lincoln, who had been there a short time before and had gladdened the wounded with some of his stories. The soldier seemed in such good spirits that the visitor said: "You must be very slightly wounded?" "Yes," replied the brave fellow, "very slightly. I have only lost one leg and I should be glad enough to lose the other, if I could hear some more of Old Abe's stories."

In most British hospitals there was until recently no general supervision of the books apportioned to the various wards. The overworked nurses did what they could to keep the volumes in order, but there was no central control and there was no system of exchange between different wards. While one ward might have an oversupply of Nat Goulds and no copies of Conan Doyle, the neighboring ward might have an oversupply of Conan Doyle with an insistent call for Nat Gould, which they could not meet. The nursing staff was much too busy to even things up.

In August, 1917, Lady Brassey initiated a system of library control. She visited personally a number of the leading military hospitals in the London command and secured the approval of a plan of installing librarians. The latter secured assistants who interviewed the nurses in charge of the wards, assured them of her disinterestedness, apologizing in some cases for what seemed like an intrusive visit, and by the exercise of tact and patience, secured the cooperation of the sisters. The books found in the different hospitals were catalogued and were distributed to the wards on an equal basis. Worthless and worn-out books were discarded and sold for old paper at the high English rate of £13 per ton. Placards were posted up and the neighborhood circularized for gifts.

“The initial steps of organizing libraries are the hardest in most cases,” writes Lady Brassey, “as you are looked upon with suspicion as a busybody who wants to get a footing in the Field hospital. I had to get an order from the A. D. M. S. before going to any hospital. He warned them I should pay a visit. Even then I was received with suspicion, and sometimes with positive discourtesy. I don’t blame the O. C.’s and matrons, as I know how they are pestered with women offering ‘to help the dear men.’ The dear men I know very often wish those kind, well-meaning ladies back in their own homes, to put it mildly. However, after a little talk, the O. C.’s usually realize that I am there to help the men and not to please myself. They usually begin by telling me, that in this particular hospital, the men *don’t like reading*, or that the men have an ample supply. I ignore those remarks and proceed to tell him very shortly about the work of the War Library. He then usually rings for the matron — in some cases to protect himself; in others, because he is getting interested and sees that the hospital may be benefited.” After giving assurances that what she proposes is the appointment of a lady librarian who shall visit the hospital only at the hours agreed upon by the matron, the suggestion has been warmly received and some one has been duly appointed. “In other cases I could see that it was already being well done and fortunately there was nothing more to be said. In yet other cases, and these are the heart-breaking ones, I was told that the men really had as much reading as was good for them. This I knew was not the case, as we had constant testimony at the War Library from private visitors that the men clamored for books.

However, when this happens, I have to retire gracefully and thank the O. C. for telling me what I know is an untruth, — but you can't force your way in. In the hospitals where we have appointed librarians, the gratitude of the men is touching."

At the Second London General Hospital, Chelsea, Lady Brassey was given the use of an empty school-house, which she fitted up with book shelves, writing tables and chairs. In addition to books from the War Library, there was a generous supply of books from various sources. A general catalogue was made of all the books in the hospital and a separate one for each ward. After a time, Lady Brassey became doubtful as to whether the separate catalogue for each ward was worth while, as the men who are able to be up and about can take out books for themselves and the bedridden ones can be looked after by the librarian or by some of the patients, who are exceedingly considerate of each other. "It's astonishing the books the Tommies ask for — ranging from Sophocles to Nat Gould. I don't say that the latter is not more frequently asked for than the former. Nat Gould is very popular, but they do like good reading to a very great extent, and when a man is debating as to what he wants to read, you can often persuade him to try something good. What I enjoy is to see the men coming into the library of their own accord and looking for a book to suit them and to have a little chat. The picture papers are a great delight. Testaments are very readily taken."

The Third London General Hospital at Wandsworth was opened in August, 1914. It has 2000 beds and is one of the largest military hospitals in Great Britain. From the start, the Commanding Officer and the

Matron resolved that the hospital should (as far as possible) be a cheerful memory for the patients. Every week-day there is a concert at which some of the best London talent is provided. Boxing men and professional billiard players give exhibitions to the great delight of the patients, and during the summer athletic contests are held. The literary needs of the men have not been overlooked. While the supply of books comes mainly from the War Library, gifts of considerable value are received from generous publishers and literary friends. Recently a large box came from Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, and all the books in it written by her husband were borrowed from the shelves within twenty-four hours.

Each ward has a three or four shelf bookcase. A typed and bound catalogue of the entire library is exhibited in three different parts of the hospital.

"The handy cheap editions favored by the men have covers that possess limitations in wear and tear," writes Mr. W. Pett Ridge, who is honorary librarian. "The state of a ninepenny novel after a month or two of use is often a compliment to its author, and a reproach to the binder. I observe that Jack London's novels have a short life, and a busy one. Meredith Nicholson's works, by reason of their popularity, come at frequent intervals to be added to the mound of waste paper. The delightful novels by Alice Hegan Rice go from hand to hand, strenuously recommended by the last borrower. I transferred (not without reluctance) my own collection of the books by Mr. Dooley, and their present state may be described as war-worn. The men love 'Audrey' and all the rest from the great pen of Mary Johnston. As to British authors, affection is given to those who



47. CHEERFUL READING

A convalescent soldier "over there" enjoying the Stars and Stripes



Photo by Paul Thompson

48. READING ROOM ON A HOSPITAL SHIP
Technically known as the "Solarium"

write books of adventure, or books that include a reference to sport, or books which are not devoid of the element of humor.

“‘For the Lord’s sake,’ beg most of my blue uniformed customers, ‘don’t you dare give us one that mentions the war!’

“My own view, — given for what it may be worth, — is that the patient should be encouraged to read anything likely to induce a yearning to get back again to the atmosphere of normal health. If he can be taken, for an hour, into a world where the women are good (but not too good) and undeniably beautiful; where horses win races, by a short head; where heroines write plays that have an immediate and terrific success; where uncles go to the Colonies for no other reason, apparently, than that of amassing fortunes to be left in the very nick of time to deserving young relatives at home, then the reader is likely to share the task of the doctors and nurses, and determine to lose no time in getting well. A great tribute to writers comes when a man returns one of their books, and says: ‘I’ll have another, if you don’t mind, by the self-same party!’

“Our men from over-seas are the men for standard authors. I have an idea that they often, in the past, wanted to read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Jane Austen, but time and opportunity never came together. Now, with the leisure imposed by hospital rules, they begin the task with eagerness. I received last week a glorious present of a complete set of Dickens in the Gadshill edition, — noble volumes, scarlet bound, and a delight to look at and handle. The previous owner — but this is a question to be settled between himself and his Maker — had not cut the pages!

To-day, each book shows evidence of close attention. We can arrange, if required to do so, in connection with the War Pensions Committee, for technical works of a special character to be obtained, and supplied to men who wish to carry on preparation for some civil career. Now and again, we are asked for one of the classics. Young officers demand poetry, and cannot get too much of it; they read John Masefield, and Henry Newbolt, and Yeats. Privately I suspect many of them of an experiment in this medium, and an attempt to set down in verse the marvelous occurrences and sensations that have come to them, out Flanders way. I wish the lads, with all my heart, the best of luck in their new and difficult emprise.

“For myself, I have known in many long years the pleasure of writing books; I now recognize the happiness that can be found in circulating them. I pass on the discovery for the benefit of my colleagues and contemporaries in America who happen to be, like myself, past the fighting age, but not arrived at the years when one is content to fold hands and do nothing. The work I do at the Third London General Hospital, trifling contribution as it is, represents a joy to me. I honestly relish every moment I give to it.”

Of course, not all patients are in the habit of reading; some must be coaxed to read; they are not all book-lovers. Mr. Ridge tells of a man asking him whether he could get “Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.” “I began it twenty years ago,” said the wounded soldier. “I borrowed it from another man. Somebody pinched it from me when I was half way through it and I’ve never had a chance of getting to the end of it.”

Mr. Ridge found the book and took it to him.

"I'm very glad to have it," said the man. "I began it twenty years ago."

"Yes, — but you've read a large number of books since then, haven't you?"

"Oh, no," the man replied, "I never tried another."

Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," was a forerunner in this hospital library work and has given an interesting account of her experiences as librarian at the Military Hospital, Endell Street. The Grove Hospital, Tooting, has been "adopted" by a local Baptist church which gave as a beginning 1500 excellent books, mostly new, appointed a librarian, and soon doubled its contribution of books, provided the bookcases and prepared a catalogue.

"Let it be understood," says Mrs. H. M. Gaskell in a recent letter, "that the soldier who has been at the front in all the din and racket cannot possibly read anything of a solid character at first, even when unwounded; pictures are all the brain can bear. Hence the necessity for illustrated papers. Our largest expenditure is on illustrated papers and magazines. A class of literature I showed to you when you were at the War Library comes in very handy for this stage — you did not seem to have the same in America — the penny novelette — Nick Carter detective stories (which by the way were originally American, I think). They are very light to hold, the villain always gets punished and virtue is always triumphant, or makes such a holy end that you cannot regret it! There are no psychological problems and perplexities. Indeed, the most modern novel, which deals with life as it is and lands one on no firm ground, is not popular with the mass. A tale well told is what our lads need,

and if it is sentimental (what you and I would call sickly sentimental) so much the better. They love Miss Ethel Dell and Marie Corelli, and amongst the boys Ouida is a great favorite. I thoroughly agree: when my head is like cotton wool and my weary limbs sink down by my own fireside, I turn to a novel by Miss Austen, or Dickens and an illustrated paper. *L'appétit vient en mangeant* in reading as in everything else."

A patient at the depot of the British Red Cross Society in Genoa, on returning a book by Carlyle, said that he couldn't make much of it and he warned another soldier standing nearby to avoid choosing Carlyle. "That is the only kind of book I read in English," the soldier replied. "I read my novels in other languages." This illustrates the variety of demands made on the present-day hospital libraries and the necessity for providing all kinds of books.

In convalescent camps, and in reconstruction hospitals, the men soon get nauseated with stories. Their recovery is expedited and they are more rapidly prepared for re-entering civil life by practical courses of study and up-to-date text-books. Men in trade and professional men will welcome the best books on their special subjects. A wounded lawyer patient, with a long and tedious fracture case, asked for "Tarron on Wills" and the British War Library was only too glad to get it for him.

To show how appreciative the men are of special efforts on their behalf, I give here several letters recently received by the British War Library. The first is from a man wounded in the head, back, right arm and neck by shrapnel and was addressed to "You Generous Folk who distribute reading matter":

“We are able to get literature here — but not the particular kind I would choose at such a time. Could you manage to get me some Kipling, please! I cannot get pay in hospital to buy it, and my parents are not in the position to get it for me — but I would love some Kipling. It would be ‘such a treat’ after twelve and a half months in France, with an eight-inch Howitzer Battery.

“Perhaps I am asking for something that is too expensive. I must apologize if this is the case. It occurred to me that perhaps you might know of some one who could get me what I want.

“I hope you will make an effort — good people — if you can do this I shall for ever be grateful to you. When one is in hospital good turns are much more appreciated than at other times.

“If you will let me know whether you are able to get me some Kipling or not it will save me wondering. So you will let me know, won’t you please?”

The following is from a patient in Bramshott Hospital:

“The book you sent — ‘Many Adventures’ — arrived whilst I was bad — too bad to write you and let you know it was here — because my right arm has been giving me trouble for the last few days. It is getting better now and I am able to write at last and thank you from the bottom of my heart — ‘a soldier’s heart!’ — for your kindness.

“I commenced reading yesterday — being unable to do so before — and I am enjoying the yarns immensely. Thank you too for despatching the books so promptly. It cheered me — as I lay abed — to hear a comrade whisper ‘A book for you, Gunner.’ Guessing it was from you I resolved to *get well quickly* — for

I have looked forward to some Kipling ever since my arrival here.

"If you wish it, I will pass the volume on when I have read it. But I would love to keep it for my own — and I would be only *too* willing to lend it to any comrade who will read it.

"*Thank you* — I mean that. Thank you very much indeed, you have cheered up a Tommy."

The hospital library service in the United States was begun by a few camp librarians sending collections of books to the hospitals attached to the camps where they were stationed. In some of these hospitals the books were in charge of a Chaplain, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, or a Red Cross or medical officer, but the resulting service was very unequal. Since such hospital book collections as existed had been made up from gifts of varying merit and the officials had many other time-absorbing duties, the book service lagged. In February, 1918, it was decided that some systematic hospital library service should be established. Information as to the number and size of the hospitals was secured from the Surgeon General's Office and from the Navy Department. It was also necessary to learn the attitude of the medical officer in command and of the Red Cross towards library work. Requests were then sent to the camp librarians to consult with the medical officer in command concerning the question of a library at the base hospital, and the appointment of a librarian. Only after personal interviews with the medical officer in command at some of the base hospitals was consent given to have library service introduced. All the army hospitals wanted books, but not all wanted librarians. Some said that they did not need a librarian as the chaplain had charge of

the library. Others telegraphed in: "Please send some one immediately." After having seen what a competent library organizer could do, the medical officer at Williamsbridge was so perturbed at the thought of being left without a librarian that he wired in to headquarters: "Competent librarian needed and demanded."

In the Red Cross Houses are found the convalescents. The books needed here run from current popular fiction to poetry, attractively written history and biography, travel and books on the war. Technical books along the lines of the camp's special activities are sure to be asked for as the men get stronger. If there are many uneducated men in the camp it will be necessary to have a good sprinkling of primers and simple readers, and books in foreign languages will be needed in most of our camps. "What the librarian of a base hospital library aspires to do is to get everybody to reading," says Miss Miriam Carey, supervisor of hospitals in the South-Eastern District. "In order to know how to do this a leisurely survey from bed to bed is taken. After the soldiers get acquainted with the librarian and adopt her as one of their own folks they do not hesitate to tell her what they want to read, — far from it. And after one of these bedside visits, she can tell them what they want to read if they are backward about it. To satisfy the wants of the sick soldiers it is necessary not only to take the book to the man but to get acquainted with him. After this has been done the librarian and her orderly have the supremest satisfaction that can come to such workers, namely that of seeing every man in the ward with a book or scrap book or magazine in his hand."

A librarian at a Red Cross House paid a call at the bedside of a man who was perfectly certain that he did not want to read. He was peevish and almost contemptuous, but the librarian discovered in him a latent sense of humor and she sent him a "Penrod" with the message that if he had ever been a boy she was sure he would enjoy the book. The next time she visited this ward the man was all smiles. Never had he enjoyed a book like that one, — greatest thing he had ever read, said he as he asked her to send him another. Upon returning from one of his rounds, a Red Cross orderly said: "Well, I left everybody a-reading."

"I can't praise too highly the sending of books and magazines," writes a private who was formerly in the New York Public Library, but is now attached to Base Hospital number 8, at the Front. "For example, one of the magazines you sent was left in a ward where there were 109 patients; it was passed from man to man and when it no longer seemed to circulate was taken to another ward of an equal number of beds. A very little arithmetic makes apparent at how little cost a man received great pleasure. And truly the greatest happiness was not the enjoyment of the magazine but this great, helpful, inspiring, strengthening thought — that people back home, collectively as well as individually, sufficiently realized our situation and felt for us to give us these influencing little things."

A young American ambulance driver lay in a Paris hospital with a smashed shoulder. He was still very weak, but able to be amused. His nurse, an American girl, paused at his bedside and as she noted his improvement, she asked with a smile:



49. A WARD IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP McCLELLAN
Everywhere an interest is manifested in books and current magazines



50. A. L. A. TRUCK STOPPING AT A WARD OF THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP KEARNY

The very latest magazines and cleanest copies are reserved for this service
A protest goes up if the truck is behind time

“What can I do for you?”

“Would — would you read aloud to me?”

“Of course,” she said heartily. “What would you like — what would you like most?”

He smiled.

“If,” he said — “if you only had a short story by Booth Tarkington.”

A badly wounded man in a large base hospital in France on hearing of the visit of a woman whose novel he had read in a popular English magazine, asked the favor of a chat with her. “I don’t think I’m likely to pull through this bout, ma’am,” said he. “I’ve had two turns before in hospital — but I’d like to thank you for writing that jolly yarn. It’s cheered me up a bit and shown me that there’s some good in suffering.”

Cheerful endings are desirable in fiction for the wounded. A British nurse tells of a serial story that had been read by two of her patients, one of whom was depressed for a whole day because the heroine died. “I wish, Sister, I had never read it,” he exclaimed. “I got to like that girl and if I could have found one something the same when I got out and about again, I should have married her — if she would have had me.”

In Montreal’s Military Convalescent Home, there is a quiet little room where the returned soldiers love to congregate. Magazines are scattered on its center table and books of every sort are on its shelves. In comfortable easy chairs the men sit reading or writing. The room is maintained by the McGill Alumnae Society. The books on its shelves are all too few to satisfy the hourly demands made upon them. Old and new favorites vie with each other in popularity.

Ivanhoe, Waverly, The Newcomes, and Oliver Twist have become dog-eared to an almost pathetic degree of shabbiness. One irreproachably kilted Scot was keenly disappointed that "some wee poems o' Bobbie Burns" were not forthcoming.

The great demand for every sort of technical books, especially on mechanics, engineering, navigation, architecture, aviation and astronomy, often taxes the library's resources beyond its limit. The convalescent soldiers who are under training in the vocational schools show a great desire to supplement their textbooks by further reading.

Books are also distributed in the wards at Grey Nunnery, Montreal, to patients confined to their beds. One poor fellow, brought over on a hospital ship from England, had started while on shipboard a lurid tale of adventure. The desire to know how it ended so tormented him that his general feverish state was greatly augmented. The Montreal bookshops were scoured in vain. It was found necessary to send to New York for the book. It cheered him greatly to know that the book was at last on its way. But he died the morning the book was received.

A discharged Russian soldier brought to a librarian a torn and battered Russian magazine. "They gave it to me at the Grey Nunnery," he said, "and I was so glad to get something written in Russian that I want to leave it here for some other Russian fellow."

A German soldier and his son had come all the way from Verdun to the Russian front, where they were wounded and captured. They lay in adjoining beds in a military hospital, and the Y. M. C. A. furnished them with a copy of "Oliver Twist" and a Russian grammar which they were planning to study together.

In the same ward was a young Berlin professor who had done research work in the British Museum. He brooded a great deal over his fate, but a gift of the "Christmas Carol" and a Russian grammar changed somewhat the tenor of his thought.

"My first Sunday in camp was spent at the Base Hospital," writes the librarian at Camp Upton. "We received from Major Whitham permission to distribute books in the wards and in the barracks of the men in hospital service. This involved the carrying of the books for a distance of about three blocks, over lumber piles and rough ground. We made a stretcher-box by nailing two long handle-pieces to the sides of a packing box. On entering a ward we were generally mistaken for ambulance men with a new 'case.' But when the ward master would call out that we had books free for the use of all who wished them, there followed a general stampede of bathrobed men in our direction. Our wares proved popular as the men were anxious for something to read. We expect to establish an exchange station at the hospital post when completed."

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, who heads one of the library committees at Camp Zachary Taylor, made a request for books for the base hospital there which met with a generous response. The books were well selected. "We carried them in baskets from bed to bed, letting the men select what they liked," wrote Mrs. Rice. "I wish you could have seen the eagerness with which they were received. When we left only five books remained on the table and the two wards presented a picture that would have amused you. Every soldier who was able to sit up was absorbed in his particular volume."

Women librarians have recently been appointed to

the library service in American military camp hospitals. Miss Ola M. Wyeth, who has been in charge of the library service at Camp Wadsworth hospital for several months, has already had some interesting experiences in book selection for the invalided soldiers. Early in her stay there, a man who had been in the hospital said to her: "You won't have any trouble disposing of your books. When I was there we were tickled to death to get a magazine six months old."

On one trip through the wards, she had only two books left. A man picked them up and handed them back. "I don't like books written by women," said he.

"But F. Marion Crawford is not a woman."

"Well, if she isn't a woman, what is she?"

On being assured of the author's sex, he took the book and settled back to enjoy it.

One day a patient said to her, "Give me a real love story." All the men laughed, but when the librarian went to their bedsides most of them said, "I want one like that other fellow asked for."

Upon another occasion a man declined a book. The librarian went on to the next bed. "What is this one about?" the occupant asked. It happened to be Marjorie Benton Cooke's "Bambi."

"Oh," said the librarian offhand, "it is about a girl who married a man without his having anything to say about it."

"That will do. I will take it."

Then the man who had declined to have a book called out: "Let me read it first." The librarian left them wrangling good-naturedly over the book. Miss Wyeth says that it is very common to have a man refuse a book until he sees his neighbor take one; that excites his interest and he calls for a book.

The men in the wards are growing more particular in their choice of books. It seems almost impossible to meet the demand for books of adventure. There are always a few who prefer the serious type of reading, and these readers are often of an unusual type. The librarian reports an enjoyable talk on literary matters with a remarkably well-informed young man who impressed her so favorably that she made inquiries as to his identity. Upon inquiry, she found that he was a former prize-fighter!

Hospital officers have sent for the librarian at odd times when they have run out of reading matter,—an indication of their appreciation of the book service.

A military hospital is ordinarily divided into surgical, medical and psychiatric wards. In the latter are the shell shock patients, some of whom are deaf, some have lost their power of speech and others cannot walk. The percentage of recoveries is large, especially of the deaf and speechless. Those whose nerves of locomotion are affected have to relearn the art of walking. The medical officers are the first to recognize the therapeutic value of interesting books and pictures. From the standpoint of the neurologists, books, like drugs, are classified into stimulants and depressants. Not every novel with a happy ending is a stimulant to the depressed patient, who may be tempted to contrast his own wretched state with that of the happy hero. Nor is every tragedy a depressant. A serious book may prove to be better reading for a nervous patient than something in lighter vein,—he may get new courage and a firm resolve to be master of his fate by reading of another's struggle against adverse circumstances.

One hospital librarian writes of meeting two patients

pacing up and down the veranda of a psychiatric ward. In answer to an offer of cowboy yarns, detective stories and recent fiction, one of the men said "If I could sit down and read a book I'd be glad," and he resumed his pacing. Later she met these same men and persuaded one of them to take a copy of "Much ado about Nothing," assuring him that he would not have to concentrate on it as he was already familiar with it. He took the book and signed for it with a trembling hand. The man, who had said that he knew he could never read again, that the last thing he had read was a magazine article on trench warfare, was, however, willing to try Empey's "Over the Top." The librarian took a copy of the book to the ward master who promised to look it over and give it to the man if he thought it would not excite him too much by recalling his own trench experiences.

A ward master in the Base Hospital at Camp Upton wanted a Rabbi to have a look at a Jewish patient whom he thought was rather peculiar, — possibly out of his head, — because he clung so tenaciously to an old newspaper. Upon investigation, the Rabbi found that this Jewish boy was quite bewildered, for he could neither speak nor read English and for ten days had had nothing to read but an old Yiddish paper. He turned out to be a student and was nearly beside himself for want of some means of self-expression. The Rabbi called upon the camp librarian who, although there was but little of Hebrew and Yiddish on the shelves, was able to provide some suitable material and to do for the patient what the doctors could not do.

Scrap books are being made all over the country for the sick and wounded soldiers. Chicago people

filled five thousand hempboard books furnished by the Chicago *Daily News* with short stories, pictures, anecdotes and bits of humor clipped from periodicals. These scrap books are being sent out from the American Library Association Headquarters. The librarian at Camp MacArthur wrote in to say that he took fifty of these over to the base hospital and distributed them personally. He also took over to the isolation ward of the base hospital some fifty popular novels which were nearly too worn out to circulate any longer. The men literally flocked around the table where the books were placed, and one heard such remarks as "This is my book," or "There's a bully good book," or "I want you to know that we appreciate these books." Such volumes will, of course, be destroyed when that particular ward is through with them, but, as the librarian remarks, "their last service is a worthy one. These are the things that give one the energy to work ten or twelve hours a day seven days in the week and make him wish there were two of him instead of one."

2. BOOKS FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

“One of the greatest miseries of prison life, and one of the most demoralizing aspects of it,” says Professor Gilbert Murray, “is the aimlessness and emptiness of existence from day to day. The reports which I have heard both from escaped prisoners and from those who have visited the prison camps have almost always the same burden: the men who fill their days with some purposeful occupation come through safely; the men who cannot do so, in one way or another, break or fail. The occupation must be purposeful; it must not merely while away the time, like playing cards or walking up and down a prison yard; it must have in it some element of hope, of progress, of preparation for the future. A man who works at learning a foreign language in order to talk to a fellow-prisoner is saved from the worst dangers of prison life: an electrician who goes on studying electricity is saved; a student who sets himself to pass his examinations, an artisan who works to better himself in his trade, an artist who works on his drawing or painting, a teacher who works at the further mastering of his subject — all these are protected against the infectious poison of their captivity.”

Rear-Admiral Parry, of the British Navy, says that large numbers of prisoners of war have been saved from serious mental deterioration by having access to interesting works on nautical astronomy, navigation, seamanship, and allied subjects in which they are specially interested.

Professor Sir Henry Jones of Glasgow University writes that his son, who was interned at Yozgad,



Photo by Paul Thompson

51. READING ROOM IN BASE HOSPITAL, No. 1, GUN HILL ROAD, BRONX, N. Y.
The A. L. A. is now sending out to the military hospitals librarians who are specially fitted to cater to the needs of the patients

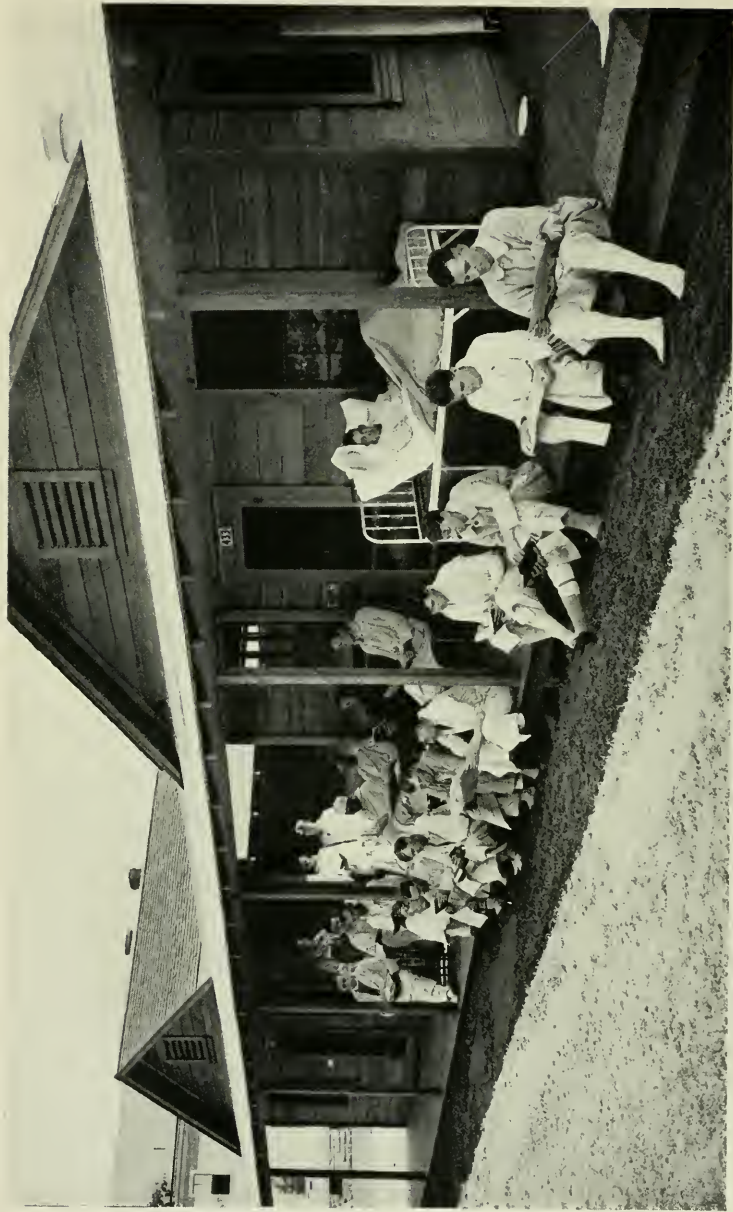


Photo by Columbia Commercial Studio

52. AN EVERYDAY SCENE ON THE PORCHES OF THE HOSPITAL WARDS AT VANCOUVER
BARRACKS

Each ward is supplied with a case of about forty books
Paper covered books go to the isolation and contagious wards

in Asiatic Turkey, since the fall of Kut-el-Amarah, was trying to make the best of his condition by writing songs, an amateur drama, and a juvenile book, in collaboration with another officer. The arrival of some law books sent from the headquarters of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational) helped him to continue his preparation for the English Bar.

A teacher in the Italian section of the prison camp school at Ruhleben is of the opinion that more Italian is being studied there than at the Universities of London, Oxford and Cambridge in normal times.

A British company sergeant-major, imprisoned at Minden, was furnished with a Russian grammar and dictionary and reports that he can now read, write and speak Russian fairly well. He mentions various books which might prove helpful to him, but is quite content to leave the selection to those at the headquarters of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme.

The American Y. M. C. A. maintains hundreds of schools in the prison pens of the contending armies. Among the millions of prisoners are found not only hundreds of thousands of boys from twelve to twenty years of age and older men eager to study, but also university professors, engineers, clergymen and other professional men ready and glad to give instruction in the branches in which they are proficient. Books are an essential aid to the class room work and an endless variety of texts and manuals has been asked for.

Count L ——, a prisoner in a Russian camp, asked for a good American story, and the secretary brought him "Black Rock." The Count pronounced it to be

one of the best novels he had ever read, and he asked the secretary to send him ten others of the same kind from America "after the war." The Y. M. C. A. man having occasion to go to Petrograd a few days later, purchased books by Ralph Connor, Gene Stratton Porter, and Jack London, and gave them to the Count. The secretary says that no other volumes ever received such joyful reading. Since then they have been presented to the prison library where they are in great demand. Other books of the same class were later sent to the prison.

An American Y. M. C. A. secretary in a Russian prison camp borrowed a Koran and the other books needed by the Mohammedans for a service which he arranged for them. Another American Y. M. C. A. secretary, writing from the war prisons in Eastern Siberia, says that the Germans and Austrians occupy much of their time in study. At first it was impossible to secure books in any language but Russian. The prison schools were for a time equipped with Russian textbooks only. These were translated for the men by the prisoners who had a general knowledge of Russian. Many of the prisoners spoke English or French and the more proficient among them organized study groups, so that all the camps soon came to have good sized language schools. Some of the student captives learned four or five languages during their imprisonment. Commercial Spanish proved especially popular. As the prison schools taught everything from the alphabet up to literary and scientific subjects of university grade, some men have been able to learn not only trades but to secure three years' apprenticeships. In the course of time thousands of German books arrived for the prisoners and so enabled many

of the advanced students to continue studies interrupted by the war.

Thousands of German prisoners of war are taken to Holland in exchange for British prisoners. They are all studying Dutch, Spanish, or English, reports Mr. Isaac F. Marcossou, just as they are doing in the prison camps in France and elsewhere. "It simply means that though rendered incapable of fighting further in the physical war they are preparing for the peaceful war after the war."

Mr. Will Irwin visited a prison camp in Southern France in December, 1917, and found many of the German prisoners quite studious. "The prisoners sat at the tables, absorbed in books," writes Mr. Irwin. "At the growling command of a sergeant they sprang to attention; and then, on a gesture from the French officer who accompanied me, sat down again and resumed their books. I passed from table to table. One or two were reading novels, one was transcribing music; the rest were studying. Over the circulating library of some fifteen hundred volumes presided a tall good-looking Bavarian. He was, he informed me in excellent French, not only the librarian but also the schoolmaster." He had been a teacher before the war and was now instructing his fellow prisoners in French and mathematics. Courses in English, Spanish, mechanical drawing and the theory of music were being given. Men qualified to teach other branches came in to the camp from time to time and classes were organized in new subjects while they were there. Letters recently seen by Mr. Irwin from French prisoners in Germany show that they follow the same course; whenever they have leisure and instructors are available they employ the time in studying something.

In his book entitled "Captured," Lieutenant J. H. Douglas, of the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles gives us interesting glimpses of the thirst for reading among the prisoners of war. While with some of the men it merely served to pass away the time, to others it meant salvation. Two of his comrades had been in the hospital for a long time and had a few books that had escaped the censor. The German pastor who buried their dead had given them an English book entitled "The Life of a Curate." There was a waiting list for all English books which were passed around the hospital as fast as they could be read. Lieutenant Douglas says that if they had had a copy of Webster's Dictionary it would have been devoured from cover to cover.

The study of French attracted many of the Englishmen. Lieutenant Douglas exchanged lessons in English for instruction in French with a French captain in the hospital. They managed to have textbooks bought for them in the city and did serious work for two hours every day, — dividing the time equally between the two languages and going straight through the grammar, one lesson at a time. At first all the explanations were made in German as this was the language both knew best. Later they used only the language they were studying at the time. Exercises were written as part of the preparation for each lesson. These were corrected and rated as strictly as though university examination papers were being corrected. All this served to make the day seem much shorter and the knowledge of French acquired proved of great value to Lieutenant Douglas later when he reached Switzerland. The men subscribed to the *Kölnische Zeitung* and every evening after

supper they gathered around the table while someone translated the dispatches: "We smiled when we read almost every day how the English had suffered *Blutige Schlag* (bloody defeat)." With the exception of the *Continental Times*, a pro-German paper distributed free among the prisoners, they had not seen a newspaper printed in English since they had been taken prisoner.

The French captain was an indefatigable worker and as soon as he was able to do so, he commenced the study of French law through some books ordered from Paris. For a year and a half he lived almost alone and maintained his sanity by very hard reading. In sheer desperation he had taken up the study of German with a *sanitaire* and even attempted English by himself. He made remarkable progress in English. As Lieutenant Douglas had been seriously wounded and was sent to a prison camp in Switzerland, he and some of his fellow prisoners were allowed to register at the University of Lausanne, where they took courses in engineering and French literature.

The prisoners as a rule are all greatly interested in the belated foreign newspapers which come to them. For a long time only two were allowed in the camps in Russia — the *London Times* and the *Paris Temps*. The restriction was made in order to save the time of the Russian censors rather than on account of any distrust of other English or French papers. Not only all German and American, but all neutral newspapers were banned. It was only after America entered the war that permission was secured for the prisoners to receive the *New York Times*. Whenever any of the English papers are brought into the prison camps, some one who knows English well is selected

to translate them aloud, while groups sit around and listen for hours at a time.

Mr. J. L. Austin, a British officer who had been imprisoned in various German camps early in the war, has published his experiences as a German prisoner. He says that upon arrival at Torgau in Saxony, they obtained a few English books at the railway station. The British officers formed a circulating library and English and French authors were readily procurable in Tauchnitz editions. "There was no lack of reading material, but there was a tendency for other people to borrow your book before you had finished with it, and if anyone lost a volume that he had brought out, he had nothing to exchange for another. But in spite of certain irregularities the system worked well; many books also were sent to officers from home, and generally arrived safely. We were always allowed to take in the German newspapers, and for a short time by the courtesy of a highly placed gentleman, a few copies of *The Times* and some illustrated English papers drifted into the camp. Thus we were enabled to read Sir John French's dispatches up to the end of the first battle of the Aisne, but at the other camps where we have been, it has always been impossible to obtain English newspapers. The German newspapers on the whole contained very little information, and whenever there was anything approaching a German reverse it was published two or three days later as an unconfirmed report from London, Rome or elsewhere. Most of the papers consisted of articles aimed at England, and were in many of their facts and in their expressions of hate somewhat grotesque and amusing reading. There was never, however, any attempt to disguise the loss of German ships, and

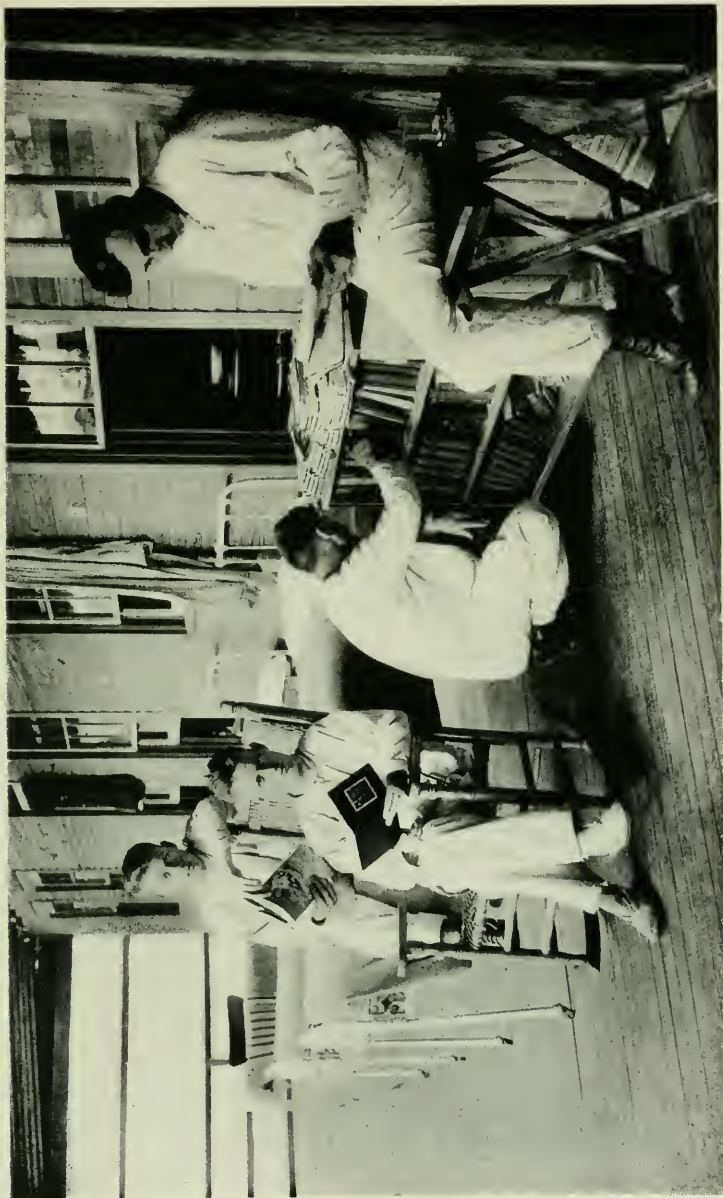
we obtained fairly good accounts of the Heligoland fight and of the battle of the Falkland Islands."

"While British newspapers were distinctly *verboten* we were permitted to purchase German publications, which were brought in daily, and sold by a German girl," says H. C. Mahoney in his "Interned in Germany." "For the most part, the Teuton papers comprised the *Berliner Tageblatt* and 'Aunt Voss,' of which last, rumor had it, special editions were prepared for our express edification; but to the truth of this statement I cannot testify. Delivery was not exactly regular, and as the newsgirl had plenty of patronage we could not understand, at first, her apparent indifference to trade. Later, we discovered that all of the papers were submitted to rigid censoring before they could be brought into the camp, and if they contained a line concerning a British success of arms, they were prohibited. By such action, the authorities doubtlessly hoped to keep us in ignorance of British military developments, but, once having gleaned the reason for the non-appearance of the papers, we naturally measured British successes by the days on which the news-sheets were not forthcoming. As time went on and the number of blanks increased, we rightly concluded that the German army was receiving a series of jolts which it did not relish. Consequently, by forbidding the papers, the Teutons defeated their own ends. Although we were somewhat in the dark as to the magnitude of the British achievements we were free to speculate on the subject.

"One day a huge bundle of newspapers was brought into camp, and to our astonishment they were freely distributed among the prisoners who quickly gathered around. That the authorities should present us with

copies of a newspaper hot from the press was an outburst of magnanimity which quite overwhelmed us, and our delight became intensified when we read the title: *Continental Times*. We supposed this to be a continental edition of the eminent British daily and we grabbed the proffered copies with eager delight. But when we dipped into the contents! Phew! The howl of rage that went up and the invectives that were hurled to the four winds startled even the guard. At first we thought the venerable Old Lady of Printing House Square had become bereft, since the paper was crammed from beginning to end with pro-German propaganda of an amazing and incredible description. It was a cunning move, but so shallow as to merely provoke sarcasm. Time after time that offensive sheet was brought into camp and given away; but on each occasion we subjected it to the grossest indignities we could conceive. What it cost the authorities to endeavor to deceive us in this way is only known to themselves, but it was a ghastly fiasco. Truly, the Teuton is strangely warped in his psychology."

Mr. Ian Malcolm, M. P., in his "War Pictures, Behind the Lines," says that when he visited some of the prison camps he was able to dispel certain illusions and to disprove a large variety of stories which had been the main contents of the *Gazette des Ardennes*, a bi-weekly newspaper published by the Germans at Charleville for the "benefit" of French prisoners. The prisoners told Mr. Malcolm that they always bought it, though money was scarce and it cost a penny, because there was always so much to laugh at in it. "Certainly, if all the issues were as unconsciously comic as those which I saw on that train, the penny was money well spent. Several men told me



53. A HOSPITAL BRANCH OF THE A. L. A. LIBRARY AT CAMP McCLELLAN

Those who cannot leave their beds are served from a book wagon or tray on wheels



54. LIBRARIAN AND ORDERLY VISITING A WARD IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP
DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS

Technical books are frequently asked for by men who wish to keep up in their special line of work

that on the days when this egregious newspaper appeared with its imaginary news of French defeats and of disasters to the Allies all over the globe, German officers and N.C.O.'s used to go round the camps and ask the men what they thought of it. The Germans, who unfortunately believed it all, were horrified to see their captives making exceedingly merry and declining to credit a single word. Another paper of the same agreeable kind is circulated for the benefit of English prisoners and is called *The Continental Times* — a *Journal for Americans in Europe*, price twopence halfpenny — and dear at the price. I can hardly imagine any sane American buying it, as it contains little but reprints of ravings against England (if possible by English writers), off-scouring from newspapers like the Gaelic-American, and clumsy inventions by way of war news. It is fair to add that it now publishes some of the French and English *communiqués* from the seat of war; but it did not include these items until it had done its best in all previous numbers to prove that such information from the Allies was unworthy of credence."

Mr. Israel Cohen says that at Ruhleben English newspapers were strictly banned, with the exception of the *Continental Times* which was sometimes distributed gratuitously in the Camp with a view to undermining the loyalty of the English prisoners. "But despite the military prohibition and the most vigilant precautions we were able, nevertheless, to see at first *The Times*, and then the *Daily Telegraph*, fairly regularly. That these papers came into the Camp was not unknown to the military authorities; but how they came remained an impenetrable mystery. One of the military officers, Rittmeister von Mutzenbecher, was

even sportsman enough to admire us for the skill with which we circumvented the regulations. In the course of a little speech, in June, 1915, in which he complimented the actors in a performance of 'The Speckled Band,' he dwelt upon the ingenuity of Sherlock Holmes, and said: 'I think this Sherlock Holmes had better remain in the Camp until the end of the war. He may be able to find out for us how *The Times* gets into the Camp. At present we don't know, but we should very much like to know.' The price paid for a single copy of the English paper by the prisoner who acted as news-agent varied from five to ten marks, owing to the risk involved in the traffic, but the agent always made a handsome profit, as he lent the paper out, at one or two marks an hour, to groups of fellow-prisoners. The borrower seldom knew who the agent was; a stranger brought him the paper, and punctually, at the end of the allotted time, fetched it away again. The efforts made by the authorities to solve the mystery all failed lamentably. On one occasion soldiers were sent to sneak up behind the men who sat reading papers on the grand stand and see whether any of the papers were either English or French. One zealous soldier made two captures and marched his men with their papers to the military office, fully expecting punishment for the prisoners and praise for himself. But a moment's examination showed that one of the papers was *La Belgique*, which appears in Brussels under German censorship, while the other was the notorious *Continental Times*. On the whole, however, there were few regular readers of an English paper, as the luxury of a subscription was a little too costly for a prison camp. It was thanks to the same ingenious mechanism, that copies of the

weekly *Zukunft*, in which Maximilian Harden scarified his Government, made their way into our horse-boxes, and likewise that I was able to read at my leisure that remarkable exposure of Germany's guilt in causing the war, *J'Accuse*, the perusal of which is prohibited in Germany on pain of fine and imprisonment."

Mr. Percy L. Close, a member of the Volunteer Squadron of the 8th Mounted Rifles, was taken prisoner by the Germans in South West Africa, and has given an account of the dreary prison life at Mariental and Gibeon. "Those who were fortunate," says he, "had a few magazines and one or two novels to read. It did not matter whether the reading matter was utter trash. We read anything for the sake of reading." He adds that just before he was released one of the officers had with him on arrival at Tsumeb a weekly edition of the *Cape Times*. This was passed from hand to hand, and from the "Diary of the War" which it contained, the men were able to inform themselves of the principal events during the period of their internment.

In August, 1915, a committee of four persons were called together in London by Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright, to provide Russian prisoners in Germany with Russian books. In October, 1916, the committee was enlarged. This English committee worked with the Russian committee in Holland, through whom they were first put in touch with many of the camps. A few typical examples of the kind of letters received from prisoners, both civil and military, will show how the efforts of the British committee have been received.

The first is from a young girl volunteer who is now a prisoner at Havelburg, who had written asking for a parcel of food. She says: "I am a schoolgirl of

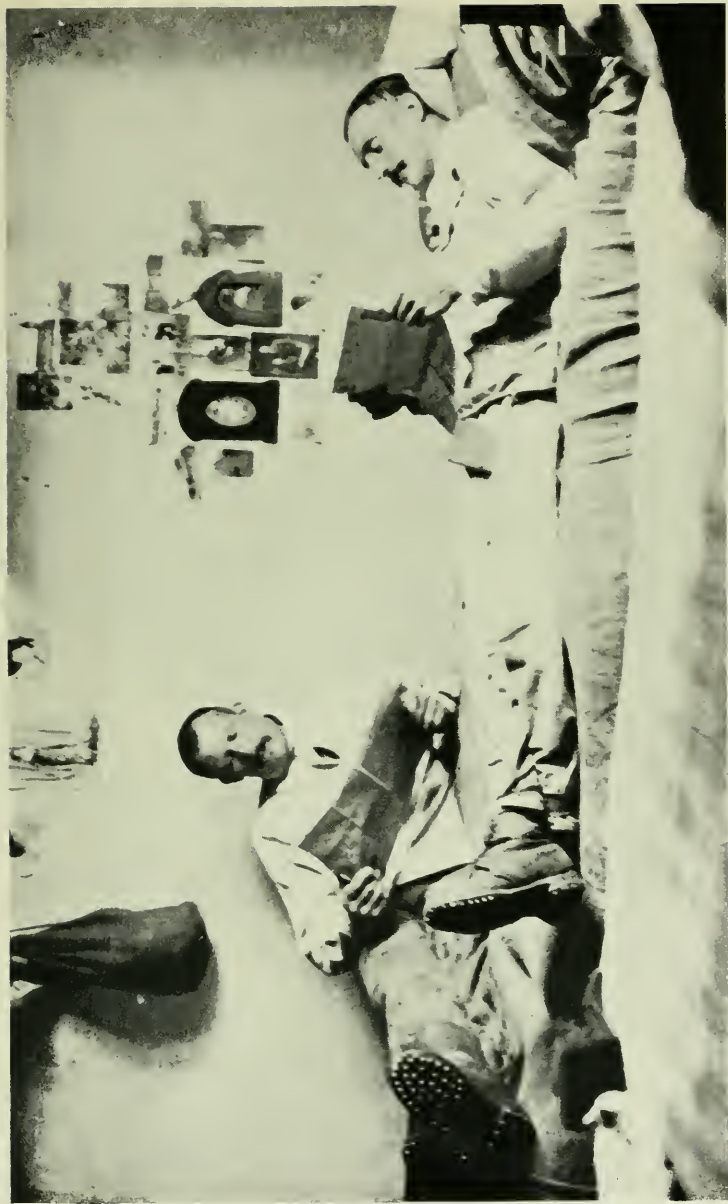
nineteen years, and have been a prisoner two and a half years, but what I want is to have some books to study English; if it is possible, please reply to me."

A young soldier writes: "I am a student of the Oriental Institute of Vladivostock where I was studying Chinese and Japanese, and now after eighteen months of captivity I find that I have in part forgotten these languages. If it be possible I should so like to obtain something on these languages, either in Russian or French, to enable me to continue my studies."

A Russian lieutenant begs for some books on jurisprudence such as are now used in the courses of "our Institute for the study of neurology and psychology."

An officer in control of the Langensalza camp library says: "Our camp is very large, and there is a continual and extraordinary demand for books. Popular scientific books and books on social questions are most in demand."

"Where no specific request has been made," says Dr. Wright, "we have sent books of a varied character. For the common soldiers elementary school books and simple reading books, scientific primers, books on agriculture, and religious books and the works of great Russian writers have been selected. For the officers we have chosen books of a more advanced description, embracing every conceivable branch of knowledge. A large number of grammars and dictionaries have also been sent, and are in continual request. Roughly fifty grammars and dictionaries have been dispatched to Altdamm — but this is a mere drop in the ocean when one considers that many of the camps number over one thousand men. The demand for special books of study has as far as possible



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55. PRISONERS OF WAR, READING AFTER LUNCH

The men who read and study "are protected against the infectious poison of their captivity"



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56. FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR IN BARRACKS AT DARMSTADT

Improvised sleeping accommodations

been complied with, but in a few cases great difficulty has been experienced in obtaining what is wanted in Russian."

In a supplementary manuscript report, Dr. Wright in detailing the recent work of his committee, expresses the hope that, whatever he thought of the revolution in Russia, it will not be forgotten for a single instant that these prisoners are sufferers for the good cause, that they lost their liberty as fellow-workers with the English.

From every prison camp in Germany and Austria, an appeal is being issued for books. This appeal is not from men who wish to read merely to kill time. They have formed classes; they intend to alleviate their captivity by instruction. They did not turn to books as a narcotic or for amusement, — they desire to *learn*. The Russian prisoners do not ask for novels, but for Russian school books, for grammars and dictionaries of foreign languages, for works on political economy and the economic history of England, for treatises on engineering, agriculture, and other applied sciences. From the Camp at Altdam come requests for a Chinese grammar, works on chemistry, electricity and metallurgy, an English grammar and reader. In a camp near Magdeburg, Russian books on mathematics and physics are needed.

"I write to tell you," says one prisoner, "that we have in our camp a library and a school, but we are badly in need of manuals for primary and higher teaching. We would gladly receive books in French, German and English as well as in Russian."

From Parchim there came a letter dated October 26, 1917. "Some schoolmasters working in the camp schools are full of thoughts, dreams, and plans about

the work they shall take up in their own country after the war. We all understand that the question of popular education will change in a radical way as the result of the general position in Russia. There is a wish to prepare even a little for the work which is anticipated. The American technical school with its method of teaching chiefly attracts our attention. As far as time allows we are learning the books before us which apply this method to Germany. We are very anxious to learn something about the English schools which it appears have some similarity to the American schools. Therefore, I venture to ask you to send us some books which would give a general view of methods and administration of English schools, above all elementary. It is difficult to believe that you will find such a book in Russian and especially one with the design of informing us on this point. I have begun to learn the English language and I hope that in a few months I shall be able to understand English."

From the women's barracks, at Havelberg, Doctor Mary Minkewitsch writes, under date of December 4, 1917: "If possible, do send us some magazines on artistic questions and music. We have very few books."

From Plassenburg, a lieutenant sends a request for a history of England and a Russian-English dictionary. A prisoner at Bischofswerda says that he needs more scientific books, that he has become interested in experimental psychology and would also like to have a copy of Clayden's "Cloud Studies." The Committee of the Prisoners Camp at Czersk, at the request of some medical men, asks for Mackenzie's "Diseases of the Heart," and Hutchinson's

“Diseases of Children.” The Library Committee of the Prison Camp for Russian officers at Burg, near Magdeburg, on behalf of the readers, sends “sincere thanks for the continual care taken in sending them spiritual food in the monotonous life in the camp.”

3. LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

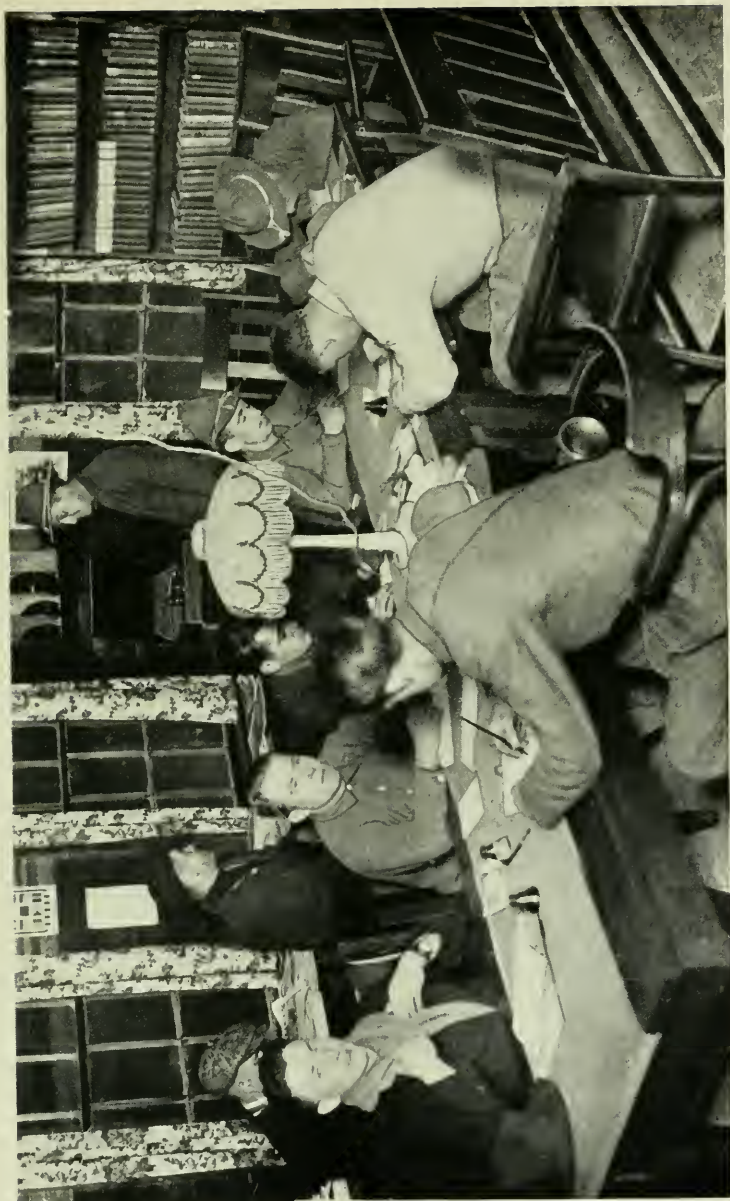
Wagstaffe, in Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand," looks over the list of Bobby's outfit and says, "If you find you still have a pound or so in hand, add a few books — something to fall back on, in case supplies fail. Personally, I'm taking 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pickwick.' But then, I'm old-fashioned."

A member of the First Canadian Contingent wrote back home in the spring of 1915:

"There is one thing which I believe would be most acceptable and would not be expensive, and that is a supply of reading material in the form of old magazines or cheap paper-covered books of all kinds. The men in these regiments are in many cases accustomed to reading, and in billets in the long evenings, and in the trenches, they have a great deal of spare time, and I know welcome a book on the rare occasions when it can be got. They are passed around till they are worn out. The cheaper the books are, the better, for we move often, and such things cannot be added to the already too heavy packs."

The varying literary tastes of the men at the front are brought out by H. G. Wells in "Mr. Britling." Hugh writes to his father about life in the trenches:

"We read, of course. But there never could be a library here big enough to keep us going. We can do with all sorts of books, but I don't think the ordinary sensational novel is quite the catch it was for a lot of them in peace time. Some break towards serious reading in the oddest fashion. Old Park, for example, says he wants books you can chew; he is reading a cheap edition of 'The Origin of Species.' He used to regard Florence Warden and William Le Queux as



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57. BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WRITING FACILITIES IN Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT CAMP DIX

Forces tending to keep up the morale of the men



58. PERIODICALS FOR THE SOLDIERS GUARDING THE ARSENAL AT WATERTOWN,
MASSACHUSETTS

the supreme delights of print. I wish you could send him Metchnikoff's 'Nature of Man' or Pearson's 'Ethics of Free Thought.' I feel I am building up his tender mind. Not for me though, Daddy. Nothing of that sort for me. These things take people differently. What I want here is literary opium. I want something about fauns and nymphs in broad low glades. I would like to read Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.' I don't think I have read it, and yet I have a very distinct impression of knights and dragons and sorcerers and wicked magic ladies moving through a sort of Pre-Raphaelite tapestry scenery — only with a light on them. I could do with some Hewlett of the 'Forest Lovers' kind. Or with Joseph Conrad in his Kew Palm-house mood. And there is a book, I once looked into it at a man's room in London; I don't know the title, but it was by Richard Garnett, and it was all about gods who were in reduced circumstances but amidst sunny picturesque scenery.— scenery without steel, or poles, or wire — a thing after the manner of Heine's 'Florentine Nights.' Any book about Greek gods would be welcome, anything about temples of ivory-colored stone and purple seas, red caps, chests of jewels, and lizards in the sun. I wish there was another 'Thaïs.' The men here are getting a kind of newspaper sheet of literature scraps called *The Times Broadsheets*. Snippets, but mostly from good stuff. They're small enough to stir the appetite, but not to satisfy it. Rather an irritant — and one wants no irritant. I used to imagine reading was meant to be a stimulant. Out here it has to be an anodyne."

The general tenor of this fictitious letter is supported by the real letters of an American member of the Foreign Legion, Henry Weston Farnsworth, who died

from wounds received in battle, September, 1915. He wrote to his father that he had not yet finished Cramb's book, but could see how well written it was. "I don't see why it makes the Germans any more understandable to you. It, as far as I have gone, draws them as maddened and blinded by jealousy. I wish Cramb could have lived to read how the English and French are fighting."

To his brother he confided: "Warm things are nice to have and books are interesting to read, that is granted. But if you come in from four hours' sentinel duty in a freezing rain, with mud up to your ankles, you do not want to change your socks (you go out again in an hour) and read a book on German thought. You want a smoke and a drink of hot rum. I say this because several times I have been notified that there were packages for me at the paymaster's office. To go there hoping for such things, and receive a dry book and a clean pair of socks has been known to raise the most dreadful profanity. Don't dwell on this. It's only amusing at bottom." He says that "the only kick he has about mail" is that *Life*, which he had much enjoyed, had stopped coming. He read Charles Lamb, "Pickwick," Plutarch, a deal of cheap French novels, and "War and Peace" over again, which he hopes his mother will re-read. In his opinion, Tolstoi, even more than Stendhal, arrives at complete expression of military life. He asks his people to send him from time to time any novel, either in French or English, that they may find interesting. "Books are too heavy to carry when on the move. The state of the German mind, Plato, or Kant, are not necessary for the moment, and I have read Milton, Shakespeare, and Dante." In one letter, written as they were mo-

mentarily expecting to be called into action, he notes that his friend is very calm and is reading the *Weekly Times*, including the advertisements.

Another *Légionnaire* and contemporary of Farnsworth at Harvard, Victor Chapman, though not essentially a bookish man, has left in his letters¹ evidence of the effect that reading had on him while serving in the American Aviation Corps. Under date of May 14, 1915, he writes: "After twenty minutes the shooting lessened and we turned to other things — I to reading Lamb, whom I found tedious till I hit the 'Dissertation on Roast Pig.'" A few days later he "attacked the 'Autocrat,'" but felt he had to read such a lot to get a little nutrition that he thought it hardly worth while.

A fellow *Légionnaire* says that Chapman "received almost all the Paris newspapers and magazines, not to speak of novels and volumes of poetry. One day he also received a book from America. Chapman undid the parcel, and buried himself in his cabin; when he came out some hours later he was joyful, exuberant; he had read at a sitting the anti-German book that his father had published in New York to enlighten those fellows over there." The book was the one entitled "Deutschland über Alles; or Germany Speaks; a collection of the utterances of representative Germans in defense of the war policies of the Fatherland" (New York, Putnam's, 1914).

He tells his father that he thinks the book capital, that he "had seen one or two of those fool remarks, but not by any means the greater part. I hope it sells, for it shows up their craziness so wonderfully well.

¹ Victor Chapman's letters from France; with memoir by John Jay Chapman. New York: Macmillan, 1917.

I have been reading my Galsworthy again; a collection of English verse by a Frenchman, bad as a selection of verse, but still interesting; a short story by Alfred de Vigny, and your Homeric Scenes. Strange and violent ends some of the books of Frise have come to. Outside our cabin door I found, for cleaning the *gamelles*, the pages of the Swiss Family Robinson in French; while yesterday, before another cabin, I found pages of Quentin Durward, also in French. British authors are not the only sufferers, however. The third volume, yet intact, except the back cover, of the Meditations of St. Ignatius is placed over the stove for lighting the pipes."

In other letters he reports a total relaxation from war and the like by reviewing the Harvard Dental School requirements for admission and talking over examinations with a comrade who thought of taking up dentistry when he was through with aviation.

He says that he relishes the New York *Tribunes* which were being sent him frequently, adding that they kept him a bit in touch with America, even though they were three weeks old when they arrived.

Personal narratives of the great war are rapidly increasing in number. Among those most interesting in connection with our present theme are "Letters from Flanders, written by 2nd Lieut. A. D. Gillespie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, to his home people" (London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1916). Gillespie was a Winchester College and Oxford University man who was studying law at the Inns of Court when he enlisted in August, 1914.

He writes that between eating, sleeping and writing he can't find much time to read, but he manages in the first months of his service to get through Dante's



59. A BUGLER READING BY FLASHLIGHT IN HIS TENT

A book of travel or romance, a magazine, or even a newspaper, often proves a "magic carpet" by which one is happily carried far from the war



60. INTERIOR OF A DUGOUT IN FRANCE, SHOWING THE ELEPHANT-IRON CONSTRUCTION
© Committee on Public Information
Here, often by the light of a candle, a map is scanned, a paper read, or a book studied

Inferno, and asks that his copy of *Paradise Lost* be sent him from home, together with Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" or any other Scott in a cheap edition — "in fact anything solid, for I don't think sixpenny novels would go down so well at present. . . . A *Sphere* or an *Illustrated* [*London News*] would be interesting to me, and to the men afterwards. . . . I have got H. S. Merriman's 'Velvet Glove' to read, but so far I seem to have been busy digging, eating or sleeping. . . . [Merriman] doesn't perhaps go very deep, but he can tell a rattling good story, which many of those modern psychological novelists, with their elaborate analysis of character and of sensation, quite fail to do. . . . Merriman talks of the 'siren sound of the bullet, a sound which the men, when they have once heard it, cannot live without'; but I don't think I shall want you to fire volleys under my window to put me to sleep when I get home. . . .

"I wanted to get some French newspapers, but I could only find an old *Matin*, with nothing in it except translations from the London papers. . . .

"I got hold of a German paper yesterday; it had a short account of a football match in Berlin, so did a French paper of one in Paris the other day. But what interested me was to notice that they gave very fairly and accurately the British Admiralty's report of one day's operations in the Dardanelles, except that they multiplied the number of our dead by four. I know this because I happened to have noticed the figures; and so had another subaltern. That is just typical of their system in all their reports. They tell as much truth as they think necessary to hide their lies — or, rather, tell as many lies as they think their public can reasonably swallow. . . .

"I have got hold of a book of Tolstoi's stories. There's something very charming about them, they are so direct and simple; and in the same book one has sketches of Sevastopol during the siege, — curious reading just now, when we are doing our best to give the Russians what we fought to prevent them getting sixty years ago. I once read them before in French, and I think I'm right in saying that he doesn't mention the British once — it's always the French, and yet we all have the habit of thinking that we did all the fighting in the Crimea."

At another time he writes:

"I wish you would give me, as a birthday present, Gibbon in Everyman's. Send out a couple of volumes at a time; then I can get rid of them as I read them. For even though it takes time and men and ships to force the Dardanelles, I think the story of Constantinople will be taken up again where it was left in 1455.

"The *Sphere* never comes now. I don't mind for myself, because I always see it in the mess, but if you are ordering it, it ought to come, and the men might like to see it. Send me on two copies of Forbes-Mitchell's 'Reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny,' (Macmillan's one shilling series). He was a sergeant in the 93d, and I remember that at Sunderland two copies which I gave my platoon were very popular. . . . And if you will give it to me for a birthday present, I should like to read a book which has just come out, 'Ordeal by battle,' by F. S. Oliver; he used to write a good deal for the *Round Table*, which, by the way, I have not seen lately. Send me the current number and others as they come out . . . I used to take it regularly, but I'm afraid I have missed several quarters since last August."

The anonymous "Letters of a soldier, 1914-1915," written by a French artist to his mother, and translated by "V. M." (London, Constable, 1917), are full of references to the influences of books and reading on his cultivated mind. The following extracts show how he at least carried out the injunction of an eminent French military authority, Colonel Emile Manceau, who at the very height of hostilities said: "Let us read, let us give much time to reading."

"Aug. 6, 1914. What we miss is news; there are no longer any papers to be had in this town.

"Aug. 26. I was made happy by Maurice Barrés's fine article, '*l'Aigle et le Rossignol*,' which corresponds in every detail with what I feel.

"Oct. 23. I have re-read Barrés's article, '*l'Aigle et le Rossignol*.' It is still as beautiful, but it no longer seems in complete harmony.

"Oct. 28. I am glad that you have read Tolstoi: he also took part in war. He judged it; he accepted its teaching. If you can glance at the admirable 'War and Peace,' you will find pictures that our situation recalls. It will make you understand the liberty for meditation that is possible to a soldier who desires it.

"Sept. 21. To sleep in a ditch full of water has no equivalent in Dante, but what must be said of the awakening, when one must watch for the moment to kill or be killed!

"Jan. 13, 1915. I did not tell you enough what pleasure the *Revue hebdomadaire* gave me. I found some extracts from that speech on Lamartine which I am passionately fond of. Circumstances led this poet to give to his art only the lowest place. Life in general closed him round, imposing on his great heart a more

serious and immediate task than that which awaited his genius.

“*Jan. 17.* What surpasses our understanding (and yet what is only natural) is that civilians are able to continue their normal life while we are in torment. I saw in the *Cri de Paris*, which drifted as far as here, a list of concert programmes. What a contrast! However, mother dear, the essential thing is to have known beauty in moments of grace.

“*Jan. 19.* I have received two parcels; the ‘*Chanson de Roland*’ gives me infinite pleasure — particularly the Introduction, treating of the national epic and of the Mahabharata which, it seems, tells of the fight between the spirits of good and evil.

“*Feb. 2.* I am delighted by the Reviews. In an admirable article on Louis Veillot I noticed this phrase: ‘O my God, take away my despair and leave my grief!’ Yes, we must not misunderstand the fruitful lesson taught by grief, and if I return from this war it will most certainly be with a soul formed and enriched.

“I also read with pleasure the lectures on Molière, and in him, as elsewhere, I have viewed again the solitude in which the highest souls wander. But I owe it to my old sentimental wounds never to suffer again through the acts of others.

“*Feb. 4.* Dear, I was reflecting on Tolstoi’s title ‘War and Peace.’ I used to think that he wanted to express the antithesis of these two states, but now I ask myself if he did not connect these two contraries in one and the same folly, — if the fortunes of humanity, whether at war or at peace, were not equally a burden to his mind.

“*Feb. 6.* Mother dear, I am living over again the



61. BRANCH LIBRARY, K. OF C. BUILDING, CAMP KEARNY

On Sept. 1, 1918, 150 K. of C. buildings had been erected and as many more were under way



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62. READING BY THE FIRESIDE
A touch of home at Camp Upton

lovely legend of Sarpedon; and that exquisite flower of Greek poetry really gives me comfort. If you will read this passage of the Iliad in the beautiful translation by Lecomte de l'Isle, you will see that Zeus utters in regard to destiny certain words in which the divine and the eternal shine out as nobly as in the Christian Passion. He suffers, and his fatherly heart undergoes a long battle, but finally he permits his son to die and Hypnos and Thanatos are sent to gather up the beloved remains.

“Hypnos — that is Sleep. To think that I should come to that, I for whom every waking hour was a waking joy, I for whom every moment was a thrill of pride. I catch myself longing for the escape of Sleep from the tumult that besets me. But the splendid Greek optimism shines out as in those vases at the Louvre. By the two, Hypnos and Thanatos, Sarpedon is lifted to a life beyond his human death; and assuredly Sleep and Death do wonderfully magnify and continue our mortal fate.

“Thanatos — that is a mystery, and it is a terror only because the urgency of our transitory desires makes us misconceive the mystery. But read over again the great peaceful words of Maeterlinck in his book on death, words ringing with compassion for our fears in the tremendous passage of mortality.

“*March 3.* I have been stupefied by the noise of the shells. Think — from the French side alone forty thousand have passed over our heads, and from the German side about as many, with this difference, that the enemy shells burst right upon us. For my own part, I was buried by three 305 shells at once, to say nothing of the innumerable shrapnel going off close by. You may gather that my brain was a good deal

shaken. And now I am reading. I have just read in a magazine an article on three new novels, and that reading relieved many of the cares of battle.

“*March 11.* I have nothing to say about my life, which is filled up with manual labor. At moments perhaps some image appears, some memory rises. I have just read a fine article by Renan on the origins of the Bible. I found it in a *Revue des deux mondes* of 1886. If later I can remember something of it, I may be able to put my very scattered notions on that matter into better order.

“*March 17.* The other day, reading an old *Revue des deux mondes* of 1880, I came upon an excellent article as one might come upon a noble palace with vaulted roof and decorated walls. It was on Egypt, and was signed Georges Perrot.”

The published letters of the late Arthur George Heath, fellow of New College, Oxford, and lieutenant in the Royal West Kent Regiment, show that there was a good deal of the bookworm about him, as he himself recognized. He writes from France that he is quite comfortable, but would really like a little literature. “If we are in for trench work, it will come in handy,” says he. “I would like Belloc’s ‘General Sketch of the European War,’ and, if you would not mind my being so luxurious, the Oxford ‘Book of English Verse’ in as small a size as you can get it. . . . I’ve found time here to read quite a lot of novels, mostly very bad ones. I wonder if Turgenev would be good for the trenches? . . . Don’t suggest that I should read ‘War and Peace.’ If one makes ambitious plans like that, one certainly gets killed in the midst of them. . . .

“I have ploughed through Buchan’s ‘History of the

War,' — six volumes, and no end of names you cannot remember! This will give you an idea of the leisure we get here [in reserve] compared with what was, and, perhaps, with what will be. The Oxford Book of Verse has been such a pleasure in the trenches. I don't get time there to read anything long, and a little poem now and then warms the vitals, as the old lady said of her gin and water."

In a letter written by Harold Chapin, the dramatist, to his mother and found in his pocketbook after his death, occurs this paragraph:

"Books — yes, I want a pocket Browning with everything in it! Is such a thing to be had, I wonder? Of course, I've got sizable pockets. Still it's a tall order. Anyway, I want 'Paracelsus' and 'Men and Women' particularly."

In an earlier letter to his wife he had asked for "The Revenge" and King Henry's speeches — "the one about England and the one beginning 'Upon the King' and the charioteer's speech from Euripides in Gilbert Murray's translation. Oh Lord, what is the play? I suppose I must do without it. Send the others *at once* though. This is really important."

R. A. L., the author of "Letters of a Canadian Stretcher-bearer," has a number of references to reading at the Front:

"When I read the American magazines — or rather read the ads. — I just *ache* to be back. I found some new 'Penrod' stories and also some 'Wallingford' ones. Oh! Gee! but it's fine to read something live again! I've got hold of a book called 'Queed.' . . .

"For the last hour, I've been reading the *Bystander*, *Sketch* and old newspapers, and altogether enjoying myself. . . .

“What must be the general make-up of a person’s mind who collects, packs and mails all the way from Canada a parcel of ‘literature’ for the boys in France — consisting of *Literary Digests* dated 1912? I see some one has done it here. Queer, eh! . . .

“By the way, will you find out if there are any books on the subject of trench first-aid? It will have to be some that are written since the war, of course. The first-aid books generally sold are no good for up the line, as they don’t take account of conditions under which the work has to be done. If you find anything that may be of use, I should like to have it. . . .

“I have really got hold of a *Saturday Post* with a yarn by Gardner in it. Reading matter has been terribly scarce here all the time. To have a *Post* is to be in real luck — though somehow looking at the ‘ads’ and things always makes me homesick. . . . It’s all so different, like going on leave; the fact that people have comforts and luxuries, can be *free*, hits you like the concussion of a shell.”

“Books here are plentiful enough in a way, and I keep getting them and losing them by lending,” writes an English bookseller who is now in service in France. “Anything I recommend goes steadily round the battalion, and I hear many appreciative remarks which warm the heart of a bookseller. The men can read excellent stuff when it is put before them. This fact encourages in me a belief held, that booksellers function truly when they sell the best books for the book’s sake. I have been delighted recently with a local revival of interest in Shakespeare, and have watched with delight the progress of a Sergeant-Major through *Hamlet* — the wonder, the appreciation of something great. The officers are all keen on modern stuff.

Among them I have lost a Swinburne and a Yeats, and have persuaded another that he knows little of modern fiction if he has not read Butler's 'Way of all Flesh.'"

In commenting on this, another bookman writes: "My own experience with the soldier friends I have come across has been that they are only too anxious to find worth-while books; that they would rather find another form of recreation than waste their time on unsatisfying literature. In one instance where I had handed a man a copy of Arthur C. Benson's works I was subsequently asked to send a list of essayists who were worth reading. The soldier was not a 'high-brow'; he was of the non-reader type and had been a carpenter by trade. Evidently what the soldiers want most of all is a reader's guide."

4. PICTURES AND POETRY

After a Y. M. C. A. service on a Sunday morning at the front not long ago, an officer who evidently had been thinking along some special lines as he sat with his men, remarked: "Do you know, this hour has been a very wonderful one for me! It isn't that the service itself has moved me in any particular way, but as I took my place my eye fell on that picture. It took me back to the nursery at home, and all the while I have been in this hut the memories of childhood and the sanctities of home have been calling in my heart." The picture that made such a deep impression was an ordinary print of Millais' "Bubbles."

The idea of supplying pictures for the soldiers is probably a new one even to the people who are thinking about the welfare and comfort of the men at the front. But the Y. M. C. A. authorities are anxious to have every hut, barn, cellar and dug-out that they have, suggest thoughts of home to the men who are using them. They want to have good pictures in their "Quiet Rooms," knowing the silent ministry of such furnishings upon all who spend a few minutes there in reading or meditation. They would also like to have pictures to give the men to put up in their own billets, messes and dug-outs.

In their printed appeal for support of this special work, the Y. M. C. A. says that: "The display of crude or objectionable pictures has increased of late, chiefly because in many places there is little or nothing else to be had. If you could spend a single day amidst the desolation and monotony of a modern battle-field, or out in the wastes of sand where our armies are to be found in Egypt or Mesopotamia, you would under-

stand why any bit of color, anything with human life in it, is so eagerly seized upon by a soldier. It keeps his imagination alive. He finds it a refuge from sheer mental and spiritual shipwreck. That is another reason why we should send him the best, and plenty of it. We are making a great effort to send out at least twenty or thirty cartoons, color prints, black-and-white drawings, and half-tone reproductions for the decoration of each center where we are at work. We hope also for a large reserve from which to supply every man who would like a picture or two for himself. *The Challenge* newspaper has for some time been attempting to meet this demand thru the Chaplain's department and will continue to do so. We are working in close touch, especially as regards the purchasing of prints."

Artists, curators of art galleries, heads of picture-publishing firms, editors and proprietors of popular illustrated weeklies, chiefs of the poster departments of railways and shipping lines, and many friends in various walks of life are cooperating with the Y. M. C. A. authorities. But the leaders are asking those interested to organize a collection among their personal friends or get together an influential group of people for a thorough canvass of their locality. They have been offered greatly reduced rates by firms in the trade, and are therefore able to spend money to much greater advantage than the private purchaser. It is estimated that it will cost about £4 to furnish a hut with suitable pictures. Unframed pictures are best, and colored ones are preferred to black and white, tho both are needed. Before sending in prints, it is requested that a list of those proposed for sending be submitted so that the authorities can see whether they are suitable or not.

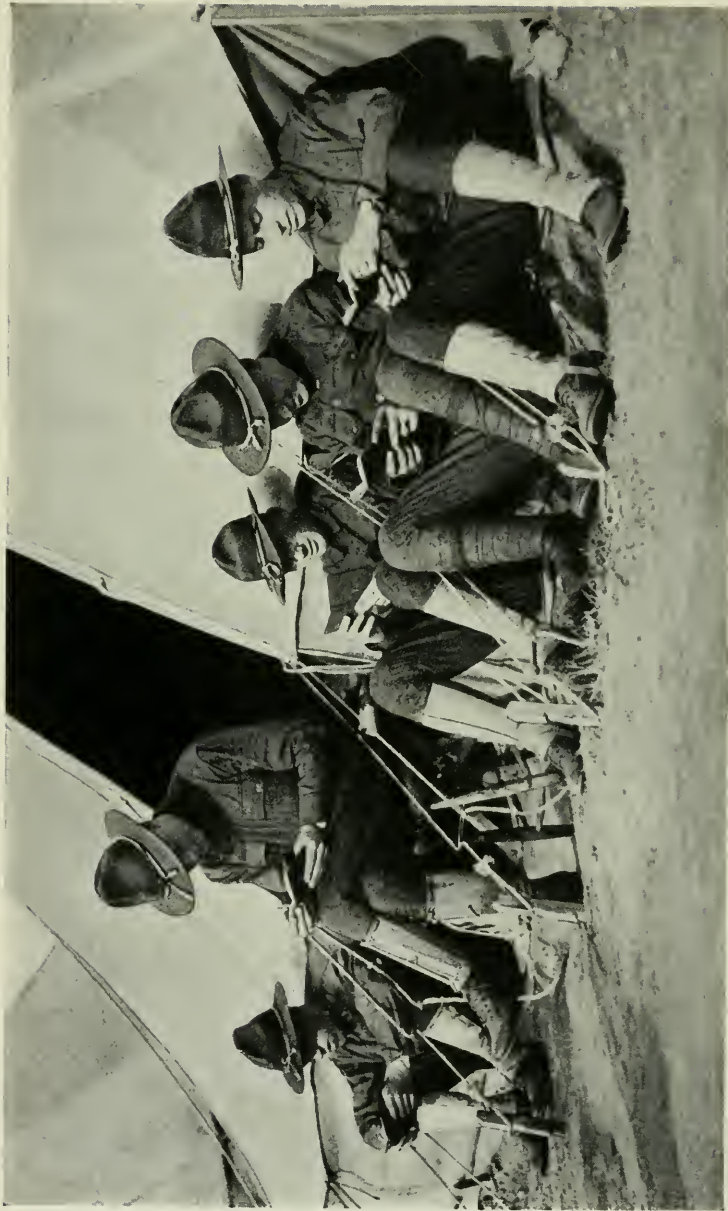
The regular sets of pictures that are being sent out include drawings of animals, coaching and hunting scenes, garden, woodland, countryside, seascape and landscape drawings, figure studies, heads, studies of children, series of famous gallery pictures, humorous prints, Peter Pan, Pickwick scenes, Harrison Fisher prints, The Hundred Best Pictures, and other portfolios. Good pictures from the art monthlies, and supplements to Christmas numbers of well-known periodicals are acceptable. Small pictures are useful for dug-outs and billets while larger ones serve for huts and "Quiet Rooms." Classical or modern pictures on religious subjects are much in demand. "In fact," ends the appeal, "we need everything that is really good of its kind and that will remind men of the home and the homeland (whether Britain or the Dominions), of the ideals and traditions inseparable from our nation and its history, of chivalry and religious devotion, and certainly everything that will bring a smile to their faces and wholesome laughter to their lips."

The librarian at Camp Devens conceived the idea of collecting illustrative material for class room use. He wrote to a dozen librarians asking for suitable pictures cut from all kinds of magazines to be mounted and sent at once to the camp library. Within a week over 1,000 mounted pictures were available for reference purposes in the camp library. The pictures illustrated such a wide range of subjects as: artillery, aviation, camouflage, communication (balloons, pigeons, signaling, telephone, wireless), field hospital and kitchens, map drawing, range finding, transportation and tunnels. Not having a regular filing cabinet, wooden packing boxes were pressed into service.



Photo by Harris & Ewing

63. READING AND RESTING IN BARRACKS
A scene from everyday life at Camp Meade



64. STUDENTS IN KHAKI

The amount of serious reading done in camp is a source of constant surprise

The pictures have been used for exhibition purposes. Green burlap stretched over one end of the library room formed the suitable exhibition surface. The men coming into the library were thus attracted to the exhibit and the books placed immediately underneath. Two privates spent their leisure time on Saturday afternoon looking over the picture collection. One Sunday, a soldier who had enjoyed these pictures brought in his wife to look at them. Many officers spent considerable time in going over the collection and making notes on the possible use they might find for the different pictures. There was a loan of some eighty pictures on trench warfare, wire entanglements, obstacles and kindred subjects, for use in illustrating a lecture given before the officers of the regiment and repeated in part to the men of several companies of the regiment. Diagrams seem to be as interesting and useful as pictures, and maps are much in demand. Lecturers have asked the librarian for postal cards illustrative of the different war fronts for use in the radioscope.

Mr. C. Lewis Hind, the art critic, in his book "The Soldier Boy" gives an incident which demonstrates the eloquence and inspiration of a good picture. A young musician, now a flight sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy, is described as at home on leave, sitting in his London study, gazing at a large photograph of Rembrandt's "Polish Rider" — "that unforgettable picture, a warrior riding forth through a romantic landscape, but the mission of this rider is born of the spirit, not of the flesh: he rides forth for right, not for might." "That picture sustains me," said the musician-soldier. "I return here for another look at it. Its message cannot fade. This war has taught me that

a picture can have the essence of immortality and can help us to see light beyond the blackness of the moment."

Mr. Hind writes of another soldier who would willingly have been a preacher-painter, but who had no talent. He had made a laborious copy of *Sic transit gloria mundi* by Watts, and when chided for cherishing so sad a theme he said "That picture is a reminder to me of the Undying Things." He himself died later a gallant death for his country. When Hind went to pay a visit of condolence to the lad's mother he visited the studio alone. Looking at the shrouded figure of the dead warrior in Watts's picture he thought of his friend beneath French soil. Death seemed hateful; life but a horrid game of chance. In the gathering twilight the gray picture grew grayer. "Why did he like it?" he murmured. From the presence at his side, felt rather than seen, came the answer: "Read the painted words above the warrior":

What I spent I had
What I saved I lost
What I gave I have.

To those who have not looked into the matter, poetry would seem to have as little place at the front as pictures. But in the *New Republic* for November 25, 1916, James Norman Hall writes of "Poetry under the fire test" and in this connection recounts certain experiences of an old classmate of his, Mason by name, who had joined the British Army and had gone to the front.

Mason tells of his return to the first line about two o'clock in the morning of a rainy autumn day. His way led him through an old communication trench nearly a foot deep in water. He fell into a short sap

leading off from the trench. It looked like the entrance to a dug-out. Between the shell explosions he heard voices. Pausing for a moment to listen he discovered that some one was reading aloud. These were the words:

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild, of calm and serene air;
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being
Unmindful of the crown which virtue gives
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Among the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

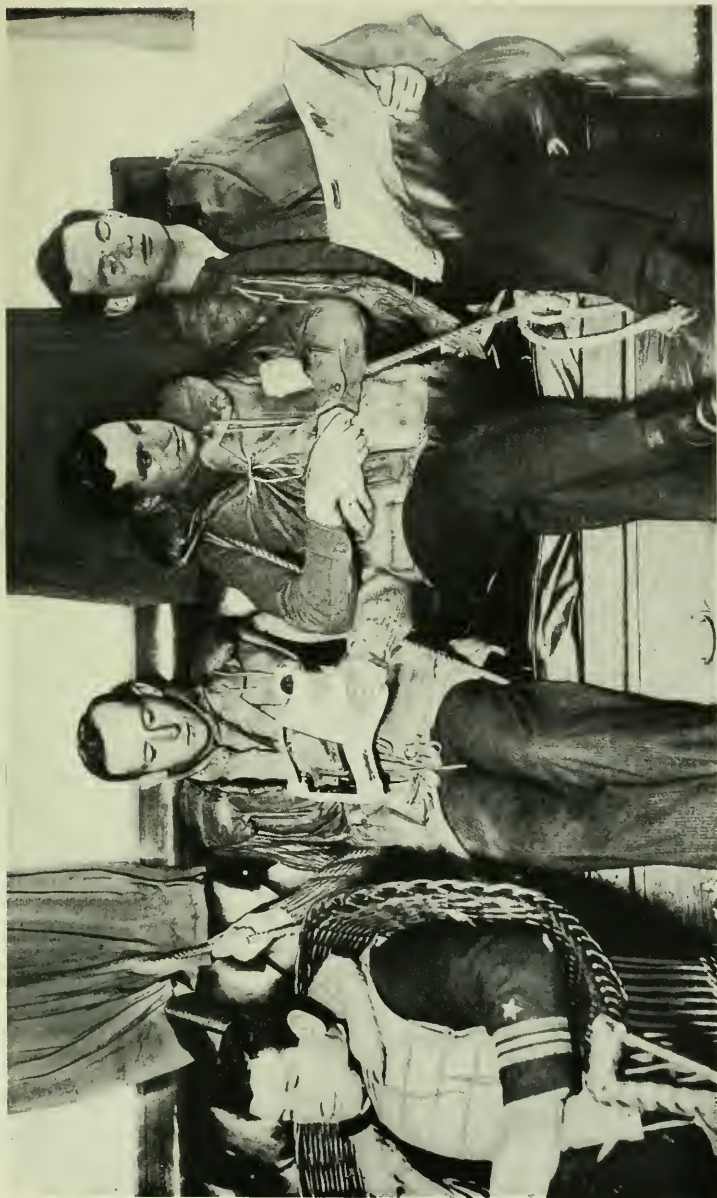
Poetry! "Comus"! At such an hour and under such conditions! Mason confessed that the circumstance so affected him that he began to cry like a baby. But in his own words: "I cried for pure joy. You say that you would want to forget that there was such a thing as beauty in the world. Well, I had forgotten. My old life before the war was like a cast-off garment which I had forgotten that I had ever owned. The life of soldiering, of killing and being killed, of digging trenches and graves, seemed to have been going on forever. Then, in a moment — how is one to tell of such an awakening? — I felt as the ancient mariner must have felt when the body of the albatross slipped from his neck and fell — how does it go? — 'like lead into the sea.' What I am trying to make clear to you is this: without realizing it, I had lost my belief in all beauty. During all those months I was vaguely aware of the lack of something, but I didn't know what it was. It is impossible to think of that time without a shudder.

"This adventure marked the beginning of what I think I may call a new epoch in my trench experiences. The seasons of fearful depression which I used to have were past and gone, although the life was just as wretched as before. At night, as I stood on sentry, I would recall the fragments of poems I knew in old days. I wrote immediately to friends in London, who prepared for me a little trench anthology of the poems I liked best. You have no idea what a comfort they have been. I've put them through the fire test, and they have withstood it splendidly."

Hall expressed an interest as to the selection, and his friend handed him a booklet in soiled paper covers. Loose leaves from books of various sizes had been sewn together into a little volume which went easily into the pocket of the soldier's tunic. Among others there were "Kubla Khan," "Comus," "The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," all of Keats's odes and "The Eve of St. Agnes," Shelley's "Alastor," Henley's "London Voluntaries," and some selections from the nineteenth-century sonnets edited by William Sharp. Hall expressed surprise at seeing several poems by Francis Thompson, whom he had never thought of as a soldier's poet, and he asked his friend why he was included. By way of answer Mason took the volume and read the first stanza of "The Poppy."

Heaven set lip to earth's bosom bare
And left the flushed print in a poppy, there.
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came
And the hot wind fanned it to flapping flame.

"You haven't stood on sentry day after day, watching the poppies grow in No-Man's Land! We have no need of war verse in the trenches. What we do



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65. AMERICAN NAVY OFFICERS READING IN THE WARD ROOM OF A DESTROYER AT SEA

Everything movable is lashed up so that it will stay in position



© *Brown Brothers, N.Y.*

66. A LIBRARY TABLE IN BARRACKS, CAMP UPTON

Many barracks are provided with small collections of books, which are changed from time to time

need is something which will take our minds off the horrors of modern warfare, after the strain is relaxed."

"Do you mean to say that all of you fellows out there are finding solace in poetry?"

"Certainly not. I merely give you my own experience. But you would be surprised if you knew how many other men do find it essential. Since that night in the communication trench I've been making inquiries, very cautiously of course, for it would never do to let some of the men know that one has such aesthetic tastes. Recently, I met a sergeant major whose experience, slight as it was, bears out splendidly this one of mine. Once, he said, when he believed that he was on the point of a nervous breakdown, he remembered suddenly two lines from Shakespeare:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

"I may have quoted incorrectly, although I think I have it straight. The effect upon him, he said, was really miraculous. His battalion had been in the first line continuously, for two weeks, and had suffered heavy casualties. At night every sandbag in the parapet had appeared to be a distorted human countenance. The men who are killed in the trench are placed on the parapets, you know, until there is an opportunity to bury them. He was in a bad way, but those two lines saved him. They called to his mind a picture of some place which he was sure that he had never seen, but one of such great beauty that he forgot the horrors of the trenches. They became a talisman to him, offering just the relief he needed in times of great mental strain. Another fellow, a man

of my own company, found this relief by repeating Hood's sonnet on Silence. You remember it?

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be;
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found.

"It's one of the finest sonnets in the language, to my way of thinking; but imagine a soldier repeating those lines to himself, under shell fire! Odd, isn't it?"

"Odd? That is hardly the word. If any one but you had told me of it, I should have said it was extremely improbable."

"My dear fellow, that is simply because you have never had occasion to put poetry to the test of fire. Come out and join us! It is worth all the hazards to discover for one's self that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. Yes," he added, "by Jove! it is worth it!"

As further evidence that poetry has stood the fire test let me quote a few passages from Lieutenant Gillespie's "Letters from Flanders," referred to more fully in another section of this book. In one of his letters home he speaks of "a famous epitaph of Plato on a friend who died young, which plays on the contrast between the morning and the evening star. Shelley has translated it, so far as I can remember:

Thou wast the morning star among the living
Ere thy pure light had fled,
Now thou art gone, thou art as Hesperus giving
New splendour to the dead. —

but the Greek is simpler and better."

On the eve of the attack in which Gillespie was killed he wrote his father a long letter ending thus: "It will be a great fight, and even when I think of you,

I would not wish to be out of this. You remember Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior':

Who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and is attired,
With sudden brightness like a man inspired.

"I never could be all that a happy warrior should be, but it will please you to know that I am very happy, and whatever happens, you will remember that."

"Just between you and me (don't tell my lieutenant)," writes a private from Camp Lewis, "I very much prefer to sit down to a little Cymbeline, Hamlet or Lear any day than grind over the stupid I. D. R. My beloved books, over which I was crazy before I came here, seem now more precious than before. Truly I think it has enabled me to keep up my spirits and health, more than anything else, to have a couple of hours free occasionally to sit in a comfortable library and read. And I have discovered that, in proportion as this camp experience is vital, all the great works of literature have a different — a larger, deeper, finer — meaning than ever before. The terrible war has a thousand and one compensations which only gradually make their appearance as time goes on.

"I don't know how it is in other libraries, but in ours there is an unusually fine collection of poetry. It is comparatively large and surprisingly well selected. That was the last thing I expected of such a library but was happily surprised. In addition to the standard poets, there are such books as Stephen Phillips' 'Paolo and Francesca,' D'Annunzio's 'Francesca da Ramini' and a great variety of contemporary poets. Fiction predominates, as it should in such a library,

and embraces most of the standard authors complete. There are, however, a great many curiosities on the fiction shelves — many of them should be called relics — representing, I suppose, the gifts of well-meaning, but untutored patriots. I am constantly surprised by the new (to me) titles of such recondite volumes. Let me assure you with all my heart that anything you or the library in which you work may do for the camp libraries is work well directed and of unquestioned service to the men who find themselves in the army. *I know!*”

“I wish that I had enough poetry in me to thank you for this,” said an American soldier to a Y. M. C. A. worker in France who had loaned him a copy of the Oxford Book of Verse. Explaining the popularity of poetry among the soldiers, a man in Camp Wadsworth hospital said to the librarian that “Service sounds as if he were talking to you.”

To the ample testimony from men in camp and at the front as to the salutary influence of poetry in these tragic times, there can be added the experience of an English nurse in France.

“Out here,” writes Miss E. M. Spearing, V. A. D., in her book “From Cambridge to Camiers,” “there is not much time for reading, but poetry has resumed something of its ancient power to console and strengthen and revive the spirit of man. Novels, though useful enough when one is sick, are either too exciting or too incongruous with our daily work, and we have no time nor energy for books that demand close study. But in the long watches of the night, when the sick or wounded are sleeping quietly around us, or in our hours off duty, when we can lie for a little while on the cliff among the sea-pinks and the tall white daisies and bask



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67. GUIDING THE READER

Many of the men need aid in book selection



© Committee on Public Information

68. HOSPITAL TRAIN

It is important that our soldiers be provided with reading matter while on long journeys

in the warm sunshine and the salt sea-breeze, then is the time to take out a thin volume of Rupert Brooke's or James Elroy Flecker's and lose ourselves in the beauty that is never old and never tires. My sister sent me last Christmas a book of 'Georgian Poetry,' and in it there is much delight for tired minds. Here is Walter de la Mare's 'Music,' and John Drinkwater's 'Of Greatham,' with its remembrances of the beloved land from which for a while we are exiles. There is John Masefield's unforgotten picture of the 'Wanderer.' Even better, I think I do love James Elroy Flecker's song of the 'Gates of Damascus' with its vision of the four Grand Wardens leaning on their spears, and the four roads that lead, one to gay Aleppo, one to Mecca the holy, one to the burning desert, and one to the enchanted sea. And yet, powerful as is the spell of these, I turn more often to the thin volume of Rupert Brooke's '1914,' and find there solace and refreshment. It has the thirst for beauty that marks the other Georgian poets, the delight in every quick and vivid movement of the senses, but it has something more too — a perception of the soul of the war that lifts it into the realm of great and tragic things. More than any other poet of the time, Rupert Brooke interpreted and embodied the spirit in which our men have gone to this fight — not from blind lust of battle or desire of conquest, not as slaves driven to the slaughter by a military tyrant, but with clear eyes and steady hands keenly conscious of the joy of life, of all that they are relinquishing, yet willing and un-afraid. To us here, who have so often to tend the dying and grieve for the dead, it is good to know how friendly Death looked to one who was so soon to face it."

Early in the war a Scotch lad often expressed a wish that if he fell, his grave should be marked with a copy of "The Requiem" by Robert Louis Stevenson. When he was killed one of the sergeants furnished the lines from memory and they were engraved on an oaken tablet and put on a cross over his last resting-place:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

5. THE BIBLE IN THE TRENCHES

Living his uneventful life before the war, the average Englishman, says Donald Hankey, could hardly be said to possess a philosophy at all, but rather a code of honor and morals, based partly on tradition and partly on his own observation of the law of cause and effect in the lives of his associates. When war came and he found himself in the ranks, he discovered that his easy-going philosophy did not quite fit in with the new demands made on him. So he had to try and think things out. But this was by no means easy. He had read very little that was of any help to him now. He could remember nothing but a few phrases from the Bible, some verses from Omar Khayyam, and a sentence or two from the Latin Syntax. But when he found himself in a support trench, heavily shelled by the enemy, Omar, who had lived before the day of high explosives, was of little comfort, and "it didn't seem quite playing the game" to turn to the Bible now after having neglected it so long. Though he could not have defined his attitude of mind, he wavered between fatalism and the gospel of the "will to prevail" and was near to becoming a disciple of Nietzsche.

To illustrate how dogma has lost its hold on the common mind, the Rev. Neville S. Talbot in his "Thoughts on Religion at the Front" tells of a song he often heard at the informal concerts given by the soldiers. It is called "The Preacher and the Bear," and he quotes it with apologies to the easily-shocked. The song is about a colored minister who, against his conscience, went out shooting on a Sunday and on

going home met a grizzly bear. Taking refuge up a tree, this is his prayer.

O Lord, who delivered Daniel from the lions' den,
 Also Jonah from the tummy of the whale — and then
 Three Hebrew chilluns from the fiery furnace,
 As the good Book do declare —
 O Lord, if you can't help me, don't help that grizzly bear!

"Here," says Mr. Talbot, "is an epitome of a far-spreading incredulity about the Bible. It is the higher criticism in its crudest popular form, and men are at the mercy of it. I have known a mess of officers engage in argument about the Bible with a skeptical Scots doctor, cleverer than they. As old-fashioned believers in the Bible they had to admit being thoroughly 'strafed' in the argument, yet they had no way out, such as an intelligent understanding of the Bible affords."

This reminds one of the sailor to whom the words in the Book of Revelation, "there was no more sea," were a source of acute misery. While unlettered he was a deeply religious man, and also a literalist, and he found the thought of a world without a sea almost intolerable. The Bible was to be believed, but what was to become of the sailors?

No belligerent government has deliberately placed obstacles in the way of Bible distribution, and from the latest reports available the offices of the British and Foreign Bible Society were still open in Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople, — the most unlikely places. The National Bible Society of Scotland reports that in 1917 its office was still open in Hungary, though its work was being carried on under famine conditions.

The American Bible Society, which has had experience in war-time distribution of the Bible, in the



Photo by Paul Thompson

69. PRINTING THE TESTAMENTS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY

The American Bible Society has furnished a million testaments to the Y. M. C. A. for our soldiers and sailors



Photo by Paul Thompson

70. PACKING THE KHAKI-COVERED TESTAMENTS FOR THE SOLDIERS

The aim is to furnish one for every man in the service

Mexican War, the Civil War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Spanish-American War, and in the recent disturbances on the Mexican border, is now hard at work supplying the troops of to-day.

Since the entrance of the United States into the war, the Society has issued in its Army and Navy editions 2,231,831 volumes of Scriptures. The majority of these have been free gifts to the chaplains of the United States Army and Navy for distribution among the troops and to the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. Special rates, often much below the cost of manufacture, have been made on all the other copies. The special grant of a million copies of New Testaments to the Army and Navy through the Y. M. C. A. was fulfilled in spite of all the difficulties due to the fuel, transportation and climatic conditions from which the country suffered during the past winter. The two chief problems before the Society have been to secure the necessary funds and to meet the growing demand. There was a rush of orders from many widely different sources. The Society's presses were running for weeks up to two o'clock at night.

The copies were sent to the troops, first of all through the nine home agencies of the Society, most of which have made special efforts to distribute them. Next they used auxiliary societies, such as the Massachusetts and the Maryland Bible Societies. Then the Y. M. C. A., with whom the American Bible Society has an understanding, drew very largely upon its resources.

The constitution of the Society prevents its placing anything within the covers of the Bible except an identification page. As the reserve funds of the Society were exhausted, it was compelled to raise more

money by a special campaign, in order to cover the cost of the books already issued, and make further provision for future issues if the war continues for a long period.

The directors of the Society feel that every enlisted man in the Army or Navy ought to have a Testament, or a Gospel, or a whole Bible for his own use. Some of the men are glad to get them and willing to pay for them, but to others they must be given free. At one of the forts in New York Harbor, before the men were transferred to concentration camps, one hundred and fifty soldiers called in one day and personally asked for Testaments.

"The Bible is certainly the best preparation that you can give to an American soldier going into battle to sustain his magnificent ideal and faith," wrote Marshal Foch in a letter of appreciation of the work of the American Bible Society.

It is felt that the best way to give a soldier a Bible or a Testament is to have it come from the people in his own home, his own town, or his own church. They should see that he gets one before he leaves. The Society has worked through these channels, and so has supplied a large number of individuals, churches, Sunday schools and local organizations. The North-eastern Department of the Society's Atlantic Agency in Pennsylvania secured \$400 from the churches of Scranton with which to buy Bibles for the soldiers going from that city and region. For the special use of the Maryland troops, the Maryland Bible Society ordered 10,000 copies of the Scriptures with a letter inserted from President Wilson, written at the request of Dr. Goucher, president of the Maryland Bible Society. The Massachusetts Society has had a letter

from the governor of the state inserted in its books and has already given many thousand copies to its troops. The New York Bible Society, operating in New York City and Harbor, has distributed 25,000 Testaments and portions, with a similar letter from Colonel Roosevelt inserted. The New York Society also issues a leaflet containing messages from a score of eminent men, including Governor Whitman, General Leonard Wood, Rear-Admiral Usher, commending the distribution.

The Pocket Testament League, with an office in the Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, is doing an exceptional work through army chaplains and the Y. M. C. A. It has issued various editions of the Testament in different bindings. One of these has the President's message to the troops on Bible reading; another has messages on the same subject from General Pershing and Colonel Roosevelt. There is also an "emergency" list of selections for the soldier to read when he is lonely, troubled or in danger. Inside the back cover is a page marked "My Decision," which thousands of soldiers and sailors have signed. The League is aiming to place 1,000,000 copies of the Testaments in the Army and Navy as quickly as possible. The son of a titled woman, a young officer serving at the Front, was killed and so mangled that the only means of identification was the "decision" signature in an "active service" Testament found on his person.

This is President Wilson's admonition to the men of the Army and Navy:

"The Bible is the Word of Life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves — read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will not

only find it full of real men and women, but also of things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not; what things make men happy — loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the real approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them; and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy — selfishness, cowardice, greed, and everything that is low and mean.

“When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness, and your own duty.”

Colonel Roosevelt’s message to the men of the forces is as follows:

“The teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah’s verse (Micah vi. 8): ‘What more does the Lord require of thee than to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?’

“Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey, for these nations in this crisis stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on this earth.

“Love mercy; treat prisoners well, succor the wounded, treat every woman as if she were your sister, care for the little children, and be tender to the old and helpless.

“Walk humbly; you will do so if you study the life and teachings of the Saviour.



71. TESTAMENTS BEING DISTRIBUTED BY THE NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY

The work is highly commended by General Leonard Wood and Rear-Admiral Usher



72. USING Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT CAMP KELLY ON SUNDAY MORNING FOR READING
AND WRITING AFTER SERVICE

Combination auditorium and club room

“May the God of justice and mercy have you in his keeping.”

A representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church Mission in France reports that one day he went to see a poor, unfortunate soldier in jail and left with him a New Testament. The following week he went again to see him. He was asked for copies for the other prisoners, and a Bible for the guard. “It was really impressive,” the pastor writes, “to see that poor fellow behind the iron gate smiling at me and sending me greetings of thanks and gratitude.”

Among the negroes employed there, says the same pastor, was one who already knew a little of the New Testament. On Easter Monday he was seen crying like a child. He had in his hand the book which had been given him and a letter.

“What have you got, my lad?” asked the pastor.

“I heard wife dead in Madagascar, and me read the New Testament.”

Another negro from New Caledonia wrote:

“I ask you for some more many copies of the Gospel for comrades, and one Saint Mathieu for me. Me doing well, — and you, my pastor, and your son, and your daughter?”

“I am your son who loves you.

“Danis.”

An English soldier was sitting on his bed reading his Bible, when several gathered round, and one said, “Don’t keep it all to yourself, lad. If you read it aloud, we can all hear.” He had quite a good audience as he read several chapters. After that, Bible reading in that hut became a regular thing, and the young man was frequently called upon to explain passages.

The Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and Young Men's Hebrew Association, working side by side for the welfare of the soldiers, have done much to break down denominationalism. A story is told of a Catholic priest asking a Y. M. C. A. secretary for a Protestant Testament to take to a Jewish boy in the hospital.

A pastor who always carries with him a few Testaments for distribution, gave one to a young soldier. Months later the pastor was visiting a hospital and was accosted by this same soldier, who, coming up, grasped him by the hand most cordially and said:

"You do not know me, do you? But I remember you. In fact I shall never forget you. I owe you a debt I can never repay. You remember that some months ago you were distributing New Testaments at the station of X —, and you gave me one. I put it in my bag, and when I got out to the front, in the midst of the awful scenes of destruction, facing danger and death, when one did not know what the moment would bring, I found time to read the little book you gave me. I am a changed man. And it is your little book that has done it. I do not know how I can ever thank you enough!"

A member of the Kansas cavalry said: "I have neglected my Bible, but I am now beginning to find out that missing the reading of the Book is just like forgetting to brush one's teeth. It seems to make an unclean feeling come upon me. So I am now keeping up my reading pretty well."

A soldier of the Second Pennsylvania Infantry said to his chaplain: "This is not the kind of Bible I wanted." When asked what kind he did want, he replied: "I want an Old Testament with the Lord's

Prayer in it." The chaplain told him that it had not yet been published. The soldier said he thought that was what he wanted. "At least, I want the part of the Bible that I can read every day." When the chaplain told him that he could read any part of it daily, the soldier was not satisfied. He said, "My mother used to read me one part of the Bible every day and that is what I want." The chaplain then began quoting the 23d Psalm. "That's it. That's what I want," he cried.

Certainly in the wars of old the thunder of the Psalms was an antidote for the thunder of battle. In the Crusades, there were but few battles against the Saracens in which there was not sung the *Venite* of the 95th Psalm, the battle cry of the Templars.

In 1380, when the Tartar hordes were advancing on Moscow, Demetrius, Grand Prince of Russia, advanced to meet the invaders on the banks of the Don. After reading the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength," he plunged into the fight which ended in the defeat of the Tartars.

The Psalms were the war-shout of John Sobieski. From them the Great Armada took its motto. They were the watchwords of Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell, the battle hymn of the Huguenots and the Cévennois.

At the battle of Courtrai in 1587 the Huguenots chanted the 24th and 25th verses of the 118th Psalm. "The cowards are afraid," cried a young courtier to the Duc de Joyeuse, who commanded the Roman Catholics; "they are confessing themselves." "Sire," said a scarred veteran, "when the Huguenots behave thus, they are ready to fight to the death."

In Great Britain's Civil War the beginning of a

battle was frequently heralded by the singing of Psalms. This was true of the Battle of Marston Moor. As his troopers bore the body of John Hampden to his grave, they chanted the 90th Psalm, which since 1662 has had its place in the burial service of the Prayer Book.

The Psalms were the battle cry of the Huguenots in 1704 when Cavalier won a brilliant victory. It was with the singing of the 48th Psalm that Roland, one of the Camisard leaders, routed the Royalists at the Bridge of Salindres in 1709.

Reading and believing as did these warriors of old, produced men of the type of Sir Richard Grenville, who, with his hundred men and his little forty-ton frigate, fought against fifty-three Spanish ships of war manned with ten thousand men. Sir Richard's last words have been lovingly preserved for us by Sir Walter Raleigh:

"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do."

6. BOOKS FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS

Last spring, in the recreation room of an English military hospital, I was watching a group of wounded men playing billiards. One very young lad who had lost both legs was taking his turn in the game from the point of vantage of a wheeled chair. I started to talk with him, but he saw at once that sympathy was uppermost in my mind. "Oh," said he, trying to help me out, "I'm not so badly off. My pal's the one to be pitied. He lost both his eyes!"

Anything rather than that, is the feeling of the fighting man. Nothing is more heartrending than the sight of the wounded in the hospitals, with eyes bandaged, their fate not yet known to themselves. Here you see men with one eye gone and the other much injured, — clinging to the belief that the remaining one is or will be quite sound, — and the nurse has not the heart to undeceive them.

The old idea that responsibility ended with the return of the soldier to private life has given place to a new sense of duty on the part of the Government. It is felt that it is not enough to heal the soldier's wounds and give him a pension, but he must be re-educated and equipped for his return to civil life so that he may be as useful as possible to himself and to his country.

With this end in view, Italy, England and France have already introduced into their convalescent hospitals practical instruction for wounded soldiers. Actual manual work is being utilized not only for its good effect upon both mind and body, but for its real vocational and commercial value to the soldier upon his return to civil life. Courses in light metal work,

mechanical drawing, woodwork, clay modeling, automobile and internal combustion engine work, shoe repairing, gardening, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping and floriculture are being offered to the wounded soldier just as soon as he is able to undertake physical and mental exertion. The result is that already, in many instances, though handicapped by loss of limb and even sight, the re-educated soldier has been able to take a position often more remunerative than the one he held before enlistment.

The task of providing books for the blinded soldiers is one that requires no small amount of thought and care. It must be remembered in the first place that these men are beginners in reading with the fingers, and that it is necessary to supply them with books where fully contracted Braille is employed. This means that they have to master many abbreviations. Handbooks also have to be prepared to aid them in the various occupations it is essential for them to learn, so that they may be fully equipped later on to take their place in the world of workers.

As the men are taught highly specialized occupations, there is always a demand for books of a technical nature. It is necessary for them to have instruction books on massage, anatomy and physiology, poultry-culture, rabbit-keeping, netting and other industries which have been found suitable. A soldier also wants to keep up to date as regards war news, to be able to read for himself topical books on the war. There is a weekly newspaper published by the National Institute for the Blind, "*The Braille Weekly Edition of the Daily Mail*," which consists of sixteen pages of the week's news and is sold for a penny.

It is surprising to note the rapidity with which the

soldiers learn to read and write in Braille. This is no doubt due to the fact that each pupil is given an individual teacher. Many of the men have been used to an active, open-air life and their fingers have become calloused by work, so that they have to acquire the necessary sensitiveness of touch to enable them to pass their fingers over the embossed dots of a Braille page and substitute their fingers for their eyes. Yet many of them become comparatively proficient readers in six months time. After that it is a matter of continued practice for them to become more and more expert. Many of the men who in the ordinary course of life would read but little good literature are now, because of the handicap of their blindness, beginning to read some of the best authors. As a compensation for their loss of sight they are being introduced to the joys of good reading and are being re-educated along new lines.

Two institutions in particular have become quite famous for this work of re-education, — St. Dunstan's in London and Le Phare de France in Paris.

THE WORK IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

St. Dunstan's hostel for blinded sailors and soldiers has become, under Sir Arthur Pearson's genius for organization, a model of practical work for the blind. Part of the success of his organization of the work, which has increased with his own loss of sight, has been due to the excellently maintained system of communication between the military and medical authorities. Before the blinded soldier has even left the military hospital some little task is given him to occupy his mind and encourage him in his effort to acquire a new form of usefulness. From the military

hospital he goes to St. Dunstan, where everything that ingenuity can suggest and generosity provide is done to lift him from mental despondency over his loss. The hostel has been called the "Happiest House in London." The aim is to stimulate individual initiative and develop the imagination. In the class rooms he is taught Braille reading and typewriting. Every man is given a typewriter for his own use as soon as he has passed the writing test. He stays until he is proficient in some line and is then assisted in various ways to make his entry into the new life. On leaving the men are well supplied with Braille books. The National Library for the Blind lends books free to all British soldiers blinded in the war, the cost of transportation being met by the National Institute for the Blind.

In France, the same work is being done by Le Phare de France, Paris, and Le Phare de Bordeaux. Le Phare de France, literally "the lighthouse of France," under the supervision of the Department of the Interior and the Ministry of War, claims the distinction of being the only college for the re-education of the blinded soldier. It was opened in March, 1916, by the President of the French Republic and the American Ambassador.

Miss Winifred Holt, a daughter of Henry Holt, the New York publisher, was one of the founders of the "lighthouse." She has practical schemes for arousing the interest of the blind. A visitor noticed a small bronze elephant near the edge of her desk. "He is one of my best friends," she said. "When I have a blind soldier brought in to me for the first time he sits hopelessly in that chair, and it is my business to get hold of him. Presently, after the manner of the blind,

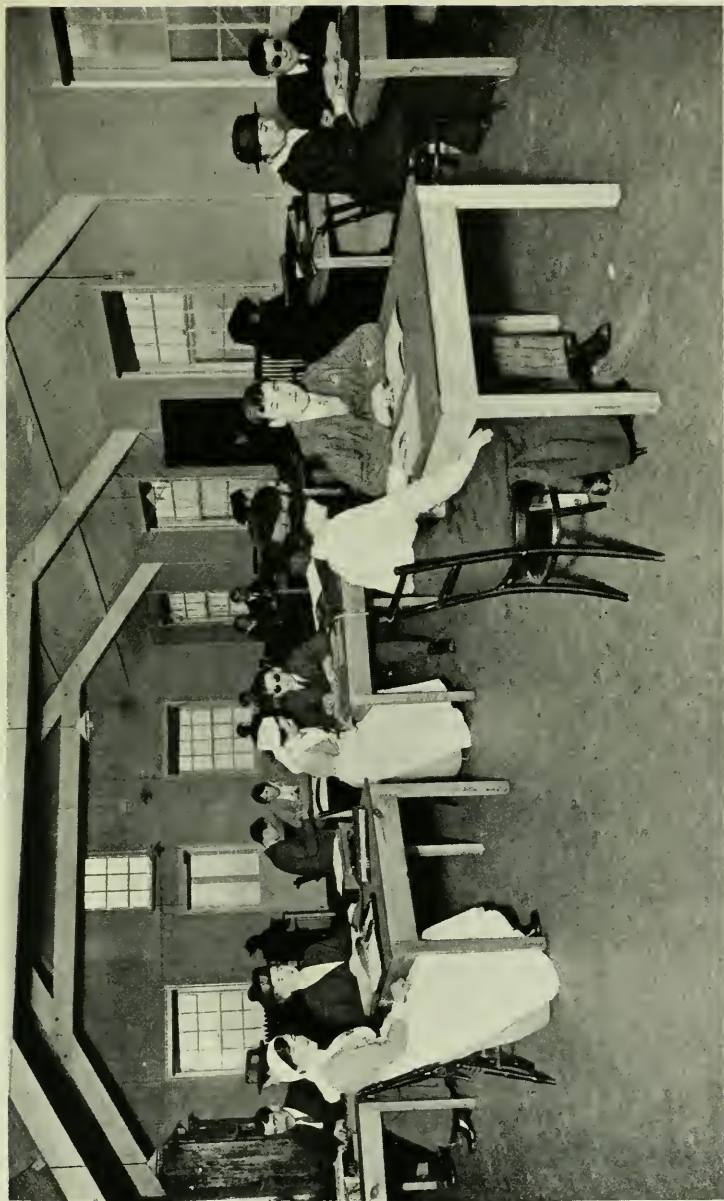


Photo by Bassano

73. CLASS ROOM IN ST. DUNSTAN'S HOSTEL, LONDON

Each pupil has an individual instructor



Topical Press Agency, London

74. THE MIRACLE OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

Blinded soldier being taught the use of a writing machine

his hands vaguely grope as he talks and soon fall on the elephant, and I say, 'What are you touching?' In a moment he has run his hand along the animal and says, 'An elephant.' Then I can show him that he need not despair since he can see with his hands."

Although the aim of *Le Phare de France* is the higher education of the blinded soldier, its doors are open to all classes from the officer of high rank to the humble *poilu*, the only passport required being blindness and potential intelligence. Of the subjects taught, typewriting and stenography are the most popular as well as the most necessary, for it is through these two branches primarily that the blind soldier is able to be reunited with the seeing world. The special commercial courses as well as the arts and crafts are also popular, while weaving, the operation of knitting machines, printing presses, modeling and the making of pottery likewise come in for their share of popular attention. A wounded patient from Verdun, his right arm as well as his sight gone, on being introduced to an American checker-board adapted for the blind and finding that he could still beat his kindly visitor with all her faculties intact, was so pleased and encouraged that he took a new interest in life and from checkers went on to learn Braille and other simple things until he was able to leave the military hospital and take up in earnest the study of some line of useful work.

A strong Zouave came back carried like a child, with no eyes, no legs, and only one arm. However, he laughed aloud when he found that he could not only learn to read but that one arm would also do things quite useful and of commercial value.

The Valentin Haüy Association gives the blinded

soldiers certain useful instruction. It has organized a commercial course and gives instruction in reading and writing Braille, in writing with a pen and with a "guide." It prints in Braille easily read books of an attractive kind, like the works of François Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, and Alexandre Dumas. Its library is open to them, and twice a day readings are given for their benefit, — the morning one being devoted to the newspapers. The Association aims at a sort of family life. The idea underlying all its work is that a blind person can and must reconstruct his life. A Braille journal, *La Lumière*, is published for the men blinded in battle. A blind man is on the editorial staff.

"A Beacon for the Blind," the life of Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster General of England, by Miss Winifred Holt, with a preface by Lord Bryce, has been put into English Braille by the National Institute for the Blind, and is now being read by the British soldiers blinded in battle. A French translation by the Marquis de Vogüé has been put into French Braille by the National Institute for the Blind, — a gift from the British to their blinded allies.

Miss Alice Getty, an American, is doing in Paris a novel work for the blinded soldiers. It originated in the fall of 1915 when she was asked by two blinded French officers if she would not give them some lessons in English so that they could converse with their English-speaking blinded comrades. Miss Getty tried to find an English grammar written in Braille, but learned that the only ones in Paris were at the Valentin Haüy Association and could not be loaned. Thereupon Miss Getty decided to make up her own Braille grammar. While doing this, she became impressed with the urgent need for literature for the blind. She

purchased a machine for printing in Braille and transformed a vacant apartment into a printing shop called "The Wheel" (the eastern symbol of wisdom).

When a request for a French-Spanish grammar reached her, and no such book could be found, Miss Getty made up one with the aid of a person who knew the Spanish Braille alphabet. Next came a request for instruction books in massage, — a calling in which blinded soldiers have become particularly adept. Miss Getty then began to issue books which would help to keep blind men in touch with modern thought and the literature of today. Copies of each work were sent to six Braille libraries in the provinces. Before long ninety-seven blinded soldiers were drawing individually on the collection which Miss Getty had established.

When the printing office and library developed to a point where they were too large for Miss Getty to handle personally, they were taken over by the American-British-French-Belgian Permanent Blind Relief War Fund. This Fund supplies books to the various institutions in the different countries as well as any individual blinded soldier with whom the officials may get in touch.

The English grammar with which Miss Getty began is now in its third edition, as is also its companion volume, "English Words Grouped According to Sound." Two editions of the Spanish grammar by Sauer-Serrano have been issued, followed by a better one by Hernandez. The record for the last three months of 1917 was 875 volumes printed and bound in cardboard. A recent report states that a total of 3765 volumes have been turned out. Two or three books are sent each month to every person

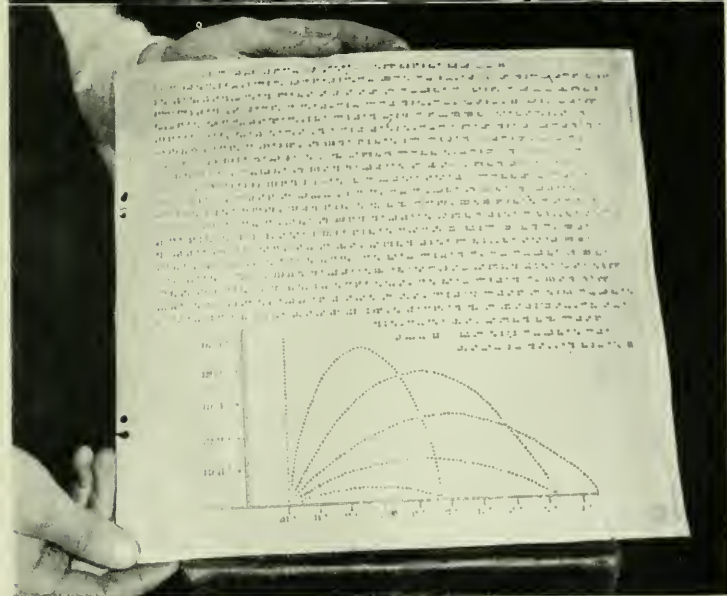
on the "Wheel's" mailing list. Some of these works are being illustrated by a special process.

Miss Getty's plant and library, supported largely by donations from the United States, are now located at the headquarters of the Fund, 75 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PLANS

The United States Government has plans for the rehabilitation of the blind which incorporate not only the good features of the English and French institutions, but provide for the care of the men in France before embarkation. It looks after their training on board ship *en route* to this country, provides a complete course of instruction in a hospital school after their return, and secures suitable positions for them when they are ready to re-enter civil life.

For this work Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett has given her residence, with its ninety-acre estate, at Roland Park, near Baltimore. The house has been fitted up as a complete hospital school for the blind, with class rooms, auditoriums, shops, swimming pools and gymnasiums. It is planned to train the blind soldier to live as a blind man, to give him faith in himself, to teach him the mental and physical value of steady employment, to find light through work. It will give him the essentials of various occupations. The committee in charge of this work says in its report that blind men ought to be distributed among the patients for the purpose of broadening their interests and of securing the assistance of comrades, and avoid separating them in a "blind ward." The course of study will include reading and writing Braille; the use of the typewriter; transcribing from the dictaphone, and



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75. LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

Upper: Making an embossed map of the seat of the war
Lower: Braille sheet with diagram showing the range of projectiles



76. PRINTING THE WAR NEWS FOR BLIND SOLDIERS © Kadel & Herbert, New York
Some of the women operatives are blind

telephone switch-board operating; and such manual occupations as weaving, woodworking, cement work, and netting, and various branches of gymnastics and athletics. It is estimated that from three months to one year will be required for the entire course.

So interested has Eugene Brieux, the French playwright, become in the re-education of the blinded soldiers that he has addressed to them a series of four letters written in a style whose charm springs from its simplicity, sincerity and freedom from sentimentality. They have been copied in Braille so that every blind soldier can read them for himself. Though intended primarily for agricultural laborers and mechanics they contain information, advice and encouragement for all men who are trying to adjust themselves to "a new life wherein their eyes are in their finger tips." The first is a note of cheer to take up life anew, with serenity and courage, as well as happiness, for "when one knows beforehand that in playing a game one is bound to win, there is no need to hesitate, but play the hand." In the other letters he urges the learning of a handicraft, discusses the choice of a craft, and strongly advises the learning of Braille not merely for the pastime and instruction but also for the sake of correspondence and the keeping of accounts. Brieux firmly believes that there are

"New lamps for old — behind those vacant eyeballs
There lies a brain that has a thousand eyes
That can be taught to see the hidden world
That in an unseen world most truly lies."

7. SINGING SOLDIERS

Major-general Bell firmly maintains that "A singing man is a fighting man." He believes with Major-general Greble that "It is better on a long hike to have the men singing than to rely upon a band to help sore feet and a heavy pack," and he was therefore looking for 44,000 song books and instruments with which to teach the soldiers in the Department of the East to sing.

That singing soldiers can not only march further but fight better needs little proof. Since the days of Cromwell's famous "psalm-singing Ironsides," the communicative inspiration of vocal music as men march has been understood and appreciated. Arthur O'Shaughnessy puts it:

Three men with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

The Commission on Training Camp Activities has appointed song leaders in the various camps and cantonments with a view to developing singing in the American Army. It is their purpose to extend the work until all the camps in the United States are supplied. Colonel Cooper, Chief of Staff at Camp Dodge, recently remarked, "It is monotony that kills men off. A man gets tired of drill, tired of doing the same things in barracks, tired even of getting shot at. We need company leaders to teach the men new songs; we need instructors who can show the men how to get up their own minstrel shows and dramatic entertainments." Realizing that everything that can be devised in the way of wholesome amusement toward breaking up monotony is of direct help in making

better soldiers, Congress not only approved appropriations for the work, but Commanding Officers were reported as being uniformly enthusiastic over the idea of sending a singing army to France.

One of the many things emphasized by the war is that music—from the whistling of a lively tune to dispel the blues, to the soothing lullaby that quiets all fears—is not the luxury it has sometimes been considered, but is in reality an essential part of daily human life. “It has been many years,” says Mr. Allen Downes, “since men have become aware of the value of song, of the absolute need of it, as they are now.” In moments of monotony, stress, grief or hope the soldier’s thoughts and emotions often find relieved expression in singing. And the content of the song is of little moment; the encouragement and soothing calm come from the mere fact that he is singing.

“It is just as essential that soldiers know how to sing as it is that they carry rifles and know how to shoot,” said Major-general Leonard Wood, in a recent talk to the men of his command at Fort Riley, Kansas. “Singing is one of the things they should all learn. It sounds odd to the ordinary person when you tell him that every soldier should be a singer, because the layman cannot reconcile singing with killing. But when you know the boys as I know them, you will realize how much it means to them to sing. There isn’t anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise a soldier’s spirits like a good catchy, marching tune. When a man has been tramping for hours in the hot sun, carrying a heavy pack on his back, or when he is toiling along in the mud on a cold, rainy day, or when he has to remain in the barracks all day with nothing to do, singing drives away the

'dumps' and makes him sit up and find that the clouds have a cheerful lining. I have seen men toiling for hours through the mud and rain, every one of them dejected, spiritless, tired and cold, wet and forlorn, cursing the day they entered the army, transformed into a happy, devil-may-care frame of mind through a song. Their heads pop up in the air, their eyes sparkle and the spring comes back to their step."

To give a few concrete illustrations of this: "While I waited," Mr. Allen Downes writes from Camp Devens, "there came what I thought at first to be the sound of distant fifes, but in a moment a company of men came marching snappily over the hill, and I saw that they were whistling every bit as snappily as they were marching, some kind of a fighting tune. . . . Another company came by in a moment, singing. The tune was 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.' The text was original. Many of the texts and also the tunes are original at Camp Devens, which is one of the surest and best signs of the real place that music is taking in the daily life of the men. The whistling was glorious. It added the last note to a scene of life and bustle of a sort not to be observed in peace times."

"Between five and six thousand men participated in the most inspiring evening I have ever enjoyed," wrote an officer from Syracuse. "When everybody sang 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' and Harry Barnhart got the soldiers emphasizing 'Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His Truth is Marching on!' you should have seen the faces glowing under the lights. The camp became inspired. The men cheered and cheered. Then the Southern boys called for 'Carry me back to Old Virginny' and 'My Old Kentucky Home.' The



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77. SINGING SOLDIERS AT STUDENT OFFICERS' RESERVE TRAINING CAMP,
FORT BENJAMIN HARRISON

The leader is Paul Hyde Davies, a grand-opera singer



78. U. S. MARINES RECEIVING SINGING LESSONS
A new and successful feature of modern camp activities

harmony was wonderful. Automobiles way out on the road tooted their horns, and it was ten minutes before the enthusiasm subsided. We sang from eight o'clock until ten o'clock, and ended with the 'Star Spangled Banner.' I have never heard this song SUNG before. The Commanding Officer came forward after the singing and said it was the greatest thing he had ever listened to." Music certainly deserves its place as a universal language since almost without exception every one once interested loves to sing.

"Nor is it at all the ragtime songs that interest the men the most, for the old songs: 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' still compete with the songs the men are inventing all the time. These latter are enjoyed as diversions, but the songs that are turned to again and again are the work of those who have been able to translate into music the yearnings, hopes and aspirations of the human heart" — for in all ages it has been these songs that have quickened endurance and valor and unified the mass spirit of men to the highest degree, making music what it has always been, but seldom realized, one of the vital forces of a nation.

"It is like going without food to be for eight months without music," came back word from the general headquarters in France, while a boy home for a serious wound is said to have remarked after attending a concert, that the concert "had bucked him up for the rest of the war."

Another incident is related of the present campaign in France — where the indomitable spirit of one English officer saved hundreds of exhausted men

from capture simply by means of a toy drum which he bought and played himself, and a penny whistle played in turn by two dragoons until the men were marched ten miles into safety.

In her Paris letter to *Musical America*, Leonore Raines comments upon the attitude of the American soldiers toward music as observed by their attendance at the Paris concerts. "The American soldier shows good discrimination in his choice of music," she writes. "Nothing put before him passes unappreciated. The men, generally in the early twenties, are by no means childish in their choice of songs, preferring usually music that is neither too light nor too heavy."

In order to aid the Commission on Training Camp Activities still further in its work of making Sammy a singing soldier, a National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music has been created. One of the Committee's tasks has been the compilation of a new Army and Navy song book published by the Government under the title of "Songs of the Soldiers and Sailors." The book is made up of songs that have proved popular in the camps; songs like the marching and hiking songs of the British soldiers, — songs that have a sectional appeal and the National Songs of the Allies. On the verso of the title-page is Walt Whitman's ringing line: "I see America go singing to her Destiny."

Perhaps America may be destined after all to supply musical as well as material sinews of war to the Allied cause, for "Tipperary" was the creation of a New York Jew, though written in England. And now from Italy, the traditional land of song, comes word that a translation of Henry T. Burleigh's "The Young Warrior" is one of the Italian soldiers' most

popular songs. In the face of this glowing prospect Mr. Arthur Farwell, president of the National Association for Community Music, has the temerity to remark in a letter to Major-General Bell, that it is his belief that not twenty-five men in a thousand can repeat two stanzas of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Mr. Farwell visited the officers' training camp at Plattsburg early last summer and at several of the mass-meetings tested the men on this point — with sad results. He believes, however, that a good song-leader, with printed words in the hands of every man, satisfactory lighting, a band under the direction of the song-leader, music for the band in the proper key for men's voices, coupled with the right music, and a little periodic exercise in singing under these conditions, might work reform. "For it must be held in mind," he adds, "that it is a wide-spread fallacy to think that all a crowd of people have to do to sing is to get up and sing, because every experienced song-leader knows that it cannot be done so easily."

Despite Mr. Farwell's rather discouraged attitude toward the American soldier's lack of the "sense of get-together in singing," much has already been accomplished in the work of teaching "Sammy" the "songs that will cheer and inspire him when he gets to the places where the regimental bands cannot follow." Men like Harry Barnhart, Robert Lloyd, Kenneth Clarke, Geoffrey O'Hara and Vernon Stiles have come forward to help "inspire tired footsore men to sing for the sheer love of it" without any of the accessories usually considered essential. Geoffrey O'Hara, the young American composer, who has accomplished such marvels in the huge mobilization camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, started without

lights and without music, a pile of lumber serving as a platform, until the carpenters took even that away. Kenneth Clarke, the composer of well-known Princeton University songs, at a loss to provide the words of the songs most wanted, pressed the newspapers into service by having them print song sheets containing the words of the songs most popular. Robert Lloyd, in charge of the singing at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara, finding that almost fifty per cent of the failures to secure commissions the previous summer were due to inability to give commands distinctly, is now giving, with his singing, instruction in voice training. The success of these instructions may be demonstrated in the case of a soldier handicapped by a habit of stuttering but otherwise physically perfect. Locating the trouble, Mr. Lloyd gave him a few simple suggestions in the use of standard tone which were so quickly and effectually put into practice that even efforts to make him stutter failed completely.

Vernon Stiles, the Rough Rider concert soloist, believing that the spontaneous impulse to song is to be found in all armies, set to work upon the boys of Camp Devens. It is no small undertaking to make a camp of thousands of soldiers express themselves in song spontaneously as well as artistically. But Mr. Stiles, who is first of all a good fellow with a real regard for his companions, as well as an experienced singer with practical ideas in organization that are both direct and elastic, makes every minute count for work. His first admonition to the men who had gathered in a state of partial amusement, earnestness and curiosity, is said to have had the effect of popping from his mouth like the report of a gun: "Show your teeth and

smile!" He also makes the men speak the words before they sing them, so that when they sing they will not only open their mouths and lungs but make both the words and the tune tell. Above all, he insists that they be awake, alert and high-spirited, showing by the expression of their faces that they not only know what they are singing about and understand the words, but that the singing is the only thing on their minds and is being done with their whole soul. Already it is said that more than a million men in training are doing company hikes to the blood-stirring strains of "Smile, Smile, Smile," or "I don't care where they send me." They are also learning that an evening in camp may be quite a jolly affair when they can join in "The long, long trail," or "Keep the home fires burning," or "Over there," especially if under the leadership of someone who, with the spirit of good fellowship, knows how to put "pep" into tired homesick men.

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder,
Nor the five-inch crust of khaki colored dust,
That makes you think you're growing older;

And it's not the hike on the broad turnpike
That drives away your smile,
Nor the socks of sisters, that raise the blooming blisters,
It's the *last, long mile.*

The author of the "First Hundred Thousand" describes again this revivifying power of good fellowship and singing on tired footsore men after viewing a battalion of Tommies swinging down the road loaded like Christmas trees with their cumbrous kits, — sweating, singing, whistling as they march toward the trenches.

“A husky soloist breaks into one of the deathless ditties of the New Scottish Laureate,” he says, “his comrades take up the air with ready response; and presently we are all swinging along to the strains of ‘I Love a Lassie,’ ‘Roaming in the Gloaming’ and ‘It’s Just Like Being at Home.’ Then presently come snatches of a humorously armorous nature — ‘Hallo, Hallo, Who’s your lady friend?’; ‘You’re my baby’; and the ungrammatical ‘Who were you with last night?’ Another great favorite is an involved composition which always appears to begin in the middle. It deals severely with the precocity of a youthful lover who has been detected wooing his lady in the Park. Each verse ends with enormous gusto ‘Hold your hand *oot*, you naughty boy!’”

But as Ian Hay points out elsewhere, the inspiring effect of this lusty singing does not always come to the hearers, for the Boche over the way is inclined to resent Tommy’s efforts at harmony.

Sing us a song, a song of Bonnie Scotland!

Any old song will do. *

By the old camp-fire, the rough-and-ready choir

Join in the chorus too.

“You’ll tak’ the high road and I’ll tak’ the low road” —

’Tis a song that we all know,

To bring back the days in Bonnie Scotland,

Where the heather and the bluebells —

“Whang! The Boche, a Wagnerian by birth and upbringing, cannot stand any more of this, so he has fired a rifle-grenade at the glee-party — on the whole a much more honest and direct method of condemnation than that practiced by musical critics in time of peace. But he only elicits an encore. Private Nigg perches a steel helmet on the point of

a bayonet, and patronizingly bobs the same up and down above the parapet."

The same author tells of a man of mystery in the ranks whose nearest approach to animation comes at church when he sings the hymns — especially "Oh, God, our help in ages past!" This he renders as if he were author and composer combined. A "Tommy" sings all the hymns with great vigor, particularly if he happens to know them and to like the tunes.

This love and need of music on the part of the soldier was early recognized by England in the equipment of the Territorial camps. Pianos for the marquees were provided and a penny edition of "Camp songs" was sold by the hundreds. This little book contained a selection of patriotic, humorous and sentimental songs that have always been favorites with soldiers. These songs also proved useful in promoting the success of the "sing-song," which came as a welcome relief after a hard day of routine camp duties. The "sing-song" closed generally a few minutes before the men had to be in their quarters for the night, usually ending with a hymn and short prayer, followed by the National Anthem. These "sing-songs" as well as the unconventional religious services, where there was plenty of singing, have been very popular in the British camps. Preferences for Charles Wesley's "Sun of my Soul," Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" and Dr. Monsell's "Fight the Good Fight" were generally expressed. Often after the Sunday evening service had closed the men would stay for another hour and sing hymns.

The hymns in themselves are quite popular on all occasions, "Jerusalem the Golden" being a prime favorite while waiting for breakfast. When some

members of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry were in the Ypres salient, and saw their first shell explode, some one said: "Pass the word down to Jimmy to start up his old favorite 'When the roll is called up yonder.'" "Jimmy" sang three verses, and the men joined in the chorus. On another occasion "Jimmy" started to sing "Abide with me," a number of the men joining in though they did not know the words. Once started, however, they had hymns until the order came to sit about the trench and cook their supper.

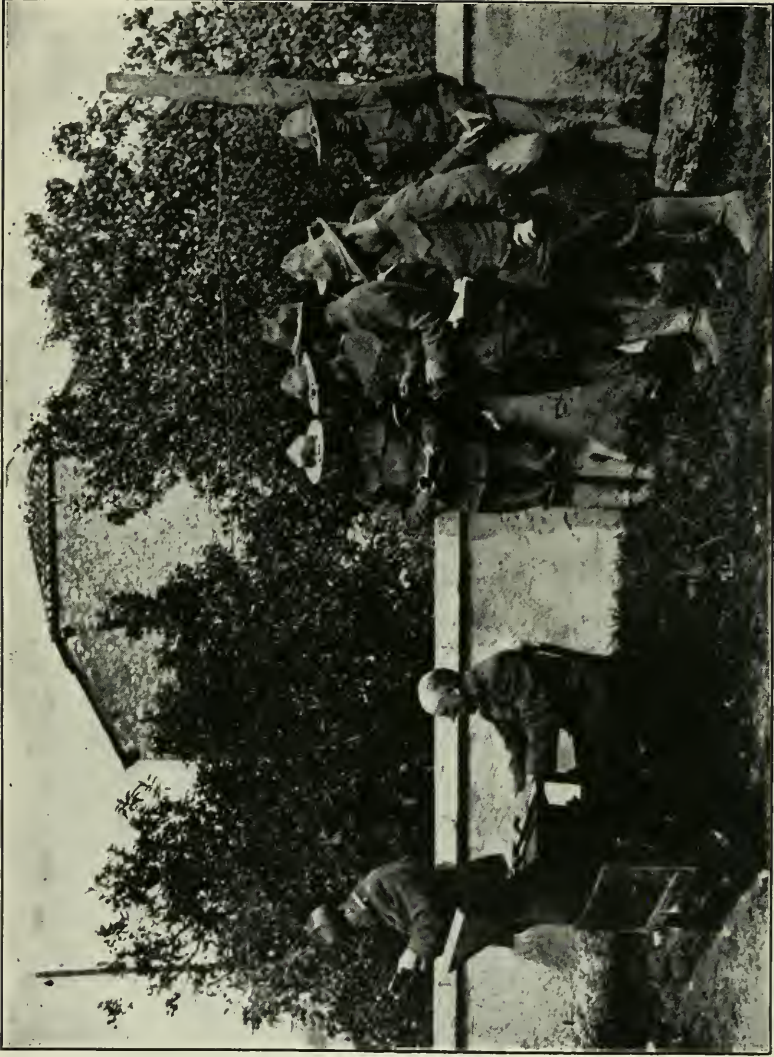
Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson in his "Carry On," pictures the men in their dugouts sitting at night by a fire, and singing almost every hymn and tune they know. They manage a kind of glee, with "Clementine," "Three Blind Mice," "Long, Long Ago," "Silver Threads among the Gold," "In the Gloaming," "Rock of Ages," "The Star of Bethlehem," "I Hear you Calling Me," interspersed with "Everybody Works but Father," and "Poor Old Adam." "Another song," he adds, "we sing under shell-fire as a kind of prayer. We sing it as we struggle knee-deep in the appalling mud. We sing it as we sit by a candle in our deep captured German dugouts:

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing
 And a white moon beams:
 There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true;
 Till the day when I'll be going down
 That long, long trail with you."

"Almost the last thing you find anybody singing, however," Lieutenant Dawson goes on to say, "is a patriotic song; just as the last thing you find any-



79 SINGING IN A KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS BUILDING, CAMP HANCOCK
Singing is one of the best forces tending to keep up the morale of the army



French Official Photograph

80. AMERICAN SOLDIERS SINGING HYMNS BY A FRENCH ROADSIDE

body reading is Rupert Brooke's poems. When the men sing among the shell holes they seem to prefer a song with patriotic flavor which burlesques their own heroism." "Picture to yourself," Lieutenant Dawson adds, "a company of mud-stained men in steel helmets plodding their way under intermittent shelling through a battered trench, whistling and humming the following splendid sentiments of 'The Complaint of the Conscientious Objector':

Send us the army and the navy. Send us the rank and file,
 Send us the grand old territorials, they'll face the danger with a smile.
 Where are the boys of the old brigade who made old England free?
 You may send my mother, my sister and my brother,
 But for Gawd's sake don't send me.

"It is perhaps of interest to state that the last line is always shouted. I am tempted at this point," he continues, "to be discursive and ask how it is that the doggerel poetry, which really represents our chaps, has never got out of the mud and back to civilization. It's all a mad burlesque of the splendid things that are being done — a parody of the fineness which our men are living." Perhaps it is because the British soldier loves sentiment and burlesque and calls the real heroics "swank" and "putting on side." This last he cannot endure for he is too earnest and simple-hearted for self-glorification. To him parody relieves the tension and song serves as an outlet for pent-up emotion. As Donald Hankey expresses it: "We sing as we march. Such songs we sing! All about coons and girls, parodies of hymns, parodies about Kaiser Bill, and sheer unadulterated nonsense. We shall probably sing,

Wher's yer girl?
 Ain't yer got none?

as we march into battle."

On all occasions, in fact, no matter where he is, Tommy is a singing soldier. He even sings to the village patronne when ordering his meals, as Mr. Patrick MacGill, the soldier-poet, relates in his "Soldier Songs."

Voulez vous donnez moi
S'il vous plait
Pain et beurre
Et café au lait.

He serenades the maiden at the village pump:

Après la guerre fini
Soldat Anglais partee
M'selle Frongsay boko pleury
Après la guerre fini.

In English his favorite idea of peace is:

When the war is over
We're going to live in Dover
When the war is over we're going to have a spree,
We're going to have a fight
In the middle of the night
With the whizz-bangs a-flying in the air.

From Le Havre and the Somme came back these favorites:

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all;
Damp is my dug-out, cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.
Over the sandbags helmets you'll find
Corpses in front and corpses behind.

CHORUS

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers can't get at me,
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for the sergeant to sing me to sleep.

Most of the verse is of little importance, as Mr. MacGill points out, for a crowd has no sense of poetic values. Most of the origins even, have been lost, for in these spontaneous choruses that voice the moods of the moment, it is the singing alone that is important; it is the singing that gives the expression to the rhymed lines, while the surroundings give them their point. "Tipperary" means home when it is sung in a shell-shattered billet, but on a long march it spells Berlin, the goal of high enterprise and great adventures.

Often the wounded are located on the battle-field by their singing. Not infrequently they sing on the stretchers and in ambulances and time after time they sing in the hospitals. The greater the pain the more likely are they to sing as a sort of diversion. It helps them to forget the pain, they say. One poor fellow lay crooning a little song to his horribly wounded hand as if to lull the agony it gave him. Another strapping fellow said that when the shooting pains began in his frozen trench-feet, he had to sing to keep from cursing.

"If troubadours sang like that, I am not surprised they broke many hearts," wrote Dorothy Cator who had fallen ill while nursing in a French military hospital, as the notes of an exquisite voice from the barracks opposite floated into the window behind her.

Everywhere you turn you find the soldier making use of this power of rhythm and song to soothe and to encourage. The English troops march up to battle singing. They cross the bags, singing. They hold a trench under the fiercest fire, singing. In the midst of monotony, drudgery, suffering, danger and death, the soldier finds himself singing or whistling with per-

sistent cheerfulness. The songs run the whole gamut from the sung and whistled march tunes to those queer, whimsical, ironical grumbling songs that after the true fashion of folk-poetry exist in numerous versions — of the type of “I Want to Go Home” — for they express what no soldier denies even while he “fights valiantly on — his utter fed-upness!”

When this ruddy war is over
Oh how happy I shall be.

The songs most sung are the national songs, the song of home, and the songs of cheer — songs like “The Marseillaise,” “John Brown’s Body,” “When Irish Eyes are Smiling,” “Come Back to Erin,” “Annie Laurie,” “Keep the Home Fires Burning,” “Tipperary,” “Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty,” “Put Me on the Train to London Town,” “Back Home in Tennessee,” “Old Kentucky Home,” “There’s a Long, Long Trail a-Winding,” “Give Me Your Smile,” “If You Were the Only Girl in the World,” “Mother MacCree,” “Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Own Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile,” “Are We Down-hearted? No,” “Tho’ Your Heart may Ache Awhile, Never Mind.”

Edward Eyre Hunt, the author of “War Bread,” describes the singing he heard in the symphony hall at Antwerp which has been turned into a workshop. The nine hundred girls and young women workers, he writes, are encouraged to sing at their work. One afternoon each week a teacher gives them lessons in the songs of their country. When Mr. Hunt visited the hall a great organ behind the piles of boxes on the stage pealed forth a sonorous welcome, and the seamstresses sang for the visitors the thrilling “Lion of

Flanders," the 'Brabaçonne," and a verse of the "Star Spangled Banner." This was the only singing in public in Antwerp, however, for Belgian anthems are under the German ban, and war songs of all kinds are especially proscribed. The children being more or less privileged characters, nevertheless chirrup about as they please and occasionally one catches a strange reminiscent echo of a familiar tune. Once it was the tune of "Tipperary," but the words were quite new. At last, a child was found who had apparently learned the words from the British Tommies in Antwerp during the siege and wrote them down at Mr. Hunt's request. At first Mr. Hunt could make nothing of them, but careful study and enunciation à *la flamande*, brought out the famous chorus beginning "It's a Long Way to Tipperary:"

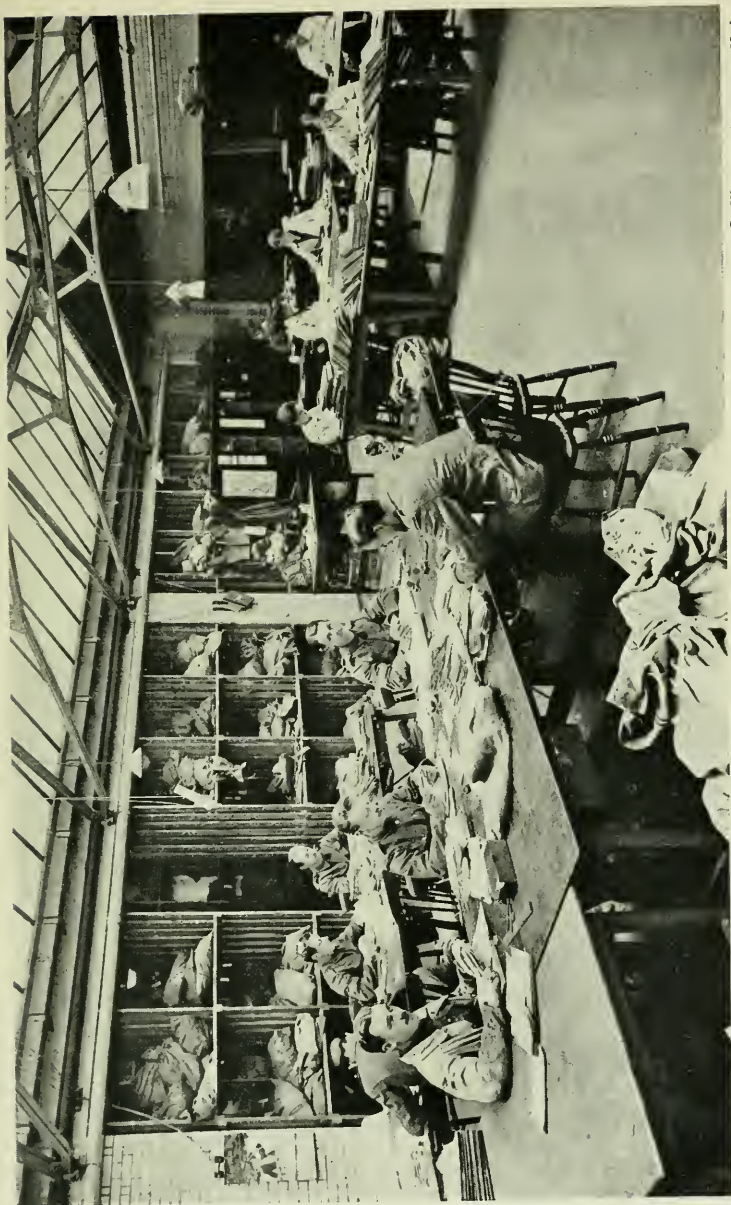
'Ts se lom wee ti parerie,
 'Ts se lom wee du koo,
 'Ts se lom wee to parries,
 Tot to zwede de reino
 Dubei pikatilie, waarie leskwee.
 'Ts se lom lom wee peti pare,
 Het myn sklatel.

After all, as Mr. MacGill says, it matters little what songs the soldiers sing as long as they really sing — whether it be the songs of love and lust, the songs of murder and great adventure or "the new songs that make a momentary ripple on the surface and die as their circle extends outwards," or the "old songs that float on the ocean of time like corks and find a cradle on every wave," because the men will not leave their songs behind them in the camps or in the trenches. They will bring back with them the airs that sustained hope and courage in the field,

so that, when the millions of the armies who have not only acquired the habit of singing, but what is more, of composing music and verse, are dispersed, there will be the beginning of a task the need of which was sorely felt and recognized before the war, a task promising infinite good in that, a long step will have been taken toward making music and poetry and song a permanent and pervading influence in the lives of countless people.

IV

BRITISH CENSORSHIP AND ENEMY
PUBLICATIONS



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81. BRITISH POSTAL CENSORSHIP

A room in Strand House, Carey Street, London, where condemned letters will be held until the end of the war

IV. BRITISH CENSORSHIP AND ENEMY PUBLICATIONS

IN the early part of 1917, while examining books detained in England, an exceptional opportunity was afforded me to study the workings of the British Censorship as it affected enemy publications. I came to feel that there were certain facts about the censorship that should be known by American librarians. I therefore sent to the Librarian of Congress a special report on the subject, prefaced with some historical facts which may not be known to American librarians and research workers. If Americans had gained earlier knowledge of what the British censors had to contend with and of the service these officials have rendered the Cause, they would doubtless have accepted with better grace the necessary interference with their mail.

OBJECT OF THE CENSORSHIP

Two important memoranda were issued in May, 1915, as Parliamentary Papers — one on the Censorship, the other on the Press Bureau. Together they provide the official justification of the Censorship as it affects both the individual and the press. In the memorandum on the Censorship, this new branch of the government is described as one of several institutions designed with a threefold object: To prevent information of military value from reaching

the enemy; to acquire similar information for the British government; and to check the dissemination of information useful to the enemy or prejudicial to the Allies. When the transmission of correspondence and the publication of news are consistent with the attainment of these objects there is little or no interference. Every endeavor is made to safeguard the legitimate interests, private and commercial, of British subjects and neutrals.

In the course of the present war it has become apparent that in the Censorship there lies ready to hand a weapon, the full value of which was perhaps not anticipated prior to the war. It can be used to restrict commercial and financial transactions intended for the benefit of enemy governments or persons residing in enemy countries.

The memorandum discusses the Censorship as it affects (1) private and commercial communications; and (2) the press. It states that the censorship of private and commercial communications is under the direction of a general officer who is responsible to the Army Council. The Censorship is organized in two sections: (1) the Cable Censorship under the control of the Chief Cable Censor, who is a senior officer of the general staff at the War Office, and (2) the Postal Censorship, controlled by the Chief Postal Censor. In addition to some 120 cables and wireless stations in various parts of the Empire, the Chief Cable Censor controls in the United Kingdom messages sent over the cables of the private cable companies. Every 24 hours from 30,000 to 50,000 telegrams pass through the hands of the censors in the United Kingdom. Exclusive of those in the official Press Bureau, about 180 censors are employed in the United Kingdom in

the censorship of cables; elsewhere in the Empire about 400. In the United Kingdom, with few exceptions, they are retired navy and military officers.

The memorandum further states that the objects of the Postal Censorship are similar to those of the Cable Censorship. All mails that have to be censored are necessarily subject to some delay, but harmless letters, whether private or commercial, are not detained, even when coming from an enemy country or addressed to an enemy person. No letter, however, addressed to an enemy country can be transmitted unless its envelope is left open and is enclosed in a cover addressed to a neutral country. Letters in which any kind of code or secret writing is used are liable to be detained even if the message appears to be harmless and totally unconnected with the war. In the private branch more than a ton of mail matter is censored every week, exclusive of parcels. Commercial correspondence with certain foreign countries is dealt with in the trade branch and amounts to nearly four tons every week.

LORD ROBERT CECIL'S STATEMENT

There is a good deal of confusion in the public mind between the press censorship, the cable censorship and the censorship of the mails. Even the latter is complicated, because different considerations apply to mails originating in, or destined for, the United Kingdom; mails between European countries and the United States intended to pass through the United Kingdom; mails carried on neutral ships which voluntarily call at British ports; and letters carried on neutral ships which would not enter British jurisdiction without some form of compulsion. The dis-

dinction is emphasized in a letter addressed by Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of Blockade, to an American firm, and given to the press. The letter follows:

FOREIGN OFFICE

June 23rd, 1916

Gentlemen:

I am directed by Lord Robert Cecil to thank you for your letter of May 27th, in which you take issue with a statement made by him to a correspondent of the *New York Times*. This statement was that great care is taken to forward mails between neutral countries taken from neutral ships for examination by the British censors as quickly as possible. You say that, during the last six or eight months, your correspondence with Holland has suffered great delay.

Lord Robert Cecil's statement was intended as an assurance that the postal censorship had been perfecting its organization, and that, from the time at which he spoke, Americans could be confident that their letters would suffer only slight delay owing to detention by the censors. He did not intend to exclude the possibility that delays had occurred in earlier days, when the British authorities first began to examine mails carried on neutral ships. But even if such delays did actually occur, it is by no means certain, and, in fact, it is in many cases unlikely, that those delays were due to the British censorship. Mails only began to be taken from neutral ships for censorship last December, and it is therefore quite clear that delays experienced by you from six to eight months ago cannot have been due to the censorship of these mails. As there has been a great deal of misunderstanding on this subject, I am to explain the following points:

The American mails censored in the United Kingdom must be divided into two classes, each of which is dealt with by a special organization:

- (1) *Terminal mails, i. e.*, mails originating in, or destined for, the United Kingdom. The censorship of these mails is one of the universally recognized rights of sovereignty, and it has been exercised since the beginning of the war, without any protest being made against it by neutral Governments.
- (2) *Mails neither originating in, nor destined for, the United Kingdom.* These must be further subdivided into three groups:
 - (a) *Transit mails, i. e.*, mails between European countries and the United States intended by the office of despatch to pass through the United Kingdom — for example, mails sent from Rotterdam to this country for re-transmission from Liverpool to the United States. Such mails are forwarded by the British Post-Office, and enjoy the facilities afforded by it to British mails, and the right of censorship over them while in transit through British territory in time of war is generally admitted. This right, however, was not exerted at the beginning of this war, and censorship of these transit mails only came into force in April, 1915.
 - (b) Mails carried by neutral ships which normally call at a British port or enter British jurisdiction without any form of compulsion.
 - (c) Mails carried by neutral ships which would not enter British jurisdiction without some form of compulsion.

The first ship from the United States to Holland from which the mails were removed was the *Noorderdijk*. These mails were landed at Ramsgate on the 18th December, 1915, arrangements not having then been completed to remove them at Falmouth. The first ship from Holland to the United States from which the mails were removed was the *Noordam*, which entered the Downs on the 5th December. It is to classes (b) and (c) exclusively that the present discussions between this Government and other neutral Governments refer, while class (c) alone is covered by the Hague Convention.

Most of the annoyance caused in the United States by the action of His Majesty's Government seems to arise from a confusion between the above kinds of censorship. It is to the last two kinds only that Lord Robert Cecil's interview referred, and the British authorities are making every effort to perfect their organization so that the necessity of examining this class of mail may not involve long delays. But during the time that the censorship of these particular mails has been in force, many other factors have occurred causing delay, quite independently of the action of the British Government. Sailings from Holland have been very irregular, owing to the mine fields sown by the Germans outside Rotterdam, and have, at times, been held up altogether, as, for instance, after the sinking of the *Tubantia*. As you are aware, the Dutch mail boats now proceed round the north of Scotland and go south, calling both at Kirkwall and at Falmouth before crossing the Atlantic, and this in itself causes considerable delay.

So far as the censorship is concerned, the delay in the case of mails from Holland to the United States

will not be greater than between four and five days from the date when the mails are unloaded at Kirkwall to the date when they are handed by the censors to the Post-Office to be sent on. The delay caused to mails from the United States to Holland will not be longer than six days in all. The Post-Office will always forward the mail by the next boat to its destination, and whether delay occurs in this operation will solely depend upon the regularity of sailings. It will be seen that letters contained in the outward mails will sometimes, and those in the inward mails generally, reach their destination as early as, or earlier than, if left on board the Dutch ship.

When the urgent need of examining first-class mails, in order to intercept those postal packets which are admittedly liable to be treated as contraband, was first realized, it would have been possible at once to have brought the organization of the censorship to the level of efficiency it has since reached by collecting hurriedly a large enough number of examiners; but it was thought that infinitely more harm would be done to neutral correspondence by allowing their letters to be handled by persons engaged hastily, whose character and reliability had not been thoroughly tested, than by subjecting the letters at first to some light delay. The necessary staff has now been carefully selected, and this delay eliminated.

In conclusion, Lord Robert Cecil would be much obliged if you would furnish him with more exact particulars of the letters which you complain of being delayed, giving, where possible, the date of the letter, the mail boat by which it was despatched, and, if registered, the registration number of the packet, in order that enquiry may be made into each case.

As there is so much misunderstanding on these points, and in the hope that the above explanation may do something to make the position clear, Lord Robert Cecil proposes to publish the text of this letter for general information.

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DISCUSSION IN PARLIAMENT

Lord Grey of Fallodon stated in the House of Lords, January 6, 1916, that goods otherwise liable to seizure on board neutral vessels do not, under international law, acquire immunity by the mere fact of being sent through the post. The Allied governments are accordingly applying the same treatment to all such goods, however conveyed. The Allied governments do not at present interfere with postal correspondence found on neutral vessels on the high seas, but they exercise their undoubted rights to examine and censor such correspondence when ships carrying them enter their territory.

In the House of Commons, January 27, 1916, Mr. King asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether he could make a statement concerning correspondence with the Dutch government about the intercepting of postal matter in transit on the sea; and whether any offer to submit the question to arbitration had been made. In answer to Mr. King's question, Lord Robert Cecil stated that the correspondence with the Scandinavian government would shortly be laid before Parliament. On February 21, 1916, Lord Robert Cecil stated that the publication of the correspondence with the Dutch government on the question of the interception of postal matter



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82. THE WORK OF THE POSTAL CENSORSHIP

In this room information concerning enemy firms in all parts of the world is collected and indexed

and other correspondence on the same subject was under consideration; but as the moment for publishing correspondence which was still in progress depended partly on arrangements with the other governments concerned, he could say nothing definite regarding the suggestion that the question should be submitted to arbitration. Consultations with the Allies were proceeding on the whole subject and he preferred to make no statement at that time.

On July 19, 1916, it was stated in Parliament that matter published in certain papers like the *Times*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Morning Post*, the *Labour Leader* and the *Tribunal* had been used by the enemy for propagandist purposes; that extracts from the *Daily Mail* were being translated into European and Asiatic languages, and that they were doing great damage to the cause of Great Britain. Attention, however, was called to the fact that none of these papers had ever said a word except for the prosecution of the war with the utmost vigor.

The question of the opening of letters addressed to members was discussed in Parliament, December 18, 1916. Mr. Macpherson, the Liberal member for Ross and Cromarty, replying to a question put by Mr. Touche, said that all mails coming from France were liable to be submitted to the military censor. No discrimination is made between different members of the House. "It is a mistake to suppose," said Mr. Macpherson, "that the opening of a letter by the Censor constitutes any reflection either on the writer or the recipient. The object of the Censorship is to prevent the enemy from making use of indiscretions, to which experience shows the best intentioned persons are liable."

Just before the last Christmas holidays the War Office issued a reminder to the public that pictorial illustrations and photographs of all kinds, whether on post-cards, Christmas, New Year or birthday cards addressed to neutral or enemy countries, or enclosed in letters so addressed, and whether the illustration itself did or did not represent an object of interest to the enemy, would in the future be stopped by the military censor, except: (1) Family photographs addressed to British subjects interned in neutral and enemy countries; (2) illustrations in publications posted by firms holding a permit; and (3) illustrations and photographs enclosed in letters or other postal packets by firms who have occasion in the ordinary course of their trade to despatch such articles to their agents or customers in neutral countries.

THE CHECKING OF ENEMY COMMERCE

One of the principal functions of the Censorship is to act as a deterrent to all the undertakings of the enemy. That it has succeeded in its purpose is evidenced by the following extracts from intercepted letters published in the *Times*, December 12, 1916:

“As you see the English are making so many disagreeables and seizing the post that our business is quite ruined. People do not dare to send money any more because they do not receive receipts from home.”

“As I see from your telegram sent a few days ago our lists have not arrived for three weeks now. . . . I think that if you sent the receipts in fifteen private envelopes I should perhaps receive them.”

“It is incredible how you have helped the English Censor to establish the names of our agents and also the fact that G. and G. looked after our letters . . .

you appear to have received no post from us since the beginning of March. Worse still is the fact that because of the Censorship you have not got our invoices or bills of lading. From this miserable condition in which the English sea-robbery has placed us there is no way out."

"In conjunction with this we should like to say that according to our experience it seems now to be utterly impossible to ship any goods to foreign countries. Since the middle of April we received one single letter from one of our friends in the States in which he advises us that he instructed a banker in Berlin to remit us a certain amount. This remittance, however, we do not receive up to the present."

"Whatever the English want they get, for the whole postal communication with Germany is completely upset, and we never know whether one can draw money or send money to the other side. It is very unpleasant for me also that I send 25,000 marks to Z., and if this remittance has not arrived then all the interest will be lost and many months will go by before I get over all the difficulties. . . . At this moment I have a consignment lying at L., but I have received no invoices and no bills of lading. Everything has again been stolen. These are the difficulties we have to fight against. I hope it will not be long before peace is signed."

"In consequence of the condition of the postal service with your side, business is on a dead standstill."

From the above we can see how German commercial enterprise in foreign countries has been checked by cutting off both correspondence and remittances. Although approximately half a million business letters

passing between America and Europe were examined in the month of January, 1917, less than ten were found to belong to enemy firms. The attempt to use wireless telegraphy in place of the mails has met with obstacles. In addition to the high cost of sending messages by wireless there are other limitations to this kind of service as indicated in the following intercepted letters from enemy firms:

"Your claim (says one writer) in regard to the transmission of your subscription may be attributed to the fact that you are ignorant of the circumstances that the cable connection with the Monarchy has been completely interrupted and that therefore, apart from wireless telegraphy, the only way to transfer orders was by letters. As regards communications by means of wireless telegraphy, we would respectfully inform you that it is up to the present very unsatisfactory as a result of atmospheric disturbances. Long delays are unavoidable, and unfortunately messages are often distorted. Whenever possible we are transferring our orders by letter."

"We have made (writes another) a number of attempts to get in touch with our bankers in Germany by wireless, but up to the present without success."

"As soon as I found (says a third) that all my letters, so to speak, fell in the water, and did not reach their destination, I gave up writing any more. Similarly I did not receive a single letter from your side. Communication by wireless was also doubtful in the highest degree, and one often had no idea as to whether the message was destroyed by the Censor or whether it ever reached its destination or not. Taking it all round the present conditions are nothing less than infernal for a merchant who has been accustomed

to a gradual and steady development of his business relations, and we can only hope that everything will some day turn out for the best."

IMPORTANCE OF THE CENSORSHIP

Possibly no phase of activity which sprang into being as a result of the war has been more misunderstood and at the same time more essential to the public good than the British War Office Censorship. From the first its workers have been immensely impressed with the responsibility of handling the correspondence of half the world. Respect for the rights of these correspondents has always been the first consideration and it is not too much to say that the majority of the readers employed by the Censorship bring to their task a purely academic attitude. It is a type of work especially uncongenial to the English character — foreign to its habits and traditions, though an inevitable necessity in time of war. Its exhausting nature is almost beyond description. Some readers pass upon as many as 400 letters a day. The examination of books and other publications is of necessity a slower process.

Starting in London as a group of 30 workers, chiefly volunteers, the Censorship began its delicate and difficult task (in September, 1914) in a small basement room of the postoffice building. To-day the London branch alone occupies six floors of a large building — Strand House, in Carey street. Of its 3000 employees about 1700 are women, the remainder being men over military age, neutrals and wounded officers. Many of these employees are skilled linguists. In the Department of Uncommon Languages 157 languages are dealt with, including Gaelic, Welsh,

Erse and five or six types of Yiddish. It is a matter of surprise and interest to know that so many persons are in the habit of corresponding by such unusual means.

The aim of the Censor is not, as many persons seem to believe, to see how many letters and publications may properly be detained, but to endeavor — as rapidly as possible — to send on everything that is found to contain no information of value to the enemy and nothing that could injure the cause of the Allies.

In the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* of April 28 and May 5, 1917, Major Eric Fisher Wood published two excellent articles on the British Censorship. They are reprinted in his "Note-book of an Intelligence Officer" (New York, The Century Co., 1917, pp. 18-65). To this painstaking study we may refer any one who wishes information on the organization of the Censorship as a whole. The purpose of the present paper is to deal more particularly with the Censorship as it affects the supply of publications of enemy origin to American librarians and scholars.

Detection of German propaganda and contraband of war in the mails is by no means the principal function of the Censorship. The London *Times*, December 12, 1916, observes that the Censorship may not unfairly be called the eyes of the blockade. Its principal work, it continues, lies in detecting and frustrating the innumerable and everchanging subterfuges contrived by the enemy with the connivance of neutral intermediaries for evading the blockade and carrying the sinews of war into Central Europe in the form either of goods or credit. The contrivance of such schemes by cable or by wireless is obviously impossible, and the examination of the mails

has in countless cases proved an insuperable obstacle to their success.

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST LITERATURE

For what follows here I am indebted to Mr. Harry Melvill, librarian of the Censorship, who was most generous in granting interviews and in placing at my disposal many of his own interesting memoranda.

Mr. Melvill has gathered, arranged and carefully studied some 2000 specimens of various kinds of German propagandist literature. In his unique library are single copies of every book, pamphlet and periodical of enemy origin detained by the censor since September 1, 1914. This material Mr. Melvill has divided into groups: philosophical, religious, educational and pure propaganda. But he has done much more than this in divining the motive behind the publication itself.

Before the war German propagandist literature for both commercial and religious purposes was sent out on a scale that no other country had ever attempted. Many private individuals and establishments of various sorts scattered all over the world had been receiving gratis — for months, sometimes even for years — German literature in one form or another. Therefore, upon the outbreak of the war, it was not an occasion for special surprise to them to receive the new propagandist literature. And just as for purposes of distribution of ordinary propaganda the Germans used the channels of commerce ready to hand which had been so long and so freely at the service of their commercial propaganda, so there is no doubt in Mr. Melvill's mind that religious congregations of various phases of thought had kept

in the closest touch with those of the same persuasion in neutral countries with a view to the distribution of the so-called religious propaganda.

In a memorandum prepared several months ago, Mr. Melvill divided the objects of the German propaganda into the following five classes:

- (1) To draw attention to the perfection of German methods of organization.
- (2) To give an exaggerated impression of the successes achieved by Germany in the war.
- (3) To neutralize as far as possible the bad effects produced by earlier excesses.
- (4) By more subtle touches to indicate the growth of dissension among the Allies and modifications in the attitude of neutrals towards the ultimate result of the war.
- (5) To misrepresent, as far as possible, through the distortion of past expressions of opinion by writers of the Allied Nations, and by the employment of renegades, to deal with such topics as the treatment of subject races by the Allies.

The first two objects were mainly served by the German war literature in general and the remaining three by propagandist literature.

THE PROPAGANDIST PRESS

The earliest steps in regard to propaganda proper were taken by the Press. The *Ueberseedienst* [*Transocean*] from the first utilized its large pecuniary resources, not only to obtain publication of its garbled war telegrams, Germanophile articles and frequently falsified photographs in a large number of neutral papers, but also to acquire entire control of several

already existing and to launch new ones of their own. Notable among the latter are the *Germania* at Buenos Aires, and papers of the same name at Bogota, Guayaquil and San Paulo; the *Heraldo Aleman* at San Salvador and the *Eco Aleman* at Guatemala. In China, in association with the Ostasiatischer Lloyd, they founded *The War* and a Chinese edition of the *Deutsche Zeitung für China* at Shanghai, and the *Umschau* and *Rundschau* at Bangkok. The *Kontinentale Korrespondenz* (in German, English, Spanish and Portuguese) designed to furnish the neutral press with ready made copy, was also their creation. Moreover, they themselves published various polyglot periodicals and leaflets which found a host of imitators, and without doubt many of these made their way to places which books and pamphlets could not reach.

Furthermore, the *Presse-Abteilung zur Beeinflussung der Neutralen* served a similar purpose and was more or less responsible for the publication of the *War Chronicle* in German, English, French, Spanish and Dutch, and for *De Toekomst* published in Holland in Dutch. This organization was solely responsible for the creation of a propagandist comic paper printed in Spanish and entitled *La Guasa internacional*. The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, with its "Welt im Bild" issued in twelve languages, and the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, with Spanish and Portuguese editions, were some of the first recruits, while the enrolment of the most disreputable of the latter belongs also to the initial stages of the campaign. There were also the British renegades and cosmopolitan hacks constituting the staff of the *Continental Times*, a sheet purporting to be established for "Americans in Europe." The *Gazette des Ardennes*, though belonging to

a later period, may be mentioned here, as the two are often classed together. Published in Charleville, it endeavors, by the insertion of lists of French prisoners in Germany, to obtain readers in the occupied portion of France, while the *Russki Vvestnik*, published in Berlin, was produced for distribution among Russian prisoners of war and in occupied parts of Poland.

The mobilization of the whole German press, explained Mr. Melvill, was equally complete. Every newspaper, which hitherto had published general or special news, published practically nothing but war news. As an instance to which this policy had been carried out he cited the fact that the *Criminal Zeitung* continues to appear under its old title, but has replaced records of crime by the exploits of soldiers; that art journals substituted "Kriegsjahr" for the year of publication, and that the *Münchener Medizinische Wochenschrift* had extended the hospitality of its columns to a prose paraphrase of the Hymn of Hate. While it was not suggested that the mass of scientific, technical and medical journals published in Germany ceased to devote themselves to subjects of special interest to their readers, Mr. Melvill was convinced that they also served a propagandist purpose by being distributed in isolated numbers to show that "Continuous research and industrial development under, and in spite of war conditions" is to be taken as Germany's somewhat ponderous reply to the British slogan: "Business as usual."

GERMAN USE OF ENEMY LITERATURE

That the Germans in general, and those engaged in the preparation of propaganda in particular, have a fund of knowledge of the literature of their enemies,

is indisputable. There is very little that the Allies have said against themselves or each other which has not found its way to the shelves in the Wilhelmstrasse. Carlyle and Herbert Spencer, files of the *Times* and *Punch* are all requisitioned. The censorship librarian suggested that the "England von Innen" number of the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte* might bear as a sub-title, dear to Germans: "See what they say of themselves." The corresponding "Frankreich von Innen" number represents what the Germans say of the French, although it is to be noted that the Germans recently have represented the French as the most humane and cultivated of their enemies. In this utilization of Allied material, there is of course much that is mutilated and distorted, but there is a growing tendency to publish without comment wherever possible. A good instance of this policy (and at the same time a nice literary touch in propaganda) is afforded by *De Engelsche Tieranny*, a recent production of the Dutch Germanophile organ *De Toekomst*. Originally published at Amsterdam in 1781, it is now reprinted in the old type on an exact reproduction of the old paper and with the old engravings of supposed English pillage and oppression. The text is made up of conversations between a father and a son, recalling legendary grievances of the Dutch against the English and foreshadowing, almost verbatim, the comments on the British attitude toward small nations which are never out of the mouths of their enemies to-day.

As a pioneer of the propaganda proper in its relation to books and pamphlets, Mr. Melvill thinks that pride of place may be accorded to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, though his success as an evangelist

has been in the inverse ratio to his prestige as a British-born apostle of German "Kultur."

Touching upon the endeavor to stimulate unrest in India, my informant said that the *Indische Gesellschaft*, hand in glove with the *Hindustan Ghadar* of San Francisco and the so-called Indian National Party, have produced a mass of literature, much of which claims to have been printed in England by presses which never existed. "British Rule in India condemned by the British themselves" is a patchwork of utterances by more or less distinguished Britishers, ranging from Lord Clive to Keir Hardie. It is prefaced by John Stuart Mill's pronouncement: "The Government of a people by itself has a meaning and a reality, but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist." Like the reprint of William Jennings Bryan's article with an almost similar title, it has received the honor of translation into almost every known language and has found a sequel in "Why India is in revolt against British rule." This pamphlet purports to come from a mythical *Labor Press, Edinburgh*, but the very fact that the word *Labor* is spelled without a *u* shows it to be the product of an American press. Of the mass of other pamphlets in native languages, including Chinese, some are illustrated with photographs of the execution of Egyptian natives in connection with the Denshawi incident of some years ago.

INSTRUCTIONAL BOOKS

The Germans made special endeavors to distribute propaganda in instructional books because they rightly thought that such were allowed to pass. But Mr. Melvill believes that they never have realized

the thoroughness with which the censoring is conducted and doubtless have no idea that any book is ever read from cover to cover. The use of every kind of publication in Germany for furthering its cause has, however, made this extreme caution necessary. Attention was called to the September, 1916, number of a serious magazine like the *Deutsche Rundschau* containing an article on the martyrdom of Roger Casement, bound for export in a cover dated September, 1902, in the hope that the censor would dismiss it as pre-war literature. The record of Lieut. Pluschow's double exploit in escaping from Sing Tau by aeroplane and from Donington Hall by a neutral boat was bound up in a school-boy's ink-stained copy of another *Odyssey*, that of Homer, in the belief that instructional books were subjected to only the most cursory examination. Not content with this, grammars in Turkish and Portuguese, detained in the mails, have been found to have all their examples and exercises of a definitely propagandist character. As an instance of the former, the *Türkische Lesesücke*, by Dr. Hans Stumm (Leipzig, 1916) contains a letter from a Turkish soldier to his mother, extolling the German comrade-in-arms and vilifying the French and English opposition in the Dardanelles. A grammar in the Portuguese language imparts a glowing glorification of German trade enterprises in Brazil.

But perhaps the best example of German inventiveness on record in the library of the Censorship is an attempt to smuggle to a prisoner of war political information between the covers of a pocket edition of a humorous publication entitled *Stratenfegels* — one of a series of the Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek. An exceedingly innocent looking little collection of

verse and tales in low German, the "inventor" of it doubtless thought that no mere censor could or would take the trouble to read through its 90 pages in order to discover that although page 48 continues quite properly over to page 49 and for five lines thereon, the sixth line begins a letter to "Dear Brother." This letter, containing information about the situation in Germany, occupies four pages, each one thus cleverly placed at intervals throughout the book. All well-known names are disguised in the supposition that the little volume would at most be glanced at only hastily and thus the eye would not be attracted to them. For example, Bethman-Holweg becomes for the purposes of evasion Manbeth-Wegholl.

The manifesto of the French Catholic bishops gave the first impetus to the extensive contributions of so-called religious propaganda which have figured so largely in the campaign, *Deutsche Kultur, Katholizismus und Welt Krieg* leading the way. Protestant as well as Catholic weekly and monthly letters sprang into existence and have since been extensively circulated, wrapped up in war literature, or vice versa. *Jesus und der Krieg* and *Die Bibel als Kriegsbuch* are the titles of two brochures and Mr. Melvill regards it as scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Germans have pressed every phase of religious belief into their service. An exception must be made for Christian Science, he adds, which, though originating in America, is considered by the Germans a purely British possession.

THE CENSORSHIP LIBRARY

The collection of propaganda proper in the possession of the War Office Postal Censorship is most

varied and comprehensive. As respects German war literature in general, as distinct from propaganda proper, it was impressed upon the writer that the former has been distributed by the same recipients as the latter. Ample confirmation is afforded by intercepted letters of the fact that such literature is looked upon as propaganda by the Germans themselves. All German war publications must therefore be regarded by the Censorship as propagandist. The amount of it sent through the mails clearly proves that it is designed to help the German cause. The ever-increasing mass of war literature has been promoted by means of translation to take its place in the propagandist ranks. *Die Kriegsgefangenen in Deutschland*, one of the Montanus Bücher series — uniform with similar publications dealing with German history, naval and military efficiency, and profusely illustrated — was naturally of great interest to the Germans who were entertaining within their gates so many strangers of various types and nationalities. It has been translated into Spanish and all the languages of the Allies, and has been one of the publications most widely distributed for propaganda purposes. The innumerable books dealing with every phase of the campaign, East and West, undoubtedly play their part, if only by their titles in a publisher's catalogue, as showing how many places German troops have visited, though their stay in some cases has not been very prolonged. The wholesale idealization of their heroes, undertaken in the first flush of their success, has been industriously continued. Countless details about the lives of Hindenburg and Mackensen, Weddigen and Immelmann, personal narratives of Captain Koenig, and commanders of other ships and

submarines, the frequency with which the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, the *Emden* and the *Dresden* figure on the backs of books, however trivial, all contribute to recall their exploits.

It is too early for the Censorship to estimate how completely the propagandist campaign has failed to justify the time, money and trouble lavished upon its prosecution. Even without Great Britain's interference with the mails, it would appear probable that no amount of variety could have prevented its very volume and insistence from defeating its own ends. As Mr. Melvill points out, its material has revealed a mine of knowledge, its methods are characterized by much German efficiency, and certain of its manipulations have developed much quite un-German suppleness, but as regards the Wilhelmstrasse's main objectives, it has missed the mark.

V

THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN
AND ITS LIBRARY

V. THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN AND ITS LIBRARY

AS a center of humanism the University of Louvain transformed the education of Belgium. It produced not only great scholars, but also trained statesmen and devoted teachers. Its influence spread not only over the whole of Europe, but throughout the civilized world.

Through the mediation of the Duke of Brabant, a patron of literature and the fine arts, Pope Martin V was induced to issue a bull sanctioning the foundation of the University, which was established in 1425. But from the first the civic authorities had a part in its activities. For more than two hundred years professors and students shared a portion of the Cloth-makers' Hall with the merchants.

In 1502 Erasmus, a native of Rotterdam, arrived at Louvain, which he revisited several times in the course of subsequent travels across Europe, and where he found a circle of admirers and friends. Among these may be mentioned such men as Despautere, Paludanus and the printer Martens. Besides these there was Jean Nevius who made his *College du Lys* an active center of classical studies where the students succeeded in presenting the comedies of Plautus.

In 1517 Busleiden left funds for a college in which Greek should be taught. Erasmus, who was called to Louvain as the head of this college, succeeded in a little more than two years in inspiring a group of

educational workers who gave to Louvain a position among the Universities second only to that of Paris. He resided in Louvain more or less continuously from 1517 to 1521, when he was at the height of his fame, and secured for his staff some of the best humanists of his time. He defended these men and also the college, with its new Renaissance aims, against the attacks of scholastic theologians and philosophers. Humanism was not concerned with a purely literary ideal, but affected both the political and religious life. It aimed its darts against the ruling ideas and institutions of the day in biting satire, of which the best expression is found in the "Praise of Folly" by Erasmus. This work was dedicated to the English humanist, Sir Thomas More, who a little later published, at Louvain, a no less celebrated satire, "Utopia." Erasmus's *editio princeps* of the Greek Testament, with Latin translation, though accomplished in England, found its friends and enemies in the author's Louvain period, and established the absolute leadership of Erasmus "from Louvain" in all critical work. It was he who had brought the new spirit of Renaissance scholarship to the realities of life, especially in connection with classical authors, the Bible and the early Fathers.

Nicholas Clenard, a Louvain student, entering into the new enthusiasm for letters and the new interpretation of life, looked forward to the idea of a pacific instead of a military crusade. He began the study of Arabic without books, working his way to Spain in the company of Ferdinand Columbus (son of the great Christopher), whose aim was to found a great Renaissance library at Seville and who was enlisting paid coadjutors. Clenard pursued Arabic studies

at Salamanca, Evora and Braga, and taught Latin by the *direct method*. He even purchased three slaves for linguistic experiments. His life aim was to establish a great Oriental college at Louvain, in which to train missionary crusaders for the Moslem peoples.

The sixteenth century is perhaps the most brilliant epoch in the history of Louvain. The Low Countries were united and the political strength of their princes, without intervening in the exterior affairs of the University, assured it a considerable prestige abroad and a wide circle of influence. The humanistic movement sweeping through Europe meant a striving toward a higher type of culture. The ideas of the middle ages seemed no longer to satisfy and the restless spirits were looking about for new intellectual channels, which they believed to have been discovered in the thoughts and works of the ancients. The study of antiquity became then the road by which they hoped to attain to a superior development, to a culture *humanior*. For the bad Latin of the middle ages were substituted the study and usage of the pure Latin of the best Roman writers. There was also added the study of Greek and of Hebrew, which was hardly known during the middle ages.

In this humanistic movement the Faculty of Arts of Louvain University took a leading part. The ideas of the Renaissance spread throughout the Low Countries, which at that time were among the richest and most advanced in Europe. The center of the movement in Louvain was the chair of rhetoric in the Faculty of Arts of which the holder bore the title *Rhetor publicus*. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it was occupied by Jean du Marais, who called himself in Latin, Paludanus. Latin grammar

was studied in conjunction with rhetoric, and from Louvain were issued the Latin manuals by Jean Custos of Brecht, by Clenard, and by Despautere of Diest.

The humanistic movement flourished especially until 1575, when Leyden was founded and divided the scholarship of the Low Countries. Douai also drew upon Louvain, which until 1575 had great international influence, for the University had not only Erasmus, Vives, Clenard, Rescius, Justus Lipsius, but among men of science she numbered Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, Dodonee, the physician botanist, and Mercator, the geographer. Surely these names would add luster to any institution.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the student population numbered about 3,000 distributed in 43 colleges. The system of colleges within the University bore a resemblance to the organization of Oxford and Cambridge. While Louvain did not have the European position which it had enjoyed in the previous century, it was still quite important. The doctrines of Descartes were the object of animated discussion, but the University as a whole remained faithful to the traditional Aristotelianism. In the Faculty of Arts, De Nelis was formulating a philosophy somewhat similar to that of Berkeley; Minckelers was carrying on important research work in physics; and in the Faculty of Medicine the new period decidedly surpassed the preceding era.

The continuity of University life at Louvain was broken by the French Revolution. At the fall of the Empire in 1814 there were hopes of restoring the *Alma Mater*, but the Dutch government intervened, and established three state universities in Belgium

in 1816 — one at Ghent, another at Liège, and a third at Louvain.

In 1835 a law was passed organizing higher education according to the spirit of the constitution. It established two state universities, leaving open the question of locality, and it suppressed the faculties created by the Dutch state. As a result, a university was founded at Brussels with the support of the city; another at Malines by the Bishops of Belgium.

The municipal authorities of Louvain had looked after the empty University buildings for which they had no use, and they now offered them to the University of Malines. The offer was accepted and the new University installed in the ancient buildings of the old Louvain University on December 1, 1835.

With the limited space at our command it is impossible for us to trace step by step the rapid growth of the restored University of Louvain. Briefly stated it was for eighty years under the direction of rectors who developed scientific specialization. The University could not legally hold any funds. It never received any subsidy from the State. The students, who were often poor, paid only small fees, the total of which was but a small contribution to the budget of the institution. The University lived almost entirely upon the charity of the Belgian Catholics and by the devotion of its teachers.

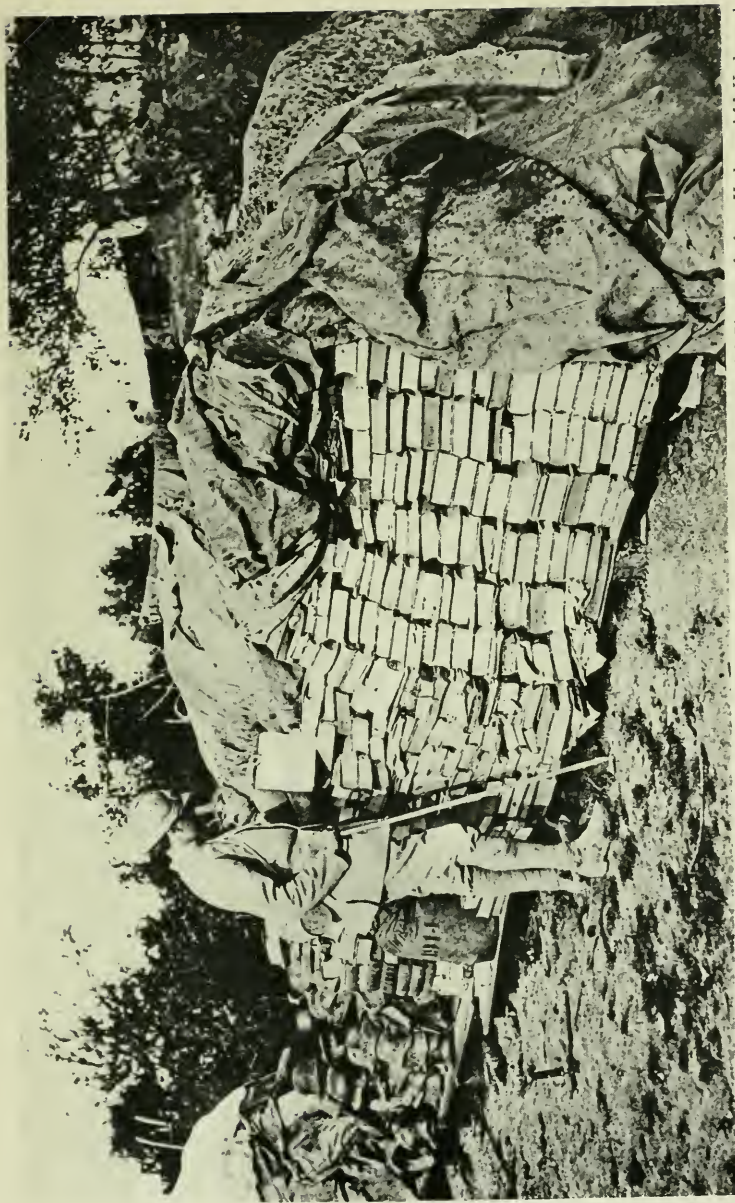
Instruction never absorbed the entire attention of the teaching force at Louvain. Teaching is not the only function of a University, possibly not even its principal function. The true university is a City of Universal Knowledge. It labors to sustain and to increase the sum of human knowledge. Doubtless it communicates the elements of knowledge to studious

youth, but this task of instruction is subordinated to a higher work. Before communicating the riches of knowledge one must possess them — and knowledge is not a thing dead and fixed; it is alive and exists only in a changing, evolving and constantly progressing state. One gains it solely by working tirelessly to keep it alive and growing. The university is above all a center of scientific life, of research, of discussion. Teaching is but the echo of this life.

This conception of university life had more and more penetrated all the efforts of the restored University of Louvain. Perhaps nowhere else were work and scientific production held in higher regard. The system of academic grades organized by the University, the development of different schools, all tended to prepare for investigation and to stimulate research. More than thirty scientific reviews were published at the University, and the contributions were largely from members of the faculty and advanced students.

In answer to the question, Can a Catholic university truly participate in the modern scientific life? Professor Noël¹ points to Louvain as an answer in the affirmative. In all fields research has been carried on, he says, with the most perfect technical equipment, with the most complete breadth of view, and with the fullest liberty. If the Louvain investigators have been able to reconcile their scientific research with their Catholic faith it is evidently because such reconciliation requires no effort. They have not had to sacrifice their freedom of research to their faith, nor their convictions to these researches. "One must have lived at Louvain," says Noël, "to appreciate fully the atmosphere which one breathed there, the

¹ Léon Noël, "Louvain," Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1915.



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83. BOOKS LOOTED BY THE GERMANS FROM THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF MONTDIDIER, FRANCE

These books were piled behind the enemy lines to be taken away, but the French advance was so rapid that the German plan was thwarted



84. RUINS OF LOUVAIN

“Louvain will remain perhaps the classic instance of *Schrecklichkeit*.” — BRAND WHITLOCK

large and generous feeling which scientific investigations give to religious ideas, and also to habits of devotion, the attitude of modesty and of intellectual honesty with which Christian surroundings can inspire scientific workers. In the light of this experience one understands what science as well as faith have lost in the waning of the religious life in our modern universities."

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The University was for more than two centuries without a general library. The humanist Puteanus says that the professors were themselves living libraries, and that the books which they wrote were worth all the riches of a library. Both faculty and students frequented the bookshops which were popular resorts for those attached to the numerous Colleges and religious establishments. Jasper's bookshop was the one most favored by the students, while professors and instructors flocked to the publishing house of Thierry Martens, of whom it has been said that he was to Belgium what Aldus Manutius was to Venice. Interesting talks took place in the bookshops of Louvain, says one writer. The Parc Abbey and the convents allowed the University teachers to consult their rich collections.

Later the Colleges remedied this lack of books, and many of them built up their own libraries. In the minutes of the University faculty we find some details on the library of the Arts faculty. Certain rules date back to 1466. For example, it is expressly forbidden to enter the book room with a light, or to borrow books from it.

The demand for a large central or public library was

hardly prevalent at Louvain before the beginning of the 17th century, though the prime necessity for such an adjunct to research was fully appreciated. As far back as the middle ages there was current a saying that a monastery without a library was like a castle without an armory. Thomas à Kempis added that it was like a table without dishes, a garden without flowers, a purse without money.

The University Library owes its origin to a former Louvain student, Laurent Beyerlinck, canon of the Cathedral of Antwerp. In 1627 he bequeathed to the University his own library of 852 volumes, rich in history and theology. This bequest constituted the first foundation. It was followed by a legacy of 906 volumes from the professor of medicine, Jacques Romanus, in 1635. A son of the celebrated mathematician, Romanus transmitted his father's library and added his own medical books. The library was organized by the University rector, Cornelius Jansenius, and in 1636 a librarian was appointed — Professor Valerius Andreas, a historian of note, who presided at the public opening of the library on August 22, 1636. The books were installed in the old Cloth-makers' Hall in the auditorium of the Faculty of Medicine. At this time the library contained about 1700 volumes. An annual grant for its upkeep and increase was made by Jacques Boonen, Archbishop of Malines. It is to Andreas that we owe the *Fasti Academici*, the most complete chronicle of the history of the University. Soon after the opening of the library he published a catalogue of the volumes bequeathed by Beyerlinck and Romanus.

Upon the occasion of the appointment of Andreas as the first librarian, he delivered an address in which

he spoke of the precious advantages of a library, which he called "The Temple of Minerva and of the Muses, the Arsenal of all the Sciences."

After the death of Andreas the library was neglected until the beginning of the 18th century. A former Louvain professor, Dominique Snellaerts, a canon of Antwerp, had a fine collection of 3500 volumes composed almost entirely of Jansenist works. In response to the pressing requests of the librarian of the University that Snellaerts should give them to the University, the owner replied that he did not like to meet books with his name at the door or in the window of dealers. He said that he had often seen, in the bookshops of Louvain and elsewhere, a line of books bearing the names of celebrated men and left by them to the University. Despite this statement Snellaerts bequeathed his library to the University.

This generous gift necessitated the construction of a new depository, a task undertaken by the Rector Rega, a man of great initiative, the founder of the anatomical museum. Rega succeeded also in procuring for the library a fixed income. A wing was added to the old Halles, in the direction of the Vieux Marché, and completed in 1730. A new and progressive element was brought in by the administration of C. F. de Nelis, who became librarian in 1752. His first act was to ask the Government to require Belgian printers to send to the University Library at least one copy of every book printed by them. During the librarianship of Jean François van de Velde (1771-97) the library acquired 12,000 volumes. Most of these books were bought at sales of the libraries of the Jesuits, after the suppression of the society.

They included a special collection of theses of great value for the history of theological doctrine. But besides these, Van de Velde added 4573 new books. In 1795, under the French régime, the Commissioners of the Republic took away about 5000 volumes, among which were some of the most precious manuscripts. In 1797 De la Serna Santander was authorized to make a selection of all the works which in his opinion could be useful to the *École Centrale* established at Brussels. After a ten days' culling the French Commissioner took away 718 volumes — which were never returned. By an Imperial Decree of Napoleon, dated December 12, 1805, the University Library became the property of the city. However, in 1835, at the time of the re-establishment of the University at Louvain, the municipal authorities handed over the precious depository to the care of the University.

It is very difficult to estimate the number of volumes which the library contained at the time of the fire. "Minerva," and Collard in his "*Annuaire des Bibliothèques de Belgique*," give the number as 230,000, an estimate rather below the real number of books. The catalogue was being revised under the supervision of Professor Delannoy, the librarian, who estimated the total number of books as somewhere between 250,000 and 300,000 volumes. In making a systematic inventory of the theological section, there were discovered, almost daily, unknown treasures which for two centuries had slept beneath a cover of dust. The early publications of the first reformers, and the politico-religious pamphlets, were particularly numerous. Little by little all the literature of the religious struggles of the Low Countries was coming to light. The University had taken an active part

in all these disputes, and pious hands had collected into volumes the letters and pamphlets touching on these discussions. Most of these volumes contained more than a hundred items each. On the backs of the parchment bindings were such inscriptions as "Varia reformatoria," or "Janseniana," or "Jesuitica."

The library possessed also a magnificent collection of more than 350 incunabula, and a precious series of successive editions of the Bible. Almost equally precious was a unique collection of Jesuitica, relating not only to the Jesuits of the Low Countries, but also to those in different parts of Europe. These came from the purchases made at the end of the 18th century, and had been carefully catalogued. There was also an unrivaled collection of publications relating to the Jansenists. The rôle played by the University in the history of Jansenism, together with Snellaerts's legacy, explain sufficiently both the importance and the completeness of this collection. In addition there had been recently unearthed a collection of political pamphlets of the time of the Thirty Years' War and of the French invasion of Belgium in the time of Louis XIV. Professor van der Essen is convinced that there were in the library several unique copies of the polemical writings of the 17th century, and particularly of treatises of the class to which the "Mars Gallicus" of Jansenius belongs.

It is impossible to enumerate all the bibliographical rarities and typographical curiosities in which every repository of ancient books justly takes pride; mention may, however, be made of a collection of old atlases, a rich oriental library containing the works of Felix Nève, and a collection of Germanic philology formerly belonging to the late Professor Alberdink Thym.

The manuscript section of the library contained more than 950 pieces. Among these treasures were included several manuscripts of the 12th century, showing typical examples of the post-Carolingian writing, Lives of the Saints (the best of which was fortunately published), psalters, books of hours, and liturgical manuals of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. Several codices contained magnificent illuminations and full-page miniatures. Perhaps the most important section of the manuscripts was a part of the older archives of the University. As far back as 1445 the University took adequate measures for the preservation of its archives: a fine was imposed on those who retained in their possession letters addressed to the *Studium*. To be able to consult these documents a special permission from the proper authority as well as delegated witnesses was necessary. In the second half of the 18th century the documents concerning the *Alma Mater* were numerous and were preserved with care in the University halls. Carefully prepared catalogues of them have come down to us in part.

The archives had been preserved at Louvain when in 1794, before the invasion of the French army, fifteen boxes of documents were sent to Rotterdam. Upon the success of the French forces it was thought that Rotterdam was hardly a safe depository, and they were consequently sent by Groningen, Bremen and Hamburg to Altona, whither seven other cases were sent direct from Louvain. The victorious French demanded the archives, the greater part of which were delivered to them, and are still to be found in the General Archives at Brussels. Some of the cases were stranded in Holland, where some documents are still preserved at the Seminary of Haaren; others were re-

tained at Beveren-Waes by the librarian Van de Velde. At his death, his rich library containing manuscripts of the professors, was dispersed to the highest bidders, but the pieces belonging to the archives of the University were left at Ghent, where they are preserved at the Seminary. Some documents from the archives, carefully hidden in 1794, are still preserved here and there; some are even in private collections. When shortly before the war it was necessary to take down all the old books which had long lain under a thick coat of dust, there were found bundles of old papers in an out-of-the-way corner of the Halles,—among others the journal of Van de Velde touching on the events in which he had taken part during the revolutionary crisis. The occupation of the Colleges by the French troops was minutely described. Van de Velde, escaping across the fields, had been seized by the soldiers, then released after his purse had been relieved of the little money it contained. In a concealed envelope was found the decree suppressing the University, with a note on the envelope from Van de Velde regarding the importance of the contents.

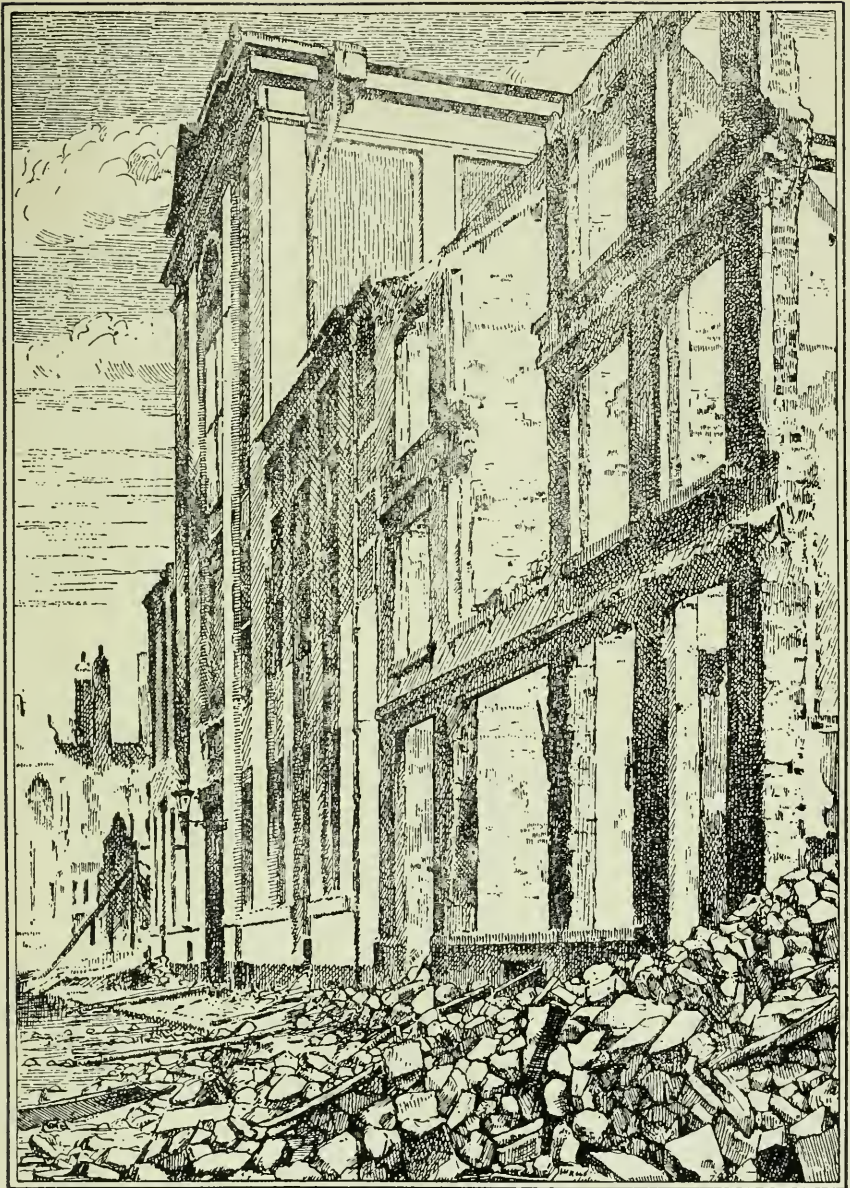
All visitors to the old library will recall the famous autograph manuscript of Thomas à Kempis, and the vellum copy of the famous work of Vesalius, *De Humani Corporis Fabrica* which was presented to the library by the Emperor Charles V. In 1909, when the University celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its reorganization, the Bishop of Bois-le-Duc returned to the University the original papal bull relating to its foundation. It had been in the possession of the Seminary at Haaren (Northern Brabant) from the time of Napoleon. Among the other irreparable losses mention may be made of Cornelius Nepos'

“Codex Parcensis” of the fifteenth century; a twelfth century manuscript of the works of Renier of Liège and two brilliantly illuminated manuscripts by Denys le Chartreux, containing his commentaries on Jeremiah and Ezekiel.

In the beautiful room reserved for historical books were various cabinets filled with curiosa — rarities and souvenirs of the University. There was a large numismatic collection and a collection of signatures of famous visitors, a large representation of old leather bindings, some maps of the world and geographical globes of the time of Mercator, and a copy of the reproduction of the famous Grimani Breviary.

“Since the restoration of the University in 1834,” says the Librarian, Professor Delannoy, “the various possessions of the Library had increased so considerably that the academical authorities were obliged two years ago to place at our disposal extensive premises over the large library, and we had just installed therein a magnificent and immense metal bookcase with movable shelves. The supreme irony of it! The contract for the bookcase had been carried out by Germans, and they had just completed its installation for us! It had taken months to remove all the old books, which had been lying under the dust of centuries. This patient and laborious work brought to light in the most forsaken and obscure corners of the University buildings surprises and discoveries of the greatest importance.”¹

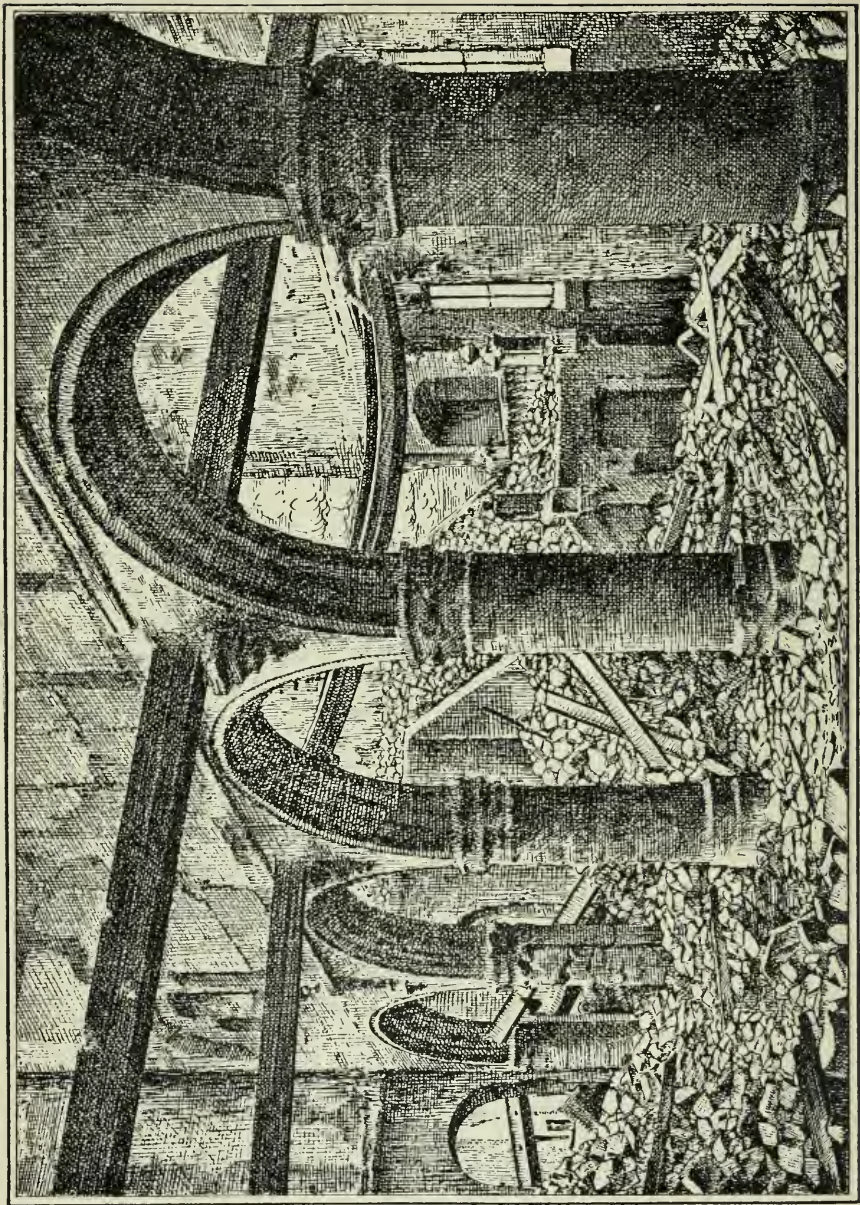
¹ *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1915, p. 1065.



Courtesy of John Lane Co.

85. PEN AND INK SKETCH OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF LOUVAIN

Drawn on the spot by Louis Berden



86. RUINS OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

Courtesy of John Lane Co.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY

In regard to the destruction of the Library, Professor Delannoy says: "It is now acknowledged by all right-minded men who are not prejudiced and do not refuse to seek and admit the truth (1) that the fire in the Library of the University broke out *suddenly* after eight days' peaceful occupation of the town by the German troops; (2) that the fire broke out during the night of the 25th of August, when all the Library premises were closed and the residents were forbidden to leave their houses after seven o'clock in the evening; (3) that that night of the 25th of August was unquestionably *the first night* of fire, pillage and massacre. We know the unhappy fate of the unfortunate people who fell into the hands of the drunken soldiers that night — as also during the days and nights that followed. I saw the ruins of the Library again eight days after the fire, and even then I was only able to look at them from a distance and at considerable risk. Broken pillars, an impassable heap of bricks, stones and beams smoldered in the fire which slowly consumed thousands of volumes between huge portions of dangerous and threatening walls: that was all that remain of the majestic building known as the *Halles Universitaires* and of the rich treasure it contained. In the streets of the ruined and deserted city, where the soldiers were completing their work of pillage, and further on even into the country, leaves of manuscripts and books fluttered about, half burned, at the mercy of the wind."

"Do you believe the treasures of the Louvain Library are burnt?" asked M. E. Durham in the

Times of November 4, 1915, writing from France. "We do not," said he, in answer to his own question. "Vanloads of stuff left the place before the fire." In the November 18th issue of the same paper, Professor Leon van der Essen, writing from Oxford, contradicted Mr. Durham's statement, having recently seen the Librarian, Professor Delannoy, who went to the spot on August 27, 1914, to see whether anything could perhaps be saved. "He spoke with one of the officers of the library who was present at the fire but who was prevented from doing anything in order to save the books and manuscripts," wrote Professor van der Essen. "During the fire the doors of the library remained locked, as they had been since the outbreak of the war. The Germans did not penetrate the building, but contented themselves with smashing the main window looking on the Vieux Marché. Through that window they introduced some inflammable liquid and fired a few shots, causing an immediate explosion. In such a way, by the use of chemicals, may be explained the fact that on the morning of the 26th the whole library was already destroyed, a thing which would have been impossible in the case of the building being accidentally set on fire by the neighboring houses. No soldier entered the library during the fire and no book and no manuscript was taken away.

"The story that books were removed from the University Library originated in the following manner: Quite near to the University Library was located a library directed by the Jesuit Fathers, called the *Bibliothèque Choisie*. Here the books were removed in carts and conveyed to the station. The citizens of Louvain, on seeing these books go through the

streets, imagined they were the books of the University Library. On the night of Tuesday, the 25th, a father of the Josephite College, which is located a few yards from the spot where the Germans smashed the main window, called the attention of the commanding officer to the fact that the building he was going to destroy was the University Library. The officer replied, textually, 'Es ist Befehl!' It was then 11 p.m. These are the facts."

M. Henri Davignon, Secretary of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry, published in the *Times* for October 19, 1916, a letter setting forth some of the facts relating to the destruction of the town of Louvain. These facts have been established by Belgian and neutral witnesses, and even by Germans themselves in a manner which M. Davignon thinks would prove convincing to any court of inquiry.

(1) On the evening of August 25, 1914, several parts of the town were set on fire at a given signal.

(2) This act was committed by German soldiers (under the orders of their officers) who had been provided with the means for its thorough accomplishment.

(3) The Church of St. Pierre was set on fire from the roof, which is much higher than the buildings surrounding it, and in the interior by means of piles of chairs.

(4) The "Halles" and the University Library took fire and burned without any attempt being made to save them. No books could have been saved.

(5) The Town Hall was spared because the German military authorities were quartered there.

(6) The fire thus started destroyed 1120 houses. It continued for three days, and no efforts to check

it were made — indeed, the German officers forbade any such attempt. In the square in front of the station several residents of the town were shot; many escaped by the Tirlemont, Malines and Brussels roads; and many more were taken prisoners to Germany.

Dr. L. H. Grondys, formerly Professor of Physics at the Technical Institute of Dordrecht, in his little book "The Germans in Belgium; Experiences of a Neutral" (London, Heinemann), records under August 26, the following: "The Monastery at Parc was full of refugees, the brethren told me they had been present at the fire throughout the night. At two o'clock they noticed a recrudescence of the flames; brilliant sparks flew up in an immense column of fire. It was the incunabula, the precious *Livres d'Heures*, the rare manuscripts of the early middle ages, just discovered, which were burning. Thus the Monastery knew before the town that the incomparable library, the glory and pride of numerous generations, was lost for ever. In several periodicals it has been suggested that the Germans at Louvain wished simply to rob the library. The supposition seems to me to be ill-founded. The library was set on fire at one or two o'clock in the morning. The garrison was in a state of disorder and a prey to the gravest anxiety, expecting an attack from the Belgians. It is incredible that they should have proposed to carry off a library of more than 300,000 volumes within four hours! Any one who has the least idea of what a University Library like that of Louvain is, will understand my skepticism."

Professor Grondys tells of the arrest and searching of the priests who were fleeing from Louvain in the

direction of Brussels. "Nothing suspicious was found," says he, "except on one of the younger Jesuits, Père Dupierreux, who had a little note-book, bearing the following remark, in French: 'When formerly I read that the Huns under Attila had devastated towns, and that the Arabs had burnt the Library of Alexandria, I smiled. Now that I have seen with my own eyes the hordes of to-day, burning churches and the celebrated Library of Louvain, I smile no longer.'"

Professor van der Essen saved by chance the manuscript No. 906, which contains the official correspondence of the University from 1583 to about 1637.

"There is nothing dramatic," he said, "about the way in which I saved the unique manuscript from our library. I personally was not in Louvain when the town was burned. I had left it six days before its destruction. But I was there all the time from the outbreak of the war until the entry of the German troops. I had served as civic guard since July 31. The civic guard are not 'franc-tireurs' (snipers), of course, but wear a military uniform, are armed with the Mauser rifle, and are commanded by regular officers appointed by the King. In America you would call them militia. Louvain, as an open town, was not to be defended. So we men of the civic guard were all disarmed on the morning of August 19, at a quarter to 6 o'clock. Our arms were sent by train to the fortress at Antwerp, upon which the Belgian army was falling back. We remained unarmed at the station until 8 o'clock. We assisted, full of despair, at the departure of the Belgian headquarters. I had three quarters of an hour to go to my home, awaken my family, and get together some clothing for my two babies, one of them only fifteen

days old, being born the very day of the declaration of war on Belgium. In great haste I gathered together some papers, among which was the manuscript from the University of Louvain Library, which I had had at my home for consultation. I preferred to save this before all else in the way of personal property, and left all my belongings behind. Fearing that the precious manuscript might be lost during our exile, on our trip through Belgium to England I stopped at the little town of —, near Ghent, and in the garden of a house there I buried it, enclosed in a little iron safe. It is still there, and I hope I shall take it out of its place of safety when we shall have the pleasure of returning after Belgium's evacuation." ¹

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY

The University of Louvain has always been poor. There were never any state subsidies, yet by remarkable efforts of charity, devotion and loyalty, it was able to maintain an honored place among the great modern universities. There is danger that it will be poorer than ever before. It is hoped that a widespread generosity and sympathy will see to it that the irreparable loss will to a certain extent be made good, that the institution will once more be adequately equipped and housed. In the work of reconstruction no help will be unwelcomed, no gift, however modest, uncherished.

At a meeting of the Council of Governors of the John Rylands Library, held in December, 1914, it was resolved to give some practical expression of

¹ Reported by George H. Sargent in the *Boston Transcript*, July 10, 1915. Summarized in the *Literary Digest*, August 7, 1915, pp. 250-251.

the deep feeling of sympathy with the authorities of the University of Louvain in the calamity which they had suffered through the destruction of their buildings and their famous library of over a quarter of a million volumes. It was decided that this expression of sympathy should take the form of a gift of books: a set of the publications of the John Rylands Library and a selection from their stock of duplicates. A list of upwards of two hundred volumes was prepared and sent with the offer of help to the Louvain authorities, through the medium of Professor A. Carnoy, then residing in Cambridge. In his grateful acknowledgment of the gift, Professor Carnoy said that this was "one of the very first acts which tends to the preparation of our revival."

The University of Louvain being dismembered and without a home, the John Rylands Library undertook to house the volumes which were to form the nucleus of the new library until new quarters should be erected in Louvain. An appeal for the coöperation of other libraries, institutions and private individuals, was printed in the *Bulletin* of the John Rylands Library. Thanks to the spreading of the appeal by means of the press, it met with an immediate and generous response from many parts of the world. The National Library of Wales and the Lisbon Academy of Sciences were among the earliest institutions to coöperate by sending their own publications, and offering to send any books that might be entrusted to them. The University of Aberdeen, as a first instalment, offered about one hundred and fifty of their duplicates. The Committee of the Liverpool University Press promised a set of their publications. The University of Durham allowed a selection to

be made from their duplicates, and thus some hundreds of volumes were acquired which would be difficult to get in any other way. The University of Manchester is giving a set of the publications of its University Press, together with a considerable number of duplicates from the Christie Library. The Classical Association has decided to assist in the reconstruction of the classical side.

Professor van der Essen, in a letter to Mr. Henry Guppy, Librarian of the John Rylands Library, said: "Writing as a Professor of the University of Louvain let me thank you for all that you have done for it since the crime of Louvain. It is such a wonderful thing in this time of horror to see how the scholars of all the countries — the Central Empires excepted, alas! — have manifested their friendship and proved to us by so many deeds and words that scientific international solidarity is still alive. Especially has England done splendid work, and among that work I rank your . . . initiative as one of the most, if not the most effective. I had, indeed, opportunity in America to see what your appeal was bringing forth, and how by your kind intermediary practical help was being prepared. It is noble work that you are doing, work that will have a fine result, and I can assure you that never will the University of Louvain forget that the appeal went out from Manchester. . . . I hope to have the pleasure to come . . . and to witness the birth of our poor library, on the very soil of your splendid and glorious country. . . . It is a fact full of consequence that what has been destroyed will have to be restored by the kind intermediary of one of the celebrated centers of English culture."

The Belgian Minister of Justice and Count Goblet d'Alviella went to Manchester to speak a few words of comfort and cheer to the large number of Belgian refugees who had found a temporary home in that city. They visited the John Rylands Library, and were much surprised to find there the beginnings of a new library for the University of Louvain.

A committee was formed under the leadership of Viscount Bryce, as President of the British Academy, to coöperate with the Institut de France in the formation of an International Committee which should have for its aim the restoration of the University of Louvain and its library. Learned societies and the principal libraries throughout the country were invited to appoint delegates to assist in the realization of this object. Sir Alfred Hopkinson and Mr. Guppy were appointed to represent the John Rylands Library, with which there is complete coöperation. A small executive committee, with Lord Muir Mackenzie as chairman, was formed to work in connection with the French committee.

In the *Times* of October 3, 1916, Lord Muir Mackenzie announced that the Executive Committee thought that it was time to take steps to obtain contributions, either independently or in coöperation with similar committees in France and elsewhere. He was of the opinion that the experience of the John Rylands Library proved that many people were both able and willing to come forward with books and other help. Communications from sympathizers were therefore invited, and in particular it was suggested that lists or descriptions of books which persons desirous of aiding in the work were willing to give might be sent to the Committee. It was stated that

Mr. Hugh Butler, Librarian of the House of Lords, acting as Secretary of the Committee, would be glad to correspond with any one as to the classes of books likely to be acceptable to Louvain, as well as to give any further information that might be desired. Some preliminary expenses had to be met and donations not exceeding two guineas from each donor were solicited.

On December 8, 1916, it was announced that the scheme had led to the accumulation of upwards of 8000 volumes. Institutions have made liberal donations of suitable works from their stores of duplicates and many book collectors have given volumes of great interest, sometimes of great rarity. The list of donors includes the names of struggling students and working men who have parted with treasured possessions acquired through the exercise of economy and self-denial: While these gifts constitute an excellent nucleus for the new library, much remains to be done before the work of replacement is anything like completed. A mere beginning has been made. There should be a coördination of the efforts which are being put forth in several directions.

It is sincerely hoped that the important publications of the United States Government, as well as those issued by our learned societies, especially in the domain of history, will be added to the new university library. While no number of such gifts would "restore" the Louvain Library, yet if the American universities and institutions do their share a substantial foundation can be laid for a new working collection.

LOUVAIN

Bleeding and torn, ravished with sword and flame,
By that blasphemous Prince, who with the name
Of God upon his lips betrayed the state
He falsely swore to hold inviolate.
Made mad by Pride and reckless of the rod,
Shaking his mailed fist in the face of God,
But not in vain her martyrdom. Louvain,
Like the brave maid of France, shall rise again;
Above her clotted hair a crown shall shine,
From her dark ashes rise a hallowed shrine
Where pilgrims from far lands shall heal their pain,
Shrived by the sacred sorrow of Louvain.

From "*For France*," by Oliver Herford

INDEX

- ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN, on Y. M.
C. A. libraries, 100-103
- Aix-les-Bains, Casino at, 65
- American Bible Society, work for
the soldiers and sailors, 192-194
- American Expeditionary Force,
books for, 53
- American Library Association
War Service, 1-71
- American magazines and news-
papers, 54-56
- American sailors in England,
illus. 27
- American University Union, Paris,
illus. 21
- Americanization of foreign born,
34-35
- Anstruther, Hon. Mrs. Eva, 85
- "Arkansas," illus. 16
- Austin, J. L., experiences as a
prisoner of war, 154
- BARRACKS, reading in, illus. 63
- Battersea, Lady, loan of Surrey
House for War Library, 75
- Bell, Major-General, on singing
soldiers, 210
- Berlin, (Ruhleben) prison camp,
105, 107-109, 113-114, 149
- Berliner Tageblatt* read by pris-
oners of war, 114, 155
- Beyerlinck, Laurent, 262
- Bible in the trenches, 77, 191-200
- Blinded soldiers, 201-209
- Books and morals, 67-71
- Books for blinded soldiers, 201-
209
- Boston Public Library, books
being prepared for war service,
illus. 20
- Braille books and magazines for
blinded soldiers, 202-209
- Brainerd, Eveline W., 60-61
- Bramshott Hospital, 137
- Brassey, Lady, on libraries in
military hospitals, 129-131
- Brieux, Eugène, 68; letters to
blinded soldiers, 209
- British Admiralty, request for
books, 75
- British Army post, book line at,
illus. 34
- British Camps Library, for the
men in the field, 85-93
- British Censorship and Enemy
Publications, 229-252
- British military hospital libraries,
116-138
- British National Institute for the
Blind, 202
- British Navy, 75, 77, 148
- British prisoners of war, 154-159
- British Prisoners of War Book
Scheme (Educational), 105-115,
149
- British Red Cross and Order of St.
John, 78, 136
- British War Library, for the sick
and wounded, 75-84, 130, 136,
illus. 29, 30

- British Y. M. C. A. libraries, 94-104
- Brooke, Rupert, 189, 221
- Browning, Robert, 53, 102-103, 175
- Bryan, William Jennings, 248
- Bryce, Lord, 277
- Burleson magazines, 17-20
- Bury, Bishop, on Ruhleben camp, 113
- Butler, Nicholas Murray, 34
- CAMPS AND CANTONMENTS:**
- Beauregard, 17, 21, 32
- Bowie, 18
- Custer, 15, 41
- Devens, 12, 13, 19, 23, 25, 35, 37, 180-181, illus. 8, 54
- Dix, illus. 57
- Dodge, 10
- Fort Benjamin Harrison, illus. 77
- Fort Myer, illus. 13
- Funston, 17
- Gordon, 40
- Greene, 39, 44
- Hancock, 40
- Kearny, illus. 50, 61
- Kelly, illus. 72
- Lee, 19, 30, 39
- Lewis, illus. 5
- Logan, 23
- MacArthur, 38, 41, 147
- McClellan, illus. 49, 53
- Meade, 16, 38
- Perry, illus. 3, 4
- Pike, 44
- Sheridan, illus. 2
- Sherman, 9-10, 11, 12, 24
- Upton, 23, 26, 143, 146, illus. 9, 62
- Zachary Taylor, 14, 21
- Camps Library, British, 85-93, illus. 33
- Canadian Khaki College, 45-46
- Canadian military hospitals (Montreal), 141-142
- Carey, Miss Miriam, 139
- Carnegie Corporation, gift of camp library buildings, 8
- Cecil, Lord Robert, on British censorship, 231-236
- Censorship, British, and enemy publications, 229-252
- Chamberlain, Houston Stewart, 247-248
- Chapin, Harold, letters, 175
- Chapman, Victor, letters, 167-168
- Civil War, American, 3-5
- Clarke, Kenneth, song leader, 216
- Class in English, illus. 14; in Geography and History, illus. 15
- Clenard, Nicholas, 256
- Close, Percy L., on reading for prisoners of war, 159
- Cohen, Israel, "The Ruhleben Prison Camp," 108, 114, 157
- Colored stevedores in France, 69-71
- Continental Times*, distributed among prisoners of war, 156-158; as German propaganda, 245
- Conwell, Russell H., 5
- Corelli, Marie, 90, 136
- Crawford, F. Marion, 144
- DAVIES, SIR ALFRED T.**, organizer of British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational), 105-110
- Davies, Paul Hyde, operatic singer, illus. 77
- Davignon, Henri, on the Louvain University Library, 271
- Dawson, Lieut. Coningsby, "Carry On," 220-221
- Delannoy, Paul, 264, 268-269

- Dickens, Charles, 4, 101, 133, 142, 143
- Doeberitz, Germany, 109
- Douglas, J. H., "Captured," 152
- Downes, Allen, song leader, 211-212
- Dugout, reading in a, illus. 60
- Durham, M. E., on the Louvain University Library, 269-270
- EDUCATIONAL BOOKS for British prisoners of war, 105-115
- Educational opportunities in the camps, 34-50
- Embossed printing for blinded soldiers, 202-209
- Empey, Guy, "Over the Top," 48, 61
- English, study of, 39-41
- English and Foreign Bible Society, 77
- Erasmus, at Louvain, 255-256
- Exner, Dr., "Friend or Enemy," 68
- FARNSWORTH, HENRY WESTON, "Letters," 165-167
- Farwell, Arthur, on mass singing, 215
- Fisher, H. A. L., letter to, on books for British prisoners of war, 112
- Flanders, letters from, 168-170, 186-187
- Foch, Marshal, 194
- Foreign Legion, the, 167
- Fosdick, Raymond B., 5, 6, 32-33, 42
- France, A. L. A. in, 62-67
- France, casino at Aix-les-Bains, 65
- France, field hospital in, illus. 45; reading in dugout, illus. 60
- France, Y. M. C. A. in, 59-66
- French, study of, 20, 24, 47-49, 151-152, illus. 17
- French artist's letters to his mother, 171-174
- French prisoners of war, 153
- GARRETT, MRS. T. HARRISON, donates her residence for use of blinded soldiers, 208
- Gaskell, Mrs. H. M., Hon. Sec'y, The War Library, 75, 77, 79-84, 86, 135
- Gazette des Ardennes*, 245-246; distributed among prisoners of war, 156
- Gerard, James W., assistance to prisoners of war, Ruhleben, 108
- German commerce checked by British censorship, 238-241
- German instructional books, 248-250
- German newspapers in prison camps, 114, 155
- German prisoners of war, 151, 161
- German propaganda, and its failure, 244-252
- German publications censored, 229-252
- German use of enemy literature, 246-248
- Getty, Miss Alice, work for the blind, 206-208
- Gettysburg, study of French at, illus. 17
- Gifts, books, 26-28; buildings, 8
- Gillespie, Lieut., "Letters from Flanders," 168-170, 186-187
- Glenn, Major-General, on the value of reading, 12, 30
- Gould, Nat, popularity of, 82-83, 84, 120, 129, 131

- Grenville, Sir Richard, last words, 200
- Grey Nunnery, Montreal, books at, 142
- Grondys, L. H., "The Germans in Belgium," 272-273
- Guppy, Henry, 276-277
- HAIG, SIR DOUGLAS, on the value of reading, 88-89
- Hall, James Norman, "Poetry under the Fire Test," 182-186
- Hankey, Donald, quoted, 191, 221
- Harraden, Beatrice, honorary librarian, Military Hospital, Endell St., London, 116-123
- Hay, Ian, quoted, 81, 164, 217-219
- Heath, Arthur George, letters, 174-175
- Henry, W. E., 27
- Hill, Dr. Frank P., 7
- Hind, C. Lewis, "The Soldier Boy," 181-182
- Hoboken, N. J., Dispatch office, illus. 23, 24
- Holland, Clive, on books at the front, 51-52
- Holland, mails from, 232, 234-235
- Holt, Miss Winifred, work for the blinded soldiers, 204-206
- Hornaday, Dr. W. T., gift, 26
- Hospital libraries, American, 138-147; British, 116-123, 127-138; Canadian, 141-142
- Hospital ship, reading room on, illus. 48
- Hospital train, equipped with reading matter, illus. 68
- Hotel Earlington, New York War Camp Community service, illus. 43
- Hunt, Edward Eyre, "War Bread," 224-225
- ILLITERATES IN CAMP, 35-37, 70
- Irwin, Will, visit to prison camp, 151
- JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY, 275-277
- Jones, Prof. Sir Henry, on books for prisoners of war, 148
- KELLY, RENÉE, 90
- Kipling, Rudyard, 132, 137
- Kipling scrap books, 78-79
- Knights of Columbus' buildings in camps and cantonments, 18, 31, 32, illus. 7, 61, 79
- Knobloch, Miss, 83
- Kölnische Zeitung* read by prisoners of war, 152
- "LETTERS FROM FLANDERS," 168-170, 186-187
- Letters from the front, 164-177
- "Letters of a Soldier," 171-174
- Library of Congress, headquarters of A. L. A. war service, 8
- "Lighthouse, The," (Le Phare), for the blind, 204-205
- Lincoln, Abraham, telling stories to wounded soldiers, 128-129
- Lloyd, Robert, song leader, 216
- Lockwood, J. S., on scarcity of reading matter during our Civil War, 3
- London chapter, American Red Cross, 57, illus. 25
- London General Hospital, Second, 131; Third, 131-132
- London, Military Hospital, Endell Street, 116-123
- London, St. Dunstan's Hostel, 203-204
- Louvain University, 255-278
- McCOWEN, OLIVER, on British Y. M. C. A., 99

- MacGill, Patrick, "Soldier Songs,"
222-223, 225-226
- McKenzie, F. A., on the Y. M.
C. A., 94
- Magazines and newspapers, 17-20,
54-55, 91, 153-159
- Mahoney, H. C., "Interned in
Germany," 155
- Mails, censorship of, 229-238
- Malcolm, Ian, "War Pictures,"
156-157
- Maps, 61, 81
- Marines, U. S., Great Lakes
Naval Training Station, Camp
Perry, illus. 3, 4; receiving
singing lessons, illus. 78
- Maryland Bible Society, 194
- Melville, Harry, librarian, Chief
Postal Censorship, London, 243,
246-248, 250, 252
- Melville, Beresford, aid to War
Library, 75
- Merriman, H. S., 169
- Military Convalescent Home,
Montreal, 141-142
- Military Hospital, Endell St.,
London, 116-123
- Military hospital libraries, 127-
147
- Millais' "Bubbles," 178
- Milton, "Comus," 183
- Montreal, Grey Nunnery, 142
- Montreal, Military Convalescent
Home, 141-142
- Morals, books and, 67-71
- Murray, Prof. Gilbert, on the
value of study for prisoners of
war, 112, 148
- NAVAL TRAINING STATION,
Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.,
illus. 3, 4
- Navy (American) Officers, illus. 65
- Navy, British, 75, 77, 148
- New York Bible Society, 195
- New York Public Library, book
campaign, illus. 19
- New York War Camp Com-
munity Service, illus. 43
- Newspapers and magazines, 17-
20, 54-55, 91, 153-159
- Newspapers in the trenches, illus.
31
- Noël, Léon, 260
- Northcliffe, Lord, 51
- Nurses reading, 188-189, illus. 36
- OVERSEAS WORK, 51-71
- Oxford Book of Verse, 174, 175,
188
- PARIS, AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSO-
CIATION HEADQUARTERS, illus.
26
- Paris, American University Union,
illus. 21
- Parry, Rear-Admiral, 148
- Pearson, Sir Arthur, founder of
St. Dunstan's Hostel, 203
- Periodicals for camp libraries,
17-20, 54-55; for prisoners of
war, 153-159
- Pershing, General J. J., 62-63
- "Phare, Le" (The Lighthouse)
for blinded soldiers, 204-205
- Pictures and poetry, 178-190
- Platford, J. H., librarian, Ruhle-
ben prison camp, 109
- Pocket Testament League, 195
- Poetry read by the soldiers, 182-
190
- Popular authors, 21-22
- Prisoners of war, 93, 148-154;
British, 154-159; Russian, 159-
163
- Propaganda, German, 244-252
- Psalms, The, in previous wars,
199-200

- Putnam, Major George Haven,
on reading in Libby prison, 3
- Putnam, Dr. Herbert, General
Director, A. L. A. War Service,
8, 16, 31, 32
- RAINES, MISS LEONORE, 214
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, 200
- Raney, Dr. M. L., Director, A.
L. A. Overseas Service, 64-67
- Reading, by the fireside, illus. 62;
poetry, 182-190; popular au-
thors, 21-22
- Reading, value of, in convales-
cence, 128, 139, 145
- Reconstruction work, 201-202
- Red Cross, (American), recre-
ation huts, 56-58, 138-140
- Red Cross, (British), supports
War Library, 78
- Red Triangle Library, 98-99
- Re-education of blinded soldiers,
201-209
- Rhys, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest, 95
- Rice, Alice Hegan, 52, 132; ex-
periences in base hospital, 143
- Ridge, W. Pett, experiences as a
hospital librarian, 132-135
- Robins, Elizabeth, honorary li-
brarian, Military Hospital, En-
dell St., London, 116
- Roosevelt, Colonel Theodore, 55,
196-197
- Rosenwald, Julius, gift, 26
- Ruhleben prison camp noted for
amount of reading and study
done there, 105, 107-109, 113-
114, 149
- Russian prisoners of war desire
informational reading, 161-163
- Russian soldier, 142
- SARGEANT, GEORGE H., 274
- Scrap books for convalescents, 78-
79
- Seaford, England, Canadians at,
45, illus. 18
- Seeger, Alan, 53
- Serious reading done by the sol-
diers, 12-17
- Shakespeare asked for by the
men, 13, 22, 43, 80-81, 146
- Shell shock, reading as a therapeu-
tic aid in, 145
- Singing soldiers, 210-226
- Sladen, Douglas, "In Ruhleben,"
113
- Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, Paris,
illus. 36
- Spanish, study of, 150-151
- Spearing, Miss E. M., "From
Cambridge to Camiers," 188-
189
- St. Dunstan's Hostel, London,
203-204, illus. 73, 74
- Stevenson, Burton E., 25-26;
European representative of the
A. L. A., 65
- Stevenson, R. L., "Requiem,"
190; "Treasure Island," 121
- Stiles, Vernon, concert soloist,
216
- Students, college, 37
- Students in khaki, 38
- Studies of prisoners of war, 107-
113
- Studying French, 49, 151-152
- Surrey House, London, 75-76
- TAFT, WM. H., 30
- Talbot, Rev. N. S., 191-192
- Tarkington, Booth, 141
- Technical books, 12-17
- Thompson, Francis, 103
- Tilton, E. L., architect, 11
- Times* (London), "Broadsheets,"
165
- Times* (London), quoted, 243
- Times* (London), smuggled into

- prison camps, 153-154, 157-158
 Tolstoi, Leo, 170, 172
 Trenches, books in the, illus. 37; newspapers in the, illus. 31
 Trollope, Anthony, 52
 Tweedy, Lawrence L., 58

 UNEDUCATED, THE, 35-37
 United States Christian Commission, 4-5
 United States Commission on Training Camp Activities, 7, 31, 32
 University of Louvain, history, 255-261; library, 261-274; reconstruction, 274-278
 "University of Ruhleben," 113
 University (American) Union, Paris, illus. 21

 VALENTIN HAÛY ASSOCIATION, 205-206
 Vancouver Barracks, illus. 12, 52
 Van der Essen, Leon, on the Louvain University Library, 270, 273
 Vanderlip, Frank A., 29
Vossische Zeitung, read by prisoners of war, 114, 155

 WANDSWORTH, ENG., Military Hospital, 131
 War Library (British), 75-84, 130, 136
 Ward, Col. Sir Edward, and the Camps Library, 85, 87
 Washington, Booker T., life of, 26
 Watertown, Mass., Arsenal, illus. 58

 Watts, G. F., "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," 182
 Wayland, Prof. Francis, in charge of Connecticut regimental library during our Civil War, 4
 Wells, H. G., "Mr. Britling," 164-165
 Wheaton, H. H., 34
 "Wheel, The," 207
 Wilson, President Woodrow, admonition to men of army and navy, 194-196
 Witley, England, 45
 Women in charge of the Military Hospital, Endell St., London, 116
 Women serving as librarians in some of the camps, 9, illus. 11
 Wood, Major Eric Fisher, on British Censorship, 242
 Wood, Major-General Leonard, on the importance of singing, 211-212
 Wordsworth, 102; "Happy Warrior," 187
 Wright, C. T. Hagberg, assists British War Library, 76; collects books for Russian prisoners of war, 159-161
 Wyeth, Ola M., 144

 Y. M. C. A. (American) Bible distribution, 193; educational work, 35, 36, 46, 149-150; libraries in huts, 31, 59-61
 Y. M. C. A. (British) libraries in France, 94-104, 178-180
 Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, Camp Devens, illus. 8

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